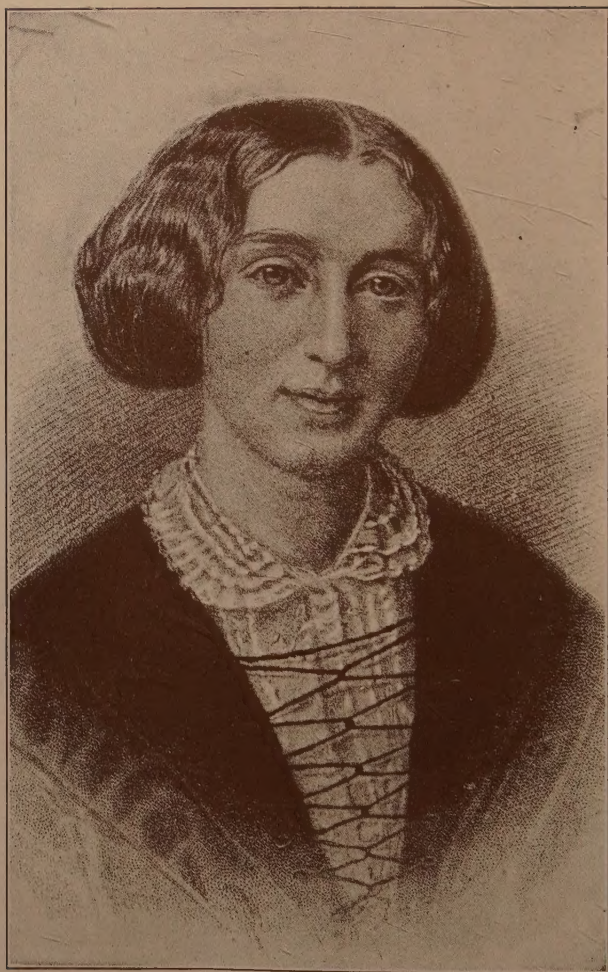


THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



GEORGE ELIOT

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

JOHN HUSTON FINLEY, LL.D.

EDITOR, EDUCATOR, AUTHOR

*Former President of the University of the State of New York; Former
President of College of City of New York; Former President
of Knox College; Former Professor of Politics at
Princeton; Harvard Exchange Lecturer at the
Sorbonne at Paris 1910-11*

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

NELLA BRADDY

VOLUME XIX

OCTOBER 1-15

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN & COMPANY, INC.
GARDEN CITY, NEW YORK

1928

**COPYRIGHT, 1926, BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED**

**COPYRIGHT, 1925, BY DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY;
1915, BY LEA AND FERBIGER; 1912, BY THE MACMILLAN
COMPANY; 1898, BY LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY**

**PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES AT THE COUNTRY LIFE
PRESS, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.**

A VAGABOND SONG

*There is something in the autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rhyme,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.*

*The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by,
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like a smoke upon the hills.*

*There is something in October sets the gypsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.*

BLESS CARMAN

PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE genesis of the University Library lies in a compilation of "Little Masterpieces," the first of which were published more than twenty-five years ago. The material included in these volumes was selected by able editors and writers whose experience was great and whose taste was excellent. Out of the "Little Masterpieces" grew a course in liberal education which was known as the Pocket University, and out of the Pocket University grew, finally, the University Library.

The publishers most gratefully acknowledge their debt to the editors who compiled the original volumes: Bliss Perry, Henry van Dyke, Hardin Craig, Thomas L. Masson, Asa Don Dickinson, the late Hamilton W. Mabie, George Iles, the late Dr. Lyman Abbott, and others.

Some of the most important material contained in the Pocket University is, of course, included in the University Library but the sequence has been entirely changed and the scope of the work greatly broadened. Fully two thirds of the material is new and the literature of the world has been ransacked to find appropriate text to fit the basic educational needs of the modern public.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

OCTOBER 1-15

		PAGE
A Vagabond Song	<i>Bliss Carman</i>	v
1. The Story of a White Blackbird	<i>Alfred de Musset</i>	1
2. Tragedy	<i>Aristotle</i>	37
3. "O May I Join the Choir Invisible!"	<i>George Eliot</i>	55
At the Rainbow	<i>George Eliot</i>	56
4. Lavengro	<i>George Borrow</i>	72
5. Autobiography	<i>Edward Livingston Trudeau</i>	92
6. The History of a Family	<i>Fyodor Dostoevsky</i>	110
7. Autobiography	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	144
The Raven	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	152
The Bells	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	159
For Annie	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	163
8. The Fall of the House of Usher	<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	167
9. Adventures of Don Quixote	<i>Miguel de Cervantes</i>	196
10. The Pleasures of Opium	<i>Thomas de Quincey</i>	210
11. Blest as the Immortal Gods	<i>Sappho</i>	234
From Sappho's Letter to Phaon	<i>Ovid</i>	235
The Camp at Night	<i>Homer</i>	236
The Complaint of Prometheus	<i>Æschylus</i>	237
Chorus from the <i>Antigone</i>	<i>Sophocles</i>	239
Chorus from the <i>Hippolytus</i>	<i>Euripides</i>	241
Chorus of Women	<i>Aristophanes</i>	242
To a Flirt	<i>Horace</i>	242
Winter Without Bids Us Make Merry Within	<i>Horace</i>	243
To the Fountain Bandusia	<i>Horace</i>	244
From the Righteous Man even the Wild Beasts	<i>Horace</i>	244
Run Away	<i>Horace</i>	244
Away with Oriental Luxury!	<i>Horace</i>	245
"The Golden Mean"	<i>Horace</i>	245
Elegy on Lesbia's Sparrow	<i>Catullus</i>	246
The Song of Thyrsis	<i>Theocritus</i>	247

TABLE OF CONTENTS

		PAGE
12.	Columbus. <i>Joaquin Miller</i>	251
	Columbus's Own Story <i>Christopher Columbus</i>	253
13.	Autobiography <i>Charles Darwin</i>	262
14.	The Lighthouse Keeper of Aspinwall <i>Henryk Sienkiewicz</i>	279
15.	The Life of Pasteur . . . <i>René Valléry-Radot</i>	303

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

GEORGE ELIOT	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
ARISTOTLE	48
SOPHOCLES	240
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS	256

READING FOR OCTOBER 1-15

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

OCTOBER 1

THE STORY OF A WHITE BLACKBIRD

I

HOW glorious it is—and also how painful—to be an exception. I am not a fabulous bird, and Monsieur de Buffon has described me. But alas, I am extremely rare and very difficult to find. Would to Heaven that I were quite impossible!

My father and mother were two good creatures who had been living for a number of years in a quiet old garden in the Marais. Theirs was a perfect household. My mother, in her nest in the thick shrubbery, laid regularly three times a year, and dozed on her eggs with old-fashioned faithfulness. Meanwhile, my father, still elegant and high-spirited in spite of his advanced age, went picking about near by all day long, bringing her luscious insects, which he carried delicately by the end of the tail to make the morsel all the more appetizing. In the evening he never failed, when the weather was fine, to entertain her with a song which delighted all the neighbourhood.

They never quarrelled; not the slightest unhappiness had ever troubled this congenial couple.

I had hardly come into the world when, for the first time in his life, my father began to show signs of bad temper. Although I was still only a dubious gray, he did not recognize in me either the color or the shape of his numerous progeny.

"What a dirty child!" he sometimes said, looking crossly at me. "He must go rummaging in every rubbish pile and mud hole he sees, to be always so shabby and grimy."

"Good heavens, my dear," my mother would say, snug in the old platter she had used for her nest, "what do you expect at his age? Weren't you a little ragamuffin yourself when you were young? Wait till he grows up: you'll see how handsome he'll be. He's one of the best that I've laid."

But even while she defended me, my mother wasn't deceived. She could see my fatal plumage growing, and it seemed a monstrosity. But she was like all mothers, who are often the more devoted to their offspring for their very imperfections—as if the fault was their own, or as if they resented the injustice of the life abnormal children will have to lead.

When the time came for my first moult, my father became very thoughtful and watched me closely. While my feathers were coming out, he was kind enough, and even gave me some of the choicest tidbits when he saw me shivering almost naked in a corner. But as soon as my poor little

cold wings began to grow downy again, at each white feather that appeared he became so angry I was afraid he would strip me bare for the rest of my days. Alas, I had no mirror; so I couldn't even guess the reasons for this anger. I wondered why the best of parents should suddenly be so cruel.

One day the sunshine and my growing plumage had made me happy in spite of myself. While I was flying about in the garden, unluckily I began to sing. At the first note he heard, my father sprang up into the air like a rocket.

"What do I hear!" he cried. "Is that the way a blackbird whistles? Is that the way *I* whistle? Do you call that whistling?" He returned toward my mother with a terrible face.

"Miserable woman!" he exclaimed. "Who has been laying in your nest?"

At these words my indignant mother flew out of her platter, hurting her foot as she went. She tried to speak, but her sobs choked her; she fell on the ground half senseless. I thought she was dying. Horrified, trembling with fright, I threw myself at my father's knees.

"Oh, Father," I said, "if my whistling is all wrong, if I'm badly dressed, don't let Mother be punished for it. Is it her fault if Nature has refused me a fine voice like yours? Is it her fault if I haven't got your handsome yellow beak and your fine black frock coat, which make you look like a churchwarden eating an omelette? If Heaven has made me a monster, and if someone

has got to be blamed for it, at least let *me* be the only one to suffer."

"That's not the question," my father said. "What's the meaning of this ridiculous way you have of whistling? Who taught you to whistle like that, contrary to all rules and customs?"

"I'm sorry, sir," I answered, humbly. "I whistled the best I could. I felt happy because the weather was fine. Perhaps I've eaten too many flies."

"We don't whistle like that in my family," continued my father, beside himself with rage. "Father and son, we've been whistling for centuries. When I do a little singing in the evenings, I'd like you to know that the old gentleman on the first floor and the young girl in the attic open their windows to hear me. Isn't it bad enough to have the disgusting colour of your absurd feathers in front of my eyes? As if you'd been rolled in flour! If I weren't the kindest of blackbirds, I'd have stripped you a hundred times already, like a backyard chicken ready for the oven."

"Very well!" I screamed, revolted by my father's injustice. "All right, then, if that's the way you feel about it! Yes, sir, I'll remove myself from your presence, I'll spare your eyes the sight of this unlucky white tail by which you pull me round all day long. I will leave, sir, I will flee; plenty of other children will console your old age, as my mother lays three times a year. I'll go far away from you to hide my misery. And perhaps," I added, bursting into tears, "perhaps I'll find in

the neighbouring vegetable garden or in the gutters a few earthworms and spiders to sustain my miserable life."

"As you please," my father retorted, far from being softened by my outcry. "Do what you like, I don't care if I never see you again. You're no son of mine. You're not a blackbird."

"Please, sir, then what am I?"

"I don't know and I don't care. You're no blackbird."

Uttering these appalling words, my father departed with dignity. My mother got up sadly and went, limping, to finish her tears in the platter. Perplexed and desolate, I flew off as best I could. I went, as I had threatened, and perched on the gutter of a roof near by.

II

My father was inhuman enough to leave me in this mortifying situation for several days. In spite of his violence he had a kind heart: I could tell, by glances from the corner of his eye, that he would have been glad to forgive me and call me back. My mother, too, kept looking after me with a sad face and even ventured now and then to give me a frightened little call.

But in spite of themselves my loathsome plumage gave them a feeling of disgust and alarm for which there was no cure.

"So I'm not a blackbird?" I kept saying to myself; and indeed, going over my feathers in the morning and looking at myself in a rain pool

in the gutter, I could see only too clearly how little I resembled my family. "Oh, heavens," I said again and again, "then tell me what I am!"

One night it was pouring with rain, and I was just going to sleep, worn out with hunger and vexation, when I saw a bird light near me. He was wetter, paler, and thinner than I would have thought possible. He was nearly my own colour, as well as I could judge in the downpour; but he had hardly enough feathers on him to clothe a sparrow, though he was bigger than I. At first I thought him a poor and needy fellow, but in spite of the storm that was buffeting his bald head he kept an air of pride that delighted me. Modestly I made him a low bow; to which he replied by a peck that almost threw me in the bottom of the gutter. I scratched my ear to hide my chagrin, and was withdrawing shamefacedly, without attempting to retaliate.

"Who are you?" he asked, in a voice as hoarse as his pate was naked.

"Indeed, my lord," I said, fearing another blow, "I don't know. I thought I was a blackbird, but they've convinced me that I'm not."

He was interested by the oddity of this reply and my air of sincerity. He came closer and made me tell my story, which I did with the sadness and humility appropriate to my condition and the abominable weather.

"If you were a carrier pigeon, like me," he said, when I had finished, "the silly things you're worrying about wouldn't bother you a moment.

Our life is to travel. Of course, we have our love affairs, but I know who my father is. To swim through the air, cross great spaces, see mountains and plains at our feet, breathe the blue of the sky itself and not the dead breath of earth, to fly like an arrow to its mark, that is our joy and our existence. I go farther in a day than a man can travel in ten."

"My word, sir," I remarked, a little emboldened, "you are evidently a bohemian."

"That's another thing that doesn't bother me in the least," he replied. "I have no country. I only concern myself with three things: travel, my wife, and my children. Where my wife is, is home."

"But what's that hanging round your neck? It looks like an old curl paper folded up."

He drew himself up and puffed out his chest.

"Those are papers of great importance. I am on my way to Brussels, taking some information to a famous banker. This will reduce his income seventy-eight per cent."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "What a fascinating life! And I'm sure that Brussels must be a very interesting town to see. Couldn't you take me with you? Since I'm not a blackbird, perhaps I'm a carrier pigeon?"

"If you were, you'd have returned that peck that I gave you just now."

"Well, sir, I will, I will! Don't let's fall out over such a little thing. Look, the morning's coming and the storm is dying down. Oh, please

let me go with you! I am done for, I have nothing left in life: if you refuse me, there's nothing to do but drown myself in this gutter."

"All right, off we go. Follow me if you can."

I gave a last look over the garden where my mother was sleeping. A tear rolled from my eyes; the wind and rain carried it away. I spread my wings and flew.

III

My wings, as I have said, were not yet very strong. My guide sped like the wind, and I panted at his side. I kept even for some time, but soon I felt such a violent stitch that I was near falling.

"Will there be much more like this?" I asked, feebly.

"No," he said. "We're at Le Bourget, we haven't more than sixty leagues still to do."

I tried to take courage, not wanting to seem like a wet hen. I flew for a quarter of an hour longer, but then I had to give in.

"If you please, sir," I faltered again, "don't you think we could rest a moment? I'm frightfully thirsty, and if we could perch on a tree. . . ."

"Go to the devil! You're nothing but a black-bird," said the pigeon, angrily. And not even deigning to turn his head, he continued his flight in a rage. As for me, deaf and blind with exertion, I fell into a wheatfield.

I don't know how long my swoon lasted. When

I came to myself, what I remembered first was the pigeon's parting sneer.

"You're nothing but a blackbird," he said. Oh, my dear parents, I thought so; so you were wrong! I shall return home, and you will recognize me as your true and legitimate child, and give me once more my old place in that good little pile of leaves in my mother's nest.

I made an effort to get up; but the fatigue of my journey and the pain caused by my fall paralyzed my limbs. I had hardly risen on my feet when weakness overcame me, and I fell back on my side.

The awful thought of death was already present in my mind when, among the cornflowers and poppies, I saw two most charming persons approaching on tiptoe. One was a little magpie, most prettily marked and very smartly got up. The other was a rose-coloured dove. The dove paused a few steps away, with a modest air of timidity and compassion for my mishap; the magpie approached gracefully with dainty little hops, really a delightful sight.

"Why, good heavens, my poor boy!" she said, in a gay and silvery voice. "What are you doing here?"

"Alas, Madame la Marquise," I said—for she must have been that at least—"I am a poor devil of a traveller, deserted en route by my postilion and now in the act of dying of hunger."

"Gracious me, how terrible!" she exclaimed. And at once she began fluttering here and there

among the bushes that surrounded us, going hither and thither and bringing any number of berries and small fruits. She made a little pile of them beside me, still continuing her questions.

“But who are you? And where from? What a frightful experience! Where were you going? Travelling alone, and so young? Why, I can see you’re only just coming out of your first moult! What are your parents thinking of? Where do they live? How on earth did they let you go in that condition? Why, it’s enough to make one’s feathers stand up on one’s head!”

While she was talking, I had raised myself a little, and ate with appetite. The dove stayed where she was, watching me with the greatest sympathy. But noticing that I moved languidly, she guessed that I was thirsty. Of the rain that had fallen during the night, a drop still remained on a primrose leaf: timidly she spooned it up in her beak and brought it to me, clear and fresh. Certainly, unless I had been so ill, a creature so bashful would never have permitted herself such an unconventional action.

I had never known what love was, but indeed my heart beat violently. Divided between two different emotions, I was entranced by this delicious situation. My stewardess was so merry, my cupbearer so generous and gentle, I would gladly have lunched like that through all eternity. Unhappily everything has its end, even the appetite of a convalescent. The meal finished and my strength returned, I satisfied the little magpie’s

curiosity, telling her my misfortunes with as much candour as I had shown the pigeon the night before.

She listened more attentively than I would have thought possible for one of her volatile disposition; the dove, too, gave me charming evidences of deep sympathy. But when I touched on the chief point that caused my grief, that is, my uncertainty of my own species, the magpie interrupted me.

"You must be joking!" she cried. "You, a blackbird? You, a pigeon? Tush, tush! You are a magpie, my dear; a magpie if ever there was one. And a very nice one, too," she added, giving me a gentle nudge with her wing, just as one might with a fan.

"But, dear Marquise," I protested, "it seems to me that for a magpie, if you will let me say so, I am rather a queer colour."

"A Russian magpie, dear boy, you are a Russian magpie! Didn't you know that they are white? My poor lad, what simplicity!"

"But, madam, how can I be Russian, born at the bottom of the Marais, in an old broken platter?"

"Ah, the blessed child! You're one of the invasion, my dear: do you imagine you're the only one? No, no, you trust me and believe what I say. I'm going to take you in hand and show you some of the jolliest things in the world."

"Yes, madam; but where, please?"

"In my green palace, dear boy. You shall see

what a time we have! By the time you've been a magpie for a quarter of an hour you won't hear of being anything else. There are a hundred of us there—not those big fat village pies who go begging on the highways, but all of good breeding, fine company, slender and lively, no bigger than a hand. Not one of us has more or less than seven black markings and five white: we are all like that, and naturally we look down on everyone else. It's true that you haven't got the black markings, but your being Russian will let you in. Our life is made up of two things, cackling and clothes. From morning to noon we dress, from noon to night we cackle. Each of us perches on a tree, the highest and oldest we can find. In the middle of the forest there is an enormous oak—empty, alas! It was the dwelling of the late king, Pie the Tenth. We go there on sorrowful pilgrimage; but apart from this trifling melancholy we have a marvellous time. Our women aren't prudes nor our husbands jealous; but our pleasures are pure and honest, for our hearts are as noble as our conversation is merry and free. Our pride is unlimited: if a jay or any other plebeian tries to associate with us, we pluck him without mercy. But we're kind-hearted people just the same, the sparrows and thrushes and tits that live in our gardens always find us charitable, ready to help and defend them. We cackle more than any one else, yet nowhere is there less malice. Of course, we have some very religious old dames, who say their prayers all day long; but the sprightliest of our young gossips

can pass by the severest old dowager without fearing a peck. In a word, we live for pleasure, for honour, for chatter, for glory—and for clothes.”

“It sounds wonderful, madam,” I said. “Certainly, I should be very foolish to disobey a person of your quality. But before having the privilege of following you, might I, with your gracious permission, say just a word to this friendly lady here? Mademoiselle,” I continued, turning to the dove, “I beg you to be frank with me. Do *you* believe that I am really a Russian magpie?”

At this question, the dove hung her head and became rosy-pale, like the ribbons of Lolotte.

“Why, sir,” she said, “I don’t know if I ought _____,”

“In Heaven’s name, speak, mademoiselle! I don’t mean to be offensive, quite the opposite. Both of you seem to me so delightful that I swear here and now to offer my heart and my claw to whichever will accept them—the very instant I know whether I am a magpie . . . or something else,” I added, speaking more confidentially to the young person. “For when I look at you, I have a queer dovelike feeling that torments me strangely.”

“Well, indeed,” said the little dove, blushing still more, “I don’t know if it’s the reflection of the sunshine falling on you across the poppies, but certainly your feathers seem to me to have a faint tinge——”

She was too embarrassed to finish.

“Oh, perplexity!” I cried. “How shall I know

what to believe? How can I give my heart to one of you when it is so desperately divided? Oh, Socrates, what an admirable precept of yours, but how difficult to follow—*Know thyself!*”

Since the day when my unlucky ditty had so angered my father, I had never sung. But at this moment it occurred to me to use this means to learn the truth. “Truly,” I thought, “since my father put me out of the house at the first verse, the least the second can do is produce some effect on these ladies.” I began by bowing politely, as if to ask indulgence for being hoarse after my wetting. First I whistled, then began to warble, to make runs and trills, and finally sang at the top of my lungs, like a Spanish mule driver in a high wind.

As I sang, the little magpie drew away from me with an air of surprise which soon became positive amazement and then passed into an appearance of alarm and intense indignation. She walked about me in circles, like a cat round a bit of hot meat that has burnt her but which she still wants to taste again. Seeing the effect of my experiment, and eager to push it to a decision, the more impatience the poor marquise showed the more lustily I carolled. For twenty-five minutes she resisted my melody, but then she could stand it no longer. She flew away in a rage and returned to her palace in the tree-tops. As for the dove, soon after my concert began she had fallen sound asleep.

Wonderful are the powers of music, I thought.

Oh, Marais! Oh, my maternal nest! More than ever I am determined to return to you.

Just as I was hopping off for my departure the dove opened her eyes.

"Good-bye," she said. "Good-bye, gentle and tedious stranger! My name is Gourouli: don't forget me!"

"Lovely Gourouli," I answered, "you are sweet, kind, and charming: I would gladly live and die for you. But you are rose-coloured: so much happiness was not made for me."

IV

The unsuccessful result of my singing did not fail to sadden me. "Alas for music, alas for poetry," I said to myself, as I returned toward Paris, "how few there are who understand you!"

Absorbed in my melancholy thoughts, my head suddenly collided with that of a bird flying in the opposite direction. The shock was so violent and unexpected that we both fell into the top of a tree that, fortunately, happened to be beneath us. As we were both a bit shaken, I looked at the stranger, expecting a quarrel. To my surprise he was white. His head was a little larger than mine, and on his forehead was a sort of plume which gave him a comically heroic air. Moreover, he carried his tail high, in a very spirited manner; but he did not seem angry. We accosted each other very politely and made our apologies; after which we entered into conversation. I ventured to ask him his name and country.

"You astonish me," he said. "Is it possible that you do not know me? Aren't you one of us?"

"Indeed, sir," I answered, "I don't know what I am. Everyone asks me that, and tells me the same thing. It must be a wager of some sort."

"You are pleased to joke," he said. "Your plumage is too becoming for me not to recognize a kinsman. Unquestionably you belong to this illustrious old race known in Latin as *cacuata*, in scientific books as *kakatoes*, and in the vulgar tongue—Cockatoo."

"My word, sir, that may be so; it would be a great honour for me. But don't hesitate to act as if it were not so, and be kind enough to tell me to whom I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"I am the great poet Kacatogan. I have made tremendous voyages, my dear sir; desperate wanderings over vast deserts. I didn't begin writing yesterday, I assure you, and my muse has known misfortunes. Yes, sir, I have trilled under Louis XVI, I have bawled for the Republic, sung nobly for the Empire, discreetly praised the Restoration. I have even made an effort in these degenerate days, and have submitted myself, not without difficulty, to the requirements of this tasteless century. I have given the world humorous couplets, sublime hymns, graceful lyrics, pious elegies; low-haired dramas, bobbed-hair romances, periwigged farces, and bald tragedies. In a word, I flatter myself that I have added a few gallant trifles, a few somber parapets, and a few ingenious ornaments to the temple of the Muses.

What more could you ask? I've grown old at it. But I tell you, dear sir, I still rhyme with all the gusto of youth. Just as you see me, I was in the act of thinking out a poem in one canto (it will be not less than six pages) when you crashed into me. But if I can assist you in any way, I am at your service."

"Truly, my dear sir, you can," I replied. "At this very moment you see me in an awkward poetical embarrassment. I would not dare to say that I am a poet, and certainly not a great poet like yourself"—I made him a low bow—"but nature has given me a throat which positively itches to sing when I am happy or when I am sad. But to tell you the truth, I am entirely ignorant of the rules."

"I have forgotten them," said Kacatogan. "Don't let that bother you."

"But a most annoying thing keeps happening. When people hear my voice, it causes much the same effect as that of a certain Jean de Nivellet on his—— You remember the anecdote?"

"Perfectly," said Kacatogan; "and I know this odd effect by my own experience. I am not aware of the reason for it, but the effect is undeniable."

"Ah! Then, my dear sir, you who are evidently the Nestor of poetry, would you not be able to suggest a remedy for this trying state of affairs?"

¹There is an old French saying about the dog of Jean de Nivellet, which would never obey its master's summons. "*Il ressemble au chien de Jean de Nivellet, qui s'enfuit quand on l'appelle.*"

"I'm afraid not," he said. "For my part, I've never been able to find one. When I was young I used to worry terribly about it: they always hooted me. But now I don't trouble myself. I believe that this prejudice comes from the fact that the public reads others also: that distracts it."

"I agree with you. But you'll admit that it's hard for a well-meaning artist to find his audience taking flight as soon as he begins to get going. I wonder if you would oblige me by listening to me and telling me your frank opinion?"

"Very willingly," said Kacatogan. "I'm all ears."

I began to sing at once, and had the satisfaction of seeing that Kacatogan neither fled nor fell asleep. He watched me intently, nodding his head now and then as if in approval, with a sort of complimentary murmur. But I soon saw that he was not really listening and was thinking of his poem. Taking advantage of a moment when I was drawing fresh breath, he suddenly interrupted.

"I've got it, I've got it!" he exclaimed, smiling and wagging his head. "I've got the rhyme I was hunting for! It's the sixty thousand seven hundred and fourteenth that has come out of this very head—and they dare to say that I'm getting old! I'm going to read it to some friends of mine; yes, sir, I'm going to read it to them, and we'll see what they say."

With these words he took flight and disappeared.

He did not even seem to remember that he had met me.

V

Alone and disappointed once more, there was nothing better to do than make use of the daylight that remained and fly toward Paris. Unfortunately, I did not know my way. My journey with the pigeon had been too painful to leave an exact memory of the country. So instead of keeping straight on I turned too far to the left at Le Bourget. Overtaken by nightfall, I had to seek shelter in the woods of Morfontaine.

Everyone was going to bed when I arrived. Magpies and jays, who are the most restless of sleepers, were squabbling on all sides. Sparrows were twittering in the bushes and pushing each other about. At the edge of the water two herons loitered solemnly, perched up on their long stilts, patiently waiting for their wives. Enormous crows, already half-asleep, balanced themselves heavily at the very top of the tallest trees and nasally intoned their evening prayers. Lower down, amorous tomtits were still chasing one another through the underbrush, while a distracted woodpecker was pushing his family from behind to make them enter the hollow trunk of a tree. Squadrons of song sparrows kept arriving from the fields, frolicking in air like puffs of smoke and entirely covering the sapling on which they alighted. Chaffinches, warblers, robins, clustered lightly

on separate branches, like crystals on a chandelier. From every side I could hear voices saying distinctly: "This way, Wife!" "Come, Daughter!" "Along here, my dear!" "Right here, ducky!" "Here I am, old thing!" "Good-night, honey!" "So long, folks!" "Sleep well, children!"

What a situation for a bachelor, to have to go to bed in a hotel like that! I was anxious to join some birds of about my own size and beg their hospitality. At night, I reflected, all fowls are gray; and surely it is doing no one any harm to sleep politely beside him?

First I made my way toward a ditch where the starlings were gathering. They were making their evening toilet with great care, and I noticed that most of them had gilded wings and varnished feet: they were the dandies of the forest. They were good enough fellows, and paid no attention to me whatever. But their chatter was so silly, they gossiped so emptily about their annoyances and their good fortunes, and kept rubbing so clumsily against one another, that I could not endure it.

I left them and perched on a bough where half-a-dozen birds of a different species were sitting in a row. Modestly, I took the last place at the end of the branch, hoping they would tolerate my presence. But by bad luck my neighbour was an old dove, as withered as a rusty weather-cock. At the moment when I approached, the few feathers that still covered her skinny carcass were the object of her solicitude. She was pretending to preen them, but indeed she would have

been too much afraid to pull one out: she was merely looking them over to see if they were all still there. I had barely touched her with the tip of my wing, but she drew herself up stiffly.

"What do you think you are doing, sir?" she said, pursing up her beak with almost British prudishness. And giving me a great shove with her elbow she pushed me off with a vigour that would have done credit to a railway porter.

I fell into a briar bush where a fat hen pheasant was sleeping. My mother herself, in her platter, never looked so comfortable. So plump, so expansive, so snugly nested on her triple stomach, one would have taken her for a pâté with the piece of toast already eaten. Quietly I slipped beside her. "She'll never wake up," I said to myself; "and even if she does, such a fat motherly old thing can't be very cross." And in fact she wasn't. She half opened her eyes and murmured with a faint sigh, "You're bothering me, darling; move over a bit."

Just then I heard someone calling me: some thrushes, high up in an ash tree, were beckoning me to join them. "Some good-hearted people at last," I thought. They made room for me, laughing like idiots; and I slid into their feathery group as neatly as a love letter into a muff. But it didn't take me long to observe that these ladies had eaten more grapes than were good for them. They could hardly keep their footing on the branches, and their indelicate jokes, screams of laughter, and vulgar songs soon forced me to leave.

I was beginning to despair and was about to go off and seek slumber in a solitary corner when a nightingale began singing. Immediately everyone was silent. Ah, how pure a voice! Even his melancholy, how sweet! Far from disturbing the sleep of others, his harmonies seemed to soothe it. No one dreamed of telling him to be quiet, no one found it disagreeable that he should sing at such an hour; his father did not thrash him or his friends take flight.

"So it is only I," I cried bitterly, "who am forbidden to be happy! Leave, then; fly this cruel world! Better to seek my way among the darkness, at the risk of being devoured by an owl, than allow myself to be tortured thus by the spectacle of others' happiness!"

With this thought I resumed my way, and wandered long at random. At the first brightness of dawn I perceived the towers of Notre Dame. In the twinkling of an eye I reached them and, looking about, soon recognized our garden. I flew thither quicker than lightning. . . . Alas, it was empty. I called my parents—in vain; no one answered. The tree where my father used to sing, my mother's bush, even the dear old platter, all had vanished. The axe had destroyed everything; instead of the green covert where I was born there remained only a cord of firewood.

VI

At first I went hunting for my parents in all the gardens of the neighbourhood, but it was labour

lost. Without doubt they had taken refuge in some distant quarter, and I could never learn any further news of them.

Stricken with horrid grief I took up my perch on the same gutter to which my father's anger had first exiled me. There I spent the days and nights bemoaning my wretched existence. I slept no more, I scarcely ate, I was ready to die of misery. One day I was lamenting to myself somewhat as follows, speaking out loud in my despair:

Well, then, I said, I'm not a blackbird, since my father disowned me; nor a pigeon, since I fell by the way when I wanted to fly to Belgium; nor a Russian magpie, since the little Marquise stopped her ears as soon as I opened my beak; nor a dove, since Gourouli, even pretty Gourouli, snored like a monk when I sang; nor a cockatoo, since Kacatogan wouldn't deign to listen to me; nor any kind of bird, indeed, since at Morfontaine they made me go to bed by myself. And yet I have feathers on my body: here are my feet, here are my wings. I am no monster, for Gourouli and even the little Marquise herself found me attractive enough. What strange mystery is it that these feathers, these wings, these feet, cannot form a creature with a name? Can it be that——

But as I was pursuing my grievances I was interrupted by two old women who were arguing in the street below.

"The deuce!" said one to the other. "If you ever succeed in that I'll make you a present of a white blackbird!"

"Just Heaven!" I cried. "That's me! Oh, Providence, I am the son of a blackbird and I'm white. I'm a white blackbird!"

This discovery, I must admit, greatly modified my ideas. Instead of continuing to pity myself, I began to throw out my chest. I strode proudly along the gutter, looking off into space with a victorious air.

After all, it's something to be a white blackbird, I exclaimed. That doesn't happen to everybody! No wonder I was so worried not to find any one like me—it's the fate of genius! I wanted to fly from the world: well, now I'm going to astonish it. If I am this rare bird whose very existence is denied by the vulgar, I must and intend to bear myself as such. Yes, no less than the Phoenix; and look down on all the rest. I must buy the memoirs of Alfieri and the poems of Lord Byron: these substantial works will inspire me with the necessary egotism, added to that which God has given me. Yes, I wish to add, if possible, to the prestige of my birth. Nature has made me rare, I will make myself mysterious. It will be a favour, a glory, even to see me. Why, I added, more quietly, I might even exhibit myself for money!

No! I considered, it's an unworthy thought. I'll write a poem, like Kacatogan; not in one canto, but in twenty-four, like all the great men. No, that's not enough: it shall have forty-eight, with notes and an appendix. The universe must learn that I exist. In my verses I will not fail to deplore

my isolation; but in such a way that the happiest will envy me. Since Heaven has refused me a mate, I will say the most appalling things about those of others. I will prove that all the grapes are sour except those *I* eat. Let the nightingales keep on wailing: I will show, as sure as two and two make four, that their melancholy is wearisome and their stuff worthless. I must go and find Charpentier. First of all, I want to make a strong literary position for myself. I intend to have a little coterie of my own, not made up of mere journalists, but real authors and even blue-stockings. I'll write a part of Mlle. Rachel: if she refuses to play it I'll publish broadcast that her talent is much inferior to that of some old provincial actress. I'll go to Venice, and rent the Mocenigo Palace on the Grand Canal, in the middle of that fairy city. It costs four livres ten sous a day; there I shall be inspired by all the memories that the author of "*Lara*" must have left behind him. From the depths of my solitude I will deluge the world with a flood of poems, in the Spenserian meter. Yes, thus I shall solace my great soul, and make all the titmice sigh, all the turtle doves moan, the snipe melt in tears and the old she-owls yammer. But as far as my own person is concerned, I shall show myself inexorable, inaccessible to love. In vain let them urge and implore me to take pity on the luckless frails maddened by my songs of passion. To all that I shall merely reply, "Stubble!"

Oh, summit of glory! My manuscripts will

sell for their weight in gold, my first editions will speed overseas, fame and fortune will pursue me everywhere, while I myself remain indifferent to the admiration of the mob. In a word: I shall be the perfect White Blackbird, a true Artistic Temperament—eccentric, fêted, pampered, adored, envied, but completely cross-grained and impossible.

VII

Six weeks later my first work was published.

As I had promised myself, it was a poem in forty-eight cantos. I admit that there were some careless passages, due to the prodigious rapidity with which I wrote it; but I felt certain that the public, accustomed to the serials in the newspapers, would not reproach me.

I enjoyed a success worthy of me: that is to say, unparalleled. The topic of my work was no other than Myself (in that respect I had followed the prevailing fashion of our time). I narrated my past sufferings with an agreeable fatuity, and informed the reader of a thousand absorbing domestic details. The description of my mother's old platter filled not less than fourteen cantos. This was what they call Realism. I enumerated the rough places, the holes, the cracks, the splinters, the rivets, the stains, the various colours, the reflections. I showed the inside of it, the outside, the rim, the bottom, the shape, the elevation, the cross section. Passing to its contents I made an artistic study of the blades of grass, straws,

dead leaves, little bits of wood, grains of sand, drops of water, scraps of half-eaten flies, legs of dead beetles. It was gorgeous! But don't imagine that I printed all that in one block: there are impertinent readers who might have skipped it. No; I skillfully parcelled it into bits and mixed them round in the narrative so that none of it was lost. The result was that at the most thrilling and dramatic moment of the action, there arrived unexpectedly fifteen pages of Platter. That, I maintain, is one of the great secret sof art; and as I am not greedy let any one profit by it who will.

All Europe was stirred by the publication of my book; the whole Continent devoured these intimate revelations that I condescended to impart. How could it have been otherwise? For I enumerated not merely all the facts pertaining to my personal history, but even gave the public a complete picture of all the idle dreams that had gone through my head ever since I was two months old, and inserted in one of the loftiest passages an ode I had composed while I was still in the egg. And also, naturally, I didn't neglect to treat, in an offhand way, the great subject that occupies so many people just now, the Future of Humanity. This problem had struck me as worth a word or so, and in a moment of leisure I sketched out a solution that was generally accepted as satisfactory.

Every day I received compliments in verse, letters of congratulation, anonymous declarations of love. In the matter of callers I followed rigidly the plan I had made for myself: my door

was closed to everyone. However, I could not very well help receiving two strangers who had announced themselves as distant relatives. One was a blackbird from Senegal, the other a blackbird from China.

"Ah, dear sir," they exclaimed, embracing me with enthusiasm, "What a great blackbird you are! How well your immortal poem has depicted the profound miseries of misunderstood genius! Indeed if we were not already as misunderstood as possible, we should want to become so after reading your work. How deeply we appreciate your sufferings and your fine scorn of the crowd. Yes, dear sir, we, too, have experienced the secret pains of which you have sung. Here are two sonnets we've written: they both deal with the same theme and we beg you to look kindly on them."

"Gentlemen," I said, "you are evidently great-hearted fellows, spirits who have seen the light. But pardon me if I ask a question. What is the cause of your melancholy?"

"Just look at my figure," the Senegalese replied. "True, my plumage is comely enough and has that nice green brightness that shines on the neck of a duck; but my beak is too short and my foot too large; and just observe my absurd tail. It's a third longer than my whole body. Isn't that a sufficient reason for despair?"

"And my misfortune is even more painful," broke in the Chinese visitor. "My friend's tail draggles on the pavement, but I have none at all. Even the guttersnipes make fun of me as I go by."

"Gentlemen," I said, "I sympathize with you heartily. It is always annoying to have too much or too little of anything. But allow me to remind you that there are a number of persons exactly like yourselves, at the Jardin des Plantes. They have been there a long time, peacefully stuffed. An irregular life isn't all that's necessary to make a literary young woman write a good book, and a blackbird needs something more than discontent to be a genius. I, you see, am the only one of my species: it's my affliction, but also my privilege. Yes, gentlemen, I am white. You become so, and then we shall see what your work amounts to."

VIII

But in spite of my good resolutions and my pretended tranquillity, I was not happy. My isolation though so famous, was not the less painful; it was dreadful to contemplate the probable necessity of spending my whole life as a bachelor. The return of spring, more than anything else, made me terribly restless. I was again beginning to fall into morbid melancholy when an unforeseen episode altered the whole course of my career.

It goes without saying that my writings had crossed the Channel and were all the rage in England.

Things they don't understand always cause a sensation among the English. One day I received a letter from London, signed by a young female blackbird.

"I have read your poem," she wrote, "and it

gives me such a thrill that I have decided to offer you my hand and my person. Evidently God has made us for each other! I am like you, I am *white*. . . .”

You can easily imagine my amazement and my joy. A lady blackbird, white! Can it be possible? I asked myself. So then I am no longer solitary on earth! I hastened to reply to the fair unknown, and did so in a vein that sufficiently exhibited my pleasure in her proposal. I urged her to come to Paris or to allow me to fly over to see her. She wrote that she would prefer to come herself because she was bored with her family; that she would put her affairs in order and I should see her shortly.

She arrived, in fact, only a few days later. Oh, bliss! she was the prettiest blackbird in the world, and even whiter than I.

I exclaimed with rapture when we met. “Ah, Mademoiselle,” I cried, “or, rather, Madame (for I consider you from this moment my legitimate spouse), is it believable that so charming a creature has been alive without her renown apprising me of her existence? Blessed be the sorrows I have borne and the pecks my father gave me, since Heaven was keeping such un hoped consolation in reserve! Until to-day I feared myself doomed to eternal singleness, and to tell you the truth it was a heavy burden to bear. But looking at you, my dear, I feel in myself all the qualities of a paterfamilias. Accept my hand at once; let’s be married in the English manner,

without any ceremony, and leave at once for Switzerland."

"I don't see it quite like that," said the young female. "I want our wedding to have some swank about it. All the blackbirds in France who really are anybody ought to be invited. People like us owe it to themselves not to be married like alley cats. I've brought along plenty of money, so have the invitations engraved, go ahead with your shopping, and don't be stingy with the refreshments."

I adapted myself to her wishes. Our wedding was an affair of inordinate splendour: ten thousand flies were served to the guests. We received the nuptial benediction of the Reverend Archbishop Cormorant and a magnificent ball ended the day. Finally nothing was lacking in my happiness.

The more I understood the character of my charming bride the more I loved her. She united in her little person all the charms of soul and body. She was perhaps a trifle over-prudish, but this I attributed to the influence of the English fog in which she had lived until then. I did not doubt that the gayer climate of France would soon clear away this small cloud from my horizon.

One thing that bothered me more seriously, however, was the sort of mystery with which my wife sometimes surrounded herself while at her toilet. With singular rigour she would lock herself up with her maid and spend hours in her dressing room. Husbands are impatient of this

sort of foolishness. A score of times I had found myself tapping at her boudoir door without being able to persuade her to admit me. This seemed to me cruelly absurd, and one day I insisted with so much ill humour that she was obliged to open the door, though reproaching my importunity. As I entered I noticed a large bottle full of a sort of white paste. I asked what she was doing with this drug; she said it was cold cream for some chilblains that were bothering her.

I don't care for cosmetics, and this cold cream seemed to me a bit thick; but how could I distrust a creature so gentile and gracious, who had given herself to me with such enthusiasm and perfect sincerity? I had not known at first that my charmer was a penwoman, but presently she admitted it and even showed me the manuscript of a novel in which she had imitated Walter Scott and Scarron simultaneously. I leave you to imagine how pleased I was by this agreeable surprise. I found myself the possessor not merely of matchless loveliness: I knew now that my consort's intelligence was at all points worthy of my own genius. From that time we did our work in company. While I was composing my poems she scribbled reams of copy. I read her my verses aloud, which did not even hinder her from writing at the same time. She hatched her novels with a facility almost equal to my own, always choosing the most melodramatic subjects—paricides, murders, knaveries, rapes; always taking care, incidentally, to attack the Government and preach

the emancipation of female blackbirds. In a word, no effort was beyond the compass of her ingenuity, no situation was too strong for her modesty. She never needed to erase a line nor to make a plan of the plot before beginning work. She was the perfect type of a literary female.

One day while she was composing with even more than usual fervour I noticed that she was perspiring profusely, and I was startled to see a large dark stain on her back.

"Good Lord, Blanche!" I exclaimed, in alarm. "What's the matter? Are you ill?"

At first she seemed a bit frightened, even speechless; but she soon regained her usual admirable self-command. She told me that it was a blot of ink, and that she was very subject to such accidents in her moments of inspiration.

Can it be that my wife is losing her colour? I asked myself privately.

This thought hindered me from sleeping. The bottle of white paste returned to my mind.

Oh, Heaven, I groaned; what a suspicion! Can it be that this adorable creature is only a painting, a mere fresco? Can she have varnished herself to impose upon me? When I believed I was embracing the sister of my soul, the privileged being created specially for me, was I only marrying face powder?

Haunted by this gruesome uncertainty I resolved to settle the matter. I bought a barometer and waited eagerly until it should announce a rainy day. My intention was to take my wife to the

country for a picnic, choosing a threatening Sunday, and try the effect of a drenching. But it was mid-July, the weather was relentlessly fine.

My supposed happiness and my habit of writing had greatly sharpened my sensibilities. My emotions were all on edge, and sometimes in my work my sentiment overpowered the idea that caused it and I would burst into tears while waiting for a rhyme. My wife greatly enjoyed these occasions, for evidence of masculine weakness always delights female pride. One evening when I was filing and polishing a phrase (according to the precept of Boileau) my heart opened itself in eloquence.

"Oh, my darling!" I said to my cherished Blanche; "thou, my only and best-beloved, without whom my life were only a dream, whose look and smile change the whole universe for me, Oh, life of my life, knowest thou how much I love thee? A little study and patience are sufficient to find the right words for my verses; but how can I ever find those that would express thy beauty? Could even the memory of my past griefs supply a word to tell my present happiness? Before thou wert come to me my solitude was that of an orphan in a strange land; now it is that of a king. In this frail body which I tenant until Death makes rubbish of it, in this fevered brain where useless thought ferments, there is no movement that is not thine. Harken what my brain can say, and feel how great is my passion. Ah that my genius were a pearl and that thou wert Cleopatra!"

Gibbering thus, I wept upon my wife, and she visibly changed colour. At every great tear that fell from my eyes there appeared a feather—not even black, but of an old rusty red. (I believe that she must have dyed herself previously for some other.) After a few moments of tenderness I found myself face to face with a bird unpainted and unpowdered, identical with the commonest and most insipid of starlings.

What could I do, what could I say, what line could I take? Reproaches would have been absurd. Of course I could have considered the case as justifying an annulment of my marriage; but how could I dare publish my shame? Was not my misery already sufficient? I took my courage in both claws and decided to flee the world, to abandon the career of literature, to escape into the desert and if possible shun for ever after the sight of living creatures. To seek, indeed, like Alceste

*Un endroit écarté
Où d'être un merle blanc on eût la liberté!*

IX

I flew, weeping as I went; and the wind, which plays the part of Chance among birds, brought me back to a branch in Morfontaine. This time they were all in bed. What a marriage, I said to myself; what an irony! Certainly, I suppose the poor child meant well when she whitewashed herself; but I am not the less to be pitied, nor she less rusty.

Again the nightingale was singing. Alone in the depth of night he was revelling with full heart in the kindness of God Who has made him above all poets. Freely he was pouring out his ecstasy to the surrounding silence. I could not resist approaching him.

"You lucky bird!" I said to him. "You can sing as much as you like, and enchantingly, and the whole world listens; you have a wife and children, a nest, your friends, a nice mossy pillow, the full moon, and no newspapers. Rubini and Rossini are nothing compared to you: you are as great as they, by sweet instinct. I have been a singer, too, with pitiable results. I have drawn up regiments of words like Prussian infantry, and the effect was mere nonsense. And all this time you were in the woods. I don't suppose one could learn your secret?"

"Yes," answered the nightingale, "but it isn't what you imagine. My wife bores me, I don't love her. I am in love with the rose. Sadi, the Persian, has spoken of our affair. All night long I serenade her—and she is asleep and doesn't even hear me. Her lovely cup is closed now, an old beetle is sleeping with her . . . and to-morrow morning, when I regain my bed, worn with yearning and fatigue, then, then she will open . . . for a bee to eat her heart."

ALFRED DE MUSSET.

(Translated by Christopher Morley.)

OCTOBER 2

(*Aristotle, died October 2, 322*)

TRAGEDY

TRAGEDY, then, is an imitation of an action that is serious, complete, and of a certain magnitude; in language embellished with each kind of artistic ornament, the several kinds being found in separate parts of the play; in the form of action, not of narrative; through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions. By "language embellished," I mean language into which rhythm, "harmony," and song enter. By "the several kinds in separate parts," I mean, that some parts are rendered through the medium of verse alone, others again with the aid of song.

Now as tragic imitation implies persons acting, it necessarily follows, in the first place, that Spectacular equipment will be a part of Tragedy. Next, Song and Diction, for these are the medium of imitation. By "Diction" I mean the mere metrical arrangement of the words: as for "Song," it is a term whose sense everyone understands.

Again, Tragedy is the imitation of an action; and an action implies personal agents, who necessarily possess certain distinctive qualities both of character and thought; for it is by these that we

qualify actions themselves, and these—thought and character—are the two natural causes from which actions spring, and on actions again all success or failure depends. Hence, the Plot is the imitation of the action:—for by plot I here mean the arrangement of the incidents. By Character I mean that in virtue of which we ascribe certain qualities to the agents. Thought is required wherever a statement is proved, or, it may be, a general truth enunciated. Every Tragedy, therefore, must have six parts, which parts determine its quality—namely, Plot, Character, Diction, Thought, Spectacle, Song. Two of the parts constitute the medium of imitation, one the manner. and three the objects of imitation. And these complete the list. These elements have been employed, we may say, by the poets to a man; in fact, every play contains Spectacular elements as well as Character, Plot, Diction, Song, and Thought.

But most important of all is the structure of the incidents. For Tragedy is an imitation, not of men, but of an action and of life, and life consists in action, and its end is a mode of action, not a quality. Now character determines men's qualities, but it is by their actions that they are happy or the reverse. Dramatic action, therefore, is not with a view to the representation of character: character comes in as subsidiary to the actions. Hence the incidents and the plot are the end of a tragedy; and the end is the chief thing of all. Again, without action there cannot be a tragedy;

there may be without character. The tragedies of most of our modern poets fail in the rendering of character; and of poets in general this is often true. It is the same in painting; and here lies the difference between Zeuxis and Polygnotus. Polygnotus delineates character well: the style of Zeuxis is devoid of ethical quality. Again, if you string together a set of speeches expressive of character, and well finished in point of diction and thought, you will not produce the essential tragic effect nearly so well as with a play which, however deficient in these respects, yet has a plot and artistically constructed incidents. Besides which, the most powerful elements of emotional interest in Tragedy—Peripeteia or Reversal of the Situation, and Recognition scenes—are parts of the plot. A further proof is, that novices in the art attain to finish of diction and precision of portraiture before they can construct the plot. It is the same with almost all the early poets.

The Plot, then, is the first principle, and, as it were, the soul of a tragedy: Character holds the second place. A similar fact is seen in painting. The most beautiful colours, laid on confusedly, will not give as much pleasure as the chalk outline of a portrait. Thus Tragedy is the imitation of an action, and of the agents mainly with a view to the action.

Third in order is Thought,—that is, the faculty of saying what is possible and pertinent in given circumstances. In the case of oratory, this is the function of the political art and of the art of rhet-

oric: and so indeed the older poets make their characters speak the language of civic life; the poets of our time, the language of the rhetoricians. Character is that which reveals moral purpose, showing what kind of things a man chooses or avoids. Speeches, therefore, which do not make this manifest, or in which the speaker does not choose or avoid anything whatever, are not expressive of character. Thought, on the other hand, is found where something is proved to be or not to be, or a general maxim is enunciated.

Fourth among the elements enumerated comes Diction; by which I mean, as has been already said, the expression of the meaning in words; and its essence is the same both in verse and prose.

Of the remaining elements Song holds the chief place among the embellishments.

The Spectacle has, indeed, an emotional attraction of its own, but, of all the parts, it is the least artistic, and connected least with the art of poetry. For the power of Tragedy, we may be sure, is felt even apart from representation and actors. Besides, the production of spectacular effects depends more on the art of the stage machinist than on that of the poet.

These principles being established, let us now discuss the proper structure of the Plot, since this is the first and most important thing in Tragedy.

Now, according to our definition, Tragedy is an imitation of an action that is complete, and whole, and of a certain magnitude; for there may be a whole that is wanting in magnitude. A whole is

that which has a beginning, a middle, and an end. A beginning is that which does not itself follow anything by causal necessity, but after which something naturally is or comes to be. An end, on the contrary, is that which itself naturally follows some other thing, either by necessity, or as a rule, but has nothing following it. A middle is that which follows something as some other thing follows it. A well-constructed plot, therefore, must neither begin nor end at haphazard, but conform to these principles.

Again, a beautiful object, whether it be a living organism or any whole composed of parts, must not only have an orderly arrangement of parts, but must also be of a certain magnitude; for beauty depends on magnitude and order. Hence a very small animal organism cannot be beautiful; for the view of it is confused, the object being seen in an almost imperceptible moment of time. Nor, again, can one of vast size be beautiful; for as the eye cannot take it all in at once, the unity and sense of the whole is lost for the spectator; as for instance if there were one a thousand miles long. As, therefore, in the case of animate bodies and organisms a certain magnitude is necessary, and a magnitude which may be easily embraced in one view; so in the plot, a certain length is necessary, and a length which can be easily embraced by the memory. The limit of length in relation to dramatic competition and sensuous presentment is no part of artistic theory. For had it been the rule for a hundred tragedies to compete together, the

performance would have been regulated by the water-clock,—as indeed we are told was formerly done. But the limit as fixed by the nature of the drama itself is this:—the greater the length, the more beautiful will the piece be by reason of its size, provided that the whole be perspicuous. And to define the matter roughly, we may say that the proper magnitude is comprised within such limits, that the sequence of events, according to the law of probability or necessity, will admit of a change from bad fortune to good, or from good fortune to bad.

Unity of plot does not, as some persons think, consist in the unity of the hero. For infinitely various are the incidents in one man's life which cannot be reduced to unity; and so, too, there are many actions of one man out of which we cannot make one action. Hence the error, as it appears, of all poets who have composed a *Heracleid*, a *Theseid*, or other poems of the kind. They imagine that as *Heracles* was one man, the story of *Heracles* must also be a unity. But *Homer*, as in all else he is of surpassing merit, here, too—whether from art or natural genius—seems to have happily discerned the truth. In composing the *Odyssey* he did not include all the adventures of *Odysseus*—such as his wound on *Parnassus*, or his feigned madness at the mustering of the host—incidents between which there was no necessary or probable connexion: but he made the *Odyssey*, and likewise the *Iliad*, to centre round an action that in our sense of the word is one. As therefore, in the other

imitative arts, the imitation is one when the object imitated is one, so the plot, being an imitation of an action, must imitate one action and that a whole, the structural union of the parts being such that, if any one of them is displaced or removed, the whole will be disjointed and disturbed. For a thing whose presence or absence makes no visible difference, is not an organic part of the whole.

It is, moreover, evident from what has been said, that it is not the function of the poet to relate what has happened, but what may happen,—what is possible according to the law of probability or necessity. The poet and the historian differ not by writing in verse or in prose. The work of Herodotus might be put into verse, and it would still be a species of history, with meter no less than without it. The true difference is that one relates what has happened, the other what may happen. Poetry, therefore, is a more philosophical and a higher thing than history: for poetry tends to express the universal, history the particular. By the universal I mean how a person of a certain type will on occasion speak or act, according to the law of probability or necessity; and it is this universality at which poetry aims in the names she attaches to the personages. The particular is—for example—what Alcibiades did or suffered. In Comedy this is already apparent: for here the poet first constructs the plot on the lines of probability, and then inserts characteristic names;—unlike the lampooners who write about particular individuals.

But tragedians still keep to real names, the reason being that what is possible is credible: what has not happened we do not at once feel sure to be possible: but what has happened is manifestly possible: otherwise it would not have happened. Still there are even some tragedies in which there are only one or two well-known names, the rest being fictitious. In others, none are well known,—as in Agathon's *Antheus*, where incidents and names alike are fictitious, and yet they give none the less pleasure. We must not, therefore, at all costs keep to the received legends, which are the usual subjects of Tragedy. Indeed, it would be absurd to attempt it; for even subjects that are known are known only to a few, and yet give pleasure to all. It clearly follows that the poet or "maker" should be the maker of plots rather than of verses; since he is a poet because he imitates, and what he imitates are actions. And even if he chances to take an historical subject, he is none the less a poet; for there is no reason why some events that have actually happened should not conform to the law of the probable and possible, and in virtue of that quality in them he is their poet or maker.

Of all plots and actions the epeisodic are the worst. I call a plot "epeisodic" in which the episodes or acts succeed one another without probable or necessary sequence. Bad poets compose such pieces by their own fault, good poets, to please the players; for, as they write show pieces for competition, they stretch the plot beyond its

capacity, and are often forced to break the natural continuity.

But again, Tragedy is an imitation not only of a complete action, but of events inspiring fear or pity. Such an effect is best produced when the events come on us by surprise; and the effect is heightened when, at the same time, they follow as cause and effect. The tragic wonder will then be greater than if they happened of themselves or by accident; for even coincidences are most striking when they have an air of design. We may instance the statue of Mityls at Argoes, which fell upon his murderer while he was a spectator at a festival, and killed him. Such events seem not to be due to mere chance. Plots, therefore, constructed on these principles are necessarily the best.

Plots are either Simple or Complex, for the actions in real life, of which the plots are an imitation, obviously show a similar distinction. An action which is one and continuous in the sense above defined, I call Simple, when the change of fortune takes place without Reversal of the Situation and without Recognition.

A Complex action is one in which the change is accompanied by such Reversal, or by Recognition, or by both. These last should arise from the internal structure of the plot, so that what follows should be the necessary or probable result of the preceding action. It makes all the difference whether any given event is a case of *propter hoc* or *post hoc*.

Reversal of the Situation is a change by which the action veers round to its opposite, subject always to our rule of probability or necessity. Thus in the *Œdipus*, the messenger comes to cheer *Œdipus* and free him from his alarms about his mother, but by revealing who he is, he produces the opposite effect. Again in the *Lynceus*, *Lynceus* is being led away to his death, and *Danaus* goes with him, meaning to slay him; but the outcome of the preceding incidents is that *Danaus* is killed and *Lynceus* saved.

Recognition, as the name indicates, is a change from ignorance to knowledge, producing love or hate between the persons destined by the poet for good or bad fortune. The best form of recognition is coincident with a Reversal of the Situation, as in the *Œdipus*. There are indeed other forms. Even inanimate things of the most trivial kind may in a sense be objects of recognition. Again, we may recognise or discover whether a person has done a thing or not. But the recognition which is most intimately connected with the plot and action is, as we have said, the recognition of persons. This recognition, combined with Reversal, will produce either pity or fear; and actions producing these effects are those which, by our definition, Tragedy represents. Moreover, it is upon such situations that the issues of good or bad fortune will depend. Recognition, then, being between persons, it may happen that one person only is recognised by the other—when the latter

is already known—or it may be necessary that the recognition should be on both sides. Thus Iphigenia is revealed to Orestes by the sending of the letter; but another act of recognition is required to make Orestes known to Iphigenia.

Two parts, then, of the Plot—Reversal of the Situation and Recognition—turn upon surprises. A third part is the Scene of Suffering. The Scene of Suffering is a destructive or painful action, such as death on the stage, bodily agony, wounds and the like.

[The parts of Tragedy which must be treated as elements of the whole have been already mentioned. We now come to the quantitative parts—the separate parts into which Tragedy is divided—namely, Prologue, Episode, Exode, Choric song; this last being divided into Parode and Stasimon. These are common to all plays: peculiar to some are the songs of actors from the stage and the *Commoi*.

The Prologue is that entire part of a tragedy which precedes the Parode of the Chorus. The Episode is that entire part of a tragedy which is between complete choric songs. The Exode is that entire part of a tragedy which has no choric song after it. Of the Choric part the Parode is the first undivided utterance of the Chorus: the Stasimon is a Choric ode without anapaests or trochaic tetrameters: the *Commos* is a joint lamentation of Chorus and actors. The parts of Tragedy which must be treated as elements of the

whole have been already mentioned. The quantitative parts—the separate parts into which it is divided—are here enumerated.]

As the sequel to what has already been said, we must proceed to consider what the poet should aim at, and what he should avoid, in constructing his plots; and by what means the specific effect of Tragedy will be produced.

A perfect tragedy should, as we have seen, be arranged not on the simple but on the complex plan. It should, moreover, imitate actions which excite pity and fear, this being the distinctive mark of tragic imitation. It follows plainly, in the first place, that the chance of fortune presented must not be the spectacle of a virtuous man brought from prosperity to adversity: for this moves neither pity nor fear; it merely shocks us. Nor, again, that of a bad man passing from adversity to prosperity: for nothing can be more alien to the spirit of Tragedy; it possesses no single tragic quality; it neither satisfies the moral sense nor calls forth pity or fear. Nor, again, should the downfall of the utter villain be exhibited. A plot of this kind would, doubtless, satisfy the moral sense, but it would inspire neither pity nor fear; for pity is aroused by unmerited misfortune, fear by the misfortune of a man like ourselves. Such an event, therefore, will be neither pitiful nor terrible. There remains, then, the character between these two extremes,—that of a man who is not eminently good and just, yet whose misfortune is brought about not by vice or depravity, but by



ARISTOTLE

some error or frailty. He must be one who is highly renowned and prosperous,—a personage like *Œdipus*, *Thyestes*, or other illustrious men of such families.

A well-constructed plot should, therefore, be single in its issue, rather than double as some maintain. The change of fortune should be not from bad to good, but, reversely, from good to bad. It should come about as the result not of vice, but of some great error or frailty, in a character either such as we have described, or better rather than worse. The practice of the stage bears out our view. At first the poets recounted any legend that came in their way. Now, the best tragedies are founded on the story of a few houses,—on the fortunes of *Alcmaeon*, *Œdipus*, *Orestes*, *Meleager*, *Thyestes*, *Telephus*, and those others who have done or suffered something terrible. A tragedy, then, to be perfect according to the rules of art should be of this construction. Hence they are in error who censure *Euripides* just because he follows this principle in his plays, many of which end unhappily. It is, as we have said, the right ending. The best proof is that on the stage and in dramatic competition, such plays, if well worked out, are the most tragic in effect; and *Euripides*, faulty though he may be in the general management of his subject, yet is felt to be the most tragic of the poets.

In the second rank comes the kind of tragedy which some place first. Like the *Odyssey*, it has a double thread of plot, and also an opposite

catastrophe for the good and for the bad. It is accounted the best because of the weakness of the spectators; for the poet is guided in what he writes by the wishes of his audience. The pleasure, however, thence derived is not the true tragic pleasure. It is proper rather to Comedy, where those who, in the piece, are the deadliest enemies—like Orestes and Ægisthus—quit the stage as friends at the close, and no one slays or is slain.

Fear and pity may be aroused by spectacular means; but they may also result from the inner structure of the piece, which is the better way, and indicates a superior poet. For the plot ought to be so constructed that, even without the aid of the eye, he who hears the tale told will thrill with horror and melt to pity at what takes place. This is the impression we should receive from hearing the story of the *Œdipus*. But to produce this effect by the mere spectacle is a less artistic method, and dependent on extraneous aids. Those who employ spectacular means to create a sense not of the terrible but only of the monstrous, are strangers to the purpose of Tragedy; for we must not demand of Tragedy any and every kind of pleasure, but only that which is proper to it. And since the pleasure which the poet should afford is that which comes from pity and fear through imitation, it is evident that this quality must be impressed upon the incidents.

Let us then determine what are the circumstances which strike us as terrible or pitiful.

Actions capable of this effect must happen be-

tween persons who are either friends or enemies or indifferent to one another. If any enemy kills an enemy, there is nothing to excite pity either in the act or the intention,—except so far as the suffering in itself is pitiful. So again with indifferent persons. But when the tragic incident occurs between those who are near or dear to one another—if, for example, a brother kills, or intends to kill, a brother, a son his father, a mother her son, a son his mother, or any other deed of the kind is done—these are the situations to be looked for by the poet. He may not indeed destroy the framework of the received legends—the fact, for instance, that Clytemnestra was slain by Orestes and Eriphyle by Alcmaeon—but he ought to show invention of his own, and skilfully handle the traditional material. Let us explain more clearly what is meant by skilful handling.

The action may be done consciously and with knowledge of the persons, in the manner of the older poets. It is thus, too, that Euripides makes Medea slay her children. Or, again, the deed of horror may be done, but done in ignorance, and the tie of kinship or friendship be discovered afterwards. The *Œdipus* of Sophocles is an example. Here, indeed, the incident is outside the drama proper; but cases occur where it falls within the action of the play: one may cite the Alcmaeon of Astydamas, or Telegonus in the *Wounded Odysseus*. Again, there is a third case,—to be about to act with knowledge of the persons and then not to act. The fourth case is when someone is

about to do an irreparable deed through ignorance, and makes the discovery before it is done. These are the only possible ways. For the deed must either be done or not done,—and that wittingly or unwittingly. But of all these ways, to be about to act knowing the persons, and then not to act, is the worst. It is shocking without being tragic, for no disaster follows. It is, therefore, never, or very rarely, found in poetry. One instance, however, is in the *Antigone*, where Haemon threatens to kill Creon. The next and better way is that the deed should be perpetrated. Still better, that it should be perpetrated in ignorance, and the discovery made afterwards. There is then nothing to shock us, while the discovery produces a startling effect. The last case is the best, as when in the *Cresphontes* Merope is about to slay her son, but, recognising who he is, spares his life. So in the *Iphigenia*, the sister recognises the brother just in time. Again in the *Helle*, the son recognises the mother when on the point of giving her up. This, then, is why a few families only, as has been already observed, furnish the subjects of tragedy. It was not art, but happy chance, that led the poets in search of subjects to impress the tragic quality upon their plots. They are compelled, therefore, to have recourse to those houses whose history contains moving incidents like these.

Enough has now been said concerning the structure of the incidents, and the right kind of plot.

In respect of Character there are four things to be aimed at. First, and most important, it must

be good. Now any speech or action that manifests moral purpose of any kind will be expressive of character: the character will be good if the purpose is good. This rule is relative to each class. Even a woman may be good, and also a slave; though the woman may be said to be an inferior being, and the slave quite worthless. The second thing to aim at is propriety. There is a type of manly valour; but valour in a woman, or unscrupulous cleverness, is inappropriate. Thirdly, character must be true to life: for this is a distinct thing from goodness and propriety, as here described. The fourth point is consistency: for though the subject of the imitation, who suggested the type, be inconsistent, still he must be consistently inconsistent. As an example of motiveless degradation of character, we have Menelaus in the *Orestes*: of character indecorous and inappropriate, the lament of Odysseus in the *Scylla*, and the speech of Melanippe: of inconsistency, the *Iphigenia at Aulis*,—for *Iphigenia* the suppliant in no way resembles her later self.

As in the structure of the plot, so, too, in the portraiture of character, the poet should always aim either at the necessary or the probable. Thus a person of a given character should speak or act in a given way, by the rule either of necessity or of probability; just as this event should follow that by necessary or probable sequence. It is therefore evident that the unravelling of the plot, no less than the complication, must arise out of the plot itself, it must not be brought about by the

Deus ex Machina—as in the Medea, or in the Return of the Greeks in the Iliad. The *Deus ex Machina* should be employed only for events external to the drama,—for antecedent or subsequent events, which lie beyond the range of human knowledge, and which require to be reported or foretold; for to the gods we ascribe the power of seeing all things. Within the action there must be nothing irrational. If the irrational cannot be excluded, it should be outside the scope of the tragedy. Such is the irrational element in the *Œdipus* of Sophocles.

Again, since Tragedy is an imitation of persons who are above the common level, the example of good portrait-painters should be followed. They, while reproducing the distinctive form of the original, make a likeness which is true to life and yet more beautiful. So, too, the poet, in representing men who are irascible or indolent, or have other defects of character, should preserve the type and yet ennoble it. In this way Achilles is portrayed by Agathon and Homer.

These then are rules the poet should observe. Nor should he neglect those appeals to the sense, which, though not among the essentials, are the concomitants of poetry; for here, too, there is much room for error.

ARISTOTLE.

OCTOBER 3

“O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE!”

O MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like
stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,

The pipes began to be puffed in a silence which had an air of severity; the more important customers, who drank spirits and sat nearest the fire, staring at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked; while the beer-drinkers, chiefly men in fustian jackets and smock-frocks, kept their eyelids down and rubbed their hands across their mouths, as if their draughts of beer were a funereal duty attended with embarrassing sadness. At last, Mr. Snell, the landlord, a man of a neutral disposition, accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor, broke silence, by saying in a doubtful tone to his cousin the butcher—

“Some folks ’ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?”

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat and replied, “And they wouldn’t be fur wrong, John.”

After this feeble delusive thaw, the silence set in as severely as before.

“Was it a red Durham?” said the farrier, taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at the butcher, as the person who must take the responsibility of answering.

“Red it was,” said the butcher, in his good-humored husky treble—“and a Durham it was.”

“Then you needn’t tell *me* who you bought it

of," said the farrier, looking round with some triumph; "I know who it is has got the red Durhams o' this country-side. And she'd a white star on her brow, I'll bet a penny?" The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

"Well; yes—she might," said the butcher, slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative. "I don't say contrary."

"I knew that very well," said the farrier, throwing himself backward again, and speaking defiantly; "if *I* don't know Mr. Lammeter's cows, I should like to know who does—that's all. And as for the cow you've bought, bargain or no bargain, I've been at the drenching of her—contradick me who will."

The farrier looked fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little.

"I'm not for contradicking no man," he said: "I'm for peace and quietness. Some are for cutting long ribs—I'm for cutting 'em short myself; but *I* don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss—and anybody as was reasonable, it 'ud bring tears into their eyes to look at it."

"Well, it's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is," pursued the farrier, angrily; "and it was Mr. Lammeter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a red Durham."

"I tell no lies," said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before, "and I contradick none—not if a man was to swear himself black: he's no meat o' mine, nor none o' my bargains. All I

say is, it's a lovely carkiss. And what I say I'll stick to; but I'll quarrel wi' no man."

"No," said the farrier, with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally; "and p'rhaps you aren't pig-headed; and p'rhaps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham; and p'rhaps you didn't say she'd got a star on her brow—stick to that, now you're at it."

"Come, come," said the landlord; "let the cow alone. The truth lies atween you: you're both right and both wrong, as I allays say. And as for the cow's being Mr. Lammeter's, I say nothing to that; but this I say, as the Rainbow's the Rainbow. And for the matter o' that, if the talk is to be o' the Lammeters, *you* know the most upo' that head, eh, Mr. Macey? You remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come into these parts, and took the Warrens?"

Mr. Macey, tailor and parish-clerk, the latter of which functions rheumatism had of late obliged him to share with a small-featured young man who sat opposite him, held his white head on one side, and twirled his thumbs with an air of complacency, slightly seasoned with criticism. He smiled pityingly, in answer to the landlord's appeal, and said—

"Ay, ay; I know, I know; but I let other folks talk. I've laid by now, and gev up to the young uns. Ask them as have been to school at Tarley: they've learnt pernouncing; that's come up since my day."

"If you're pointing at me, Mr. Macey," said

the deputy-clerk, with an air of anxious propriety, "I'm nowise a man to speak out of my place. As the psalm says—

‘I know what’s right, nor only so,
But also practice what I know.’”

“Well, then, I wish you’d keep hold o’ the tune, when it’s set for you; if you’re for practising, I wish you’d *practise* that,” said a large jocose-looking man, an excellent wheelwright in his week-day capacity, but on Sundays leader of the choir. He winked, as he spoke, at two of the company, who were known officially as the “bassoon” and the “keybugle,” in the confidence that he was expressing the sense of the musical profession in Raveloe.

Mr. Tookey, the deputy-clerk, who shared the unpopularity common to deputies, turned very red, but replied, with careful moderation—“Mr. Winthrop, if you’ll bring me any proof as I’m in the wrong, I’m not the man to say I won’t alter. But there’s people set up their own ears for a standard, and expect the whole choir to follow ’em. There may be two opinions, I hope.”

“Ay, ay,” said Mr. Macey, who felt very well satisfied with this attack on youthful presumption; “you’re right there, Tookey: there’s allays two ’pinions; there’s the ’pinion a man has of himsen, and there’s the ’pinion other folks have on him. There’d be two ’pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself.”

"Well, Mr. Macey," said poor Tookey, serious amidst the general laughter, "I undertook to partially fill up the office of parish-clerk by Mr. Crackenthorp's desire, whenever your infirmities should make you unfitting; and it's one of the rights thereof to sing in the choir—else why have you done the same yourself?"

"Ah! but the old gentleman and you are two folks," said Ben Winthrop. "The old gentleman's got a gift. Why, the Squire used to invite him to take a glass, only to hear him sing the 'Red Rovier'; didn't he, Mr. Macey? It's a nat'-ral gift. There's my little lad Aaron, he's got a gift—he can sing a tune off straight, like a throstle. But as for you, Master Tookey, you'd better stick to your 'Amens': your voice is well enough when you keep it up in your nose. It's your inside as isn't right made for music: it's no better nor a hollow stalk."

This kind of unflinching frankness was the most piquant form of joke to the company at the Rainbow, and Ben Winthrop's insult was felt by everybody to have capped Mr. Macey's epigram.

"I see what it is plain enough," said Mr. Tookey, unable to keep cool any longer. "There's a conspiracy to turn me out o' the choir, as I shouldn't share the Christmas money—that's where it is. But I shall speak to Mr. Crackenthorp; I'll not be put upon by no man."

"Nay, nay, Tookey," said Ben Winthrop. "We'll pay you your share to keep out of it

—that's what we'll do. There's things folks 'ud pay to be rid on, besides varmin." "Come, come," said the landlord, who felt that paying people for their absence was a principle dangerous to society; "a joke's a joke. We're all good friends here, I hope. We must give and take. You're both right and you're both wrong, as I say. I agree wi' Mr. Macey here, as there's two opinions; and if mine was asked, I should say they're both right. Tookey's right and Winthrop's right, and they've only got to split the difference and make themselves even."

The farrier was puffing his pipe rather fiercely, in some contempt at this trivial discussion. He had no ear for music himself, and never went to church, as being of the medical profession, and likely to be in requisition for delicate cows. But the butcher, having music in his soul, had listened with a divided desire for Tookey's defeat and for the preservation of the peace.

"To be sure," he said, following up the landlord's conciliatory view, "we're fond of our old clerk; it's nat'ral, and him used to be such a singer, and got a brother as is known for the first fiddler in this country-side. Eh, it's a pity but what Solomon lived in our village, and could give us a tune when we liked; eh, Mr. Macey? I'd keep him in liver and lights for nothing—that I would."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey, in the height of complacency; "our family's been known for musicianers as far back as anybody can tell. But them things are dying out, as I tell Solomon every

time he comes round; there's no voices like what there used to be, and there's nobody remembers what we remember, if it isn't the old crows."

"Ay, you remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come into these parts, don't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"I should think I did," said the old man, who had now gone through that complimentary process necessary to bring him up to the point of narration; "and a fine old gentleman he was—as fine, and finer nor the Mr. Lammeter as now is. He came from a bit north'ard, so far as I could ever make out. But there's nobody rightly knows about those parts: only it couldn't be far north'ard nor much different from this country, for he brought a fine breed o' sheep with him, so there must be pastures there, and everything reasonable. We heared tell as he'd sold his own land to come and take the Warrens, and that seemed odd for a man as had land of his own, to come and rent a farm in a strange place. But they said it was along of his wife's dying; though there's reason in things as nobody knows on—that's pretty much what I've made out; yet some folks are so wise, they'll find you fifty reasons straight off, and all the while the real reason's winking at 'em in the corner, and they niver see't. Howsomever, it was soon seen as we'd got a new parish'ner as know'd the rights and customs o' things, and kep a good house, and was well looked on by everybody. And the young man—that's the Mr. Lammeter as now is, for he'd niver a sister—soon begun to court

Miss Osgood, that's the sister o' the Mr. Osgood as now is, and a fine handsome lass she was—eh, you can't think—they pretend this young lass is like her, but that's the way wi' people as don't know what come before 'em. I should know, for I helped the old rector, Mr. Drumlow as was, I helped him marry 'em."

Here Mr. Macey paused; he always gave his narrative in instalments, expecting to be questioned according to precedent.

"Ay, and a partic'lar thing happened, didn't it, Mr. Macey, so as you were likely to remember that marriage?" said the landlord, in a congratulatory tone.

"I should think there did—a *very* partic'lar thing," said Mr. Macey, nodding sideways. "For Mr. Drumlow—poor old gentleman, I was fond on him, though he'd got a bit confused in his head, what wi' age and wi' taking a drop o' summat warm when the service come of a cold morn'ing. And young Mr. Lammeter he'd have no way but he must be married in Janiuary, which, to be sure, 's a unreasonable time to be married in, for it isn't like a christening or a burying, as you can't help; and so Mr. Drumlow—poor old gentleman, I was fond on him—but when he come to put the questions, he put 'em by the rule o' contrairy, like, and he says, 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded wife?' says he, and then he says, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded husband?' says he. But the partic'larest thing of all is, as nobody took any notice on it but me, and they

answered straight off 'yes,' like as if it had been me saying 'Amen' i' the right place, without listening to what went before."

"But *you* knew what was going on well enough, didn't you, Mr. Macey? You were live enough, eh?" said the butcher.

"Lor bless you!" said Mr. Macey, pausing, and smiling in pity at the impotence of his hearer's imagination—"why, I was all of a tremble: it was as if I'd been a coat pulled by the two tails, like; for I couldn't stop the parson, I couldn't take upon me to do that; and yet I said to myself, I says, 'Suppose they shouldn't be fast married, 'cause the words are contrairy?' and my head went working like a mill, for I was allays uncommon for turning things over and seeing all round 'em; and I says to myself, 'Is't the meanin' or the words as makes folks fast i' wedlock?' For the parson meant right, and the bride and briedgroom meant right. But then, when I come to think on it, meanin' goes but a little way i' most things, for you may mean to stick things together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you? And so I says to mysen, 'It isn't the meanin', it's the glue.' And I was worreted as if I'd got three bells to pull at once, when we went into the vestry, and they begun to sign their names. But where's the use o' talking?—you can't think what goes on in a 'cute man's inside."

"But you held in for all that, didn't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Ay, I held in tight till I was by mysen wi' Mr.

Drumlow, and then I out wi' everything, but respectful, as I allays did. And he made light on it, and he says, 'Pooh, pooh, Macey, make yourself easy,' he says; 'it's neither the meaning nor the words—it's the regester does it—that's the glue.' So you see he settled it easy; for parsons and doctors know everything by heart, like, so as they aren't worreted wi' thinking what's the rights and wrongs o' things, as I'n been many and many's the time. And sure enough the wedding turned out all right, on'y poor Mrs. Lammeter—that's Miss Osgood as was—died afore the lasses was growed up; but for prosperity and everything respectable, there's no family more looked on."

Every one of Mr. Macey's audience had heard this story many times, but it was listened to as if it had been a favorite tune, and at certain points the puffing of the pipes was momentarily suspended, that the listeners might give their whole minds to the expected words. But there was more to come; and Mr. Snell, the landlord, duly put the leading question.

"Why, old Mr. Lammeter had a pretty fortin, didn't they say, when he come into these parts?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Macey; "but I daresay it's as much as this Mr. Lammeter's done to keep it whole. For there was allays a talk as nobody could get rich on the Warrens: though he holds it cheap, for it's what they call Charity Land."

"Ay, and there's few folks know so well as you how it come to be Charity Land, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the butcher.

“How should they?” said the old clerk, with some contempt. “Why, my grandfather made the grooms’ livery for that Mr. Cliff as came and built the big stables at the Warrens. Why, they’re stables four times as big as Squire Cass’s, for he thought o’ nothing but hosses and hunting, Cliff didn’t—a Lunnon tailor, some folks said, as had gone mad wi’ cheating. For he couldn’t ride; lor bless you! they said he’d got no more grip o’ the hoss than if his legs had been cross-sticks: my grandfather heared old Squire Cass say so many and many a time. But ride he would as if Old Harry had been a-driving him; and he’d a son, a lad o’ sixteen; and nothing would his father have him do, but he must ride and ride—though the lad was frightened, they said. And it was a common saying as the father wanted to ride the tailor out o’ the lad, and make a gentleman on him—not but what I’m a tailor myself, but in respect as God made me such, I’m proud on it, for ‘Macey, tailor,’ ’s been wrote up over our door since afore the Queen’s heads went out on the shillings. But Cliff, he was ashamed o’ being called a tailor, and he was sore vexed as his riding was laughed at, and nobody o’ the gentlefolks hereabout could abide him. Howsomever, the poor lad got sickly and died, and the father didn’t live long after him, for he got queerer nor ever, and they said he used to go out i’ the dead o’ the night, wi’ a lantern in his hand, to the stables, and set a lot o’ lights burning, for he got as he couldn’t sleep; and there he’d stand, cracking his whip and looking at his

hosses; and they said it was a mercy as the stables didn't get burnt down wi' the poor dumb creaturs in 'em. But at last he died raving, and they found as he'd left all his property, Warrens and all, to a Lunnon Charity, and that's how the Warrens come to be Charity Land; though, as for the stables, Mr. Lammeter never uses 'em—they're out o' all charicter—lor bless you! if you was to set the doors a-banging in 'em, it 'ud sound like thunder half o'er the parish."

"Ay, but there's more going on in the stables than what folks see by daylight, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Ay, ay; go that way of a dark night, that's all," said Mr. Macey, winking mysteriously, "and then make believe, if you like, as you didn't see lights i' the stables, nor hear the stamping o' the hosses, nor the cracking o' the whips, and howling, too, if it's tow'rt daybreak. 'Cliff's Holiday' has been the name of it ever sin' I were a boy; that's to say, some said as it was the holiday Old Harry gev him from roasting, like. That's what my father told me, and he was a reasonable man, though there's folks nowadays know what happened afore they were born better nor they know their own business."

"What do you say to that, eh, Dowlas?" said the landlord, turning to the farrier, who was swelling with impatience for his cue. "There's a nut for *you* to crack."

Mr. Dowlas was the negative spirit in the company, and was proud of his position.

"Say? I say what a man *should* say as doesn't shut his eyes to look at a finger-post. I say, as I'm ready to wager any man ten pound, if he'll stand out wi' me any dry night in the pasture before the Warren stables, as we shall neither see lights nor hear noises, if it isn't the blowing of our own noses. That's what I say, and I've said it many a time; but there's nobody'll ventur a ten-pun' note on their ghos'es as they make so sure of."

"Why, Dowlas, that's easy betting, that is," said Ben Winthrop. "You might as well bet a man as he wouldn't catch the rheumatise if he stood up to's neck in the pool of a frosty night. It 'ud be fine fun for a man to win his bet as he'd catch the rheumatise. Folks as believe in Cliff's Holiday aren't a-going to ventur near it for a matter o' ten pound."

"If Master Dowlas wants to know the truth on it," said Mr. Macey, with a sarcastic smile tapping his thumbs together, "he's no call to lay any bet—let him go and stan' by himself—there's nobody 'ull hinder him; and then he can let the parish'ners know if they're wrong."

"Thank you! I'm obliged to you," said the farrier, with a snort of scorn. "If folks are fools, it's no business o' mine. I don't want to make out the truth about ghos'es: I know it a'ready. But I'm not against a bet—everything fair and open. Let any man bet me ten pound as I shall see Cliff's Holiday, and I'll go and stand by myself. I want no company. I'd as lief do it as I'd fill this pipe."

"Ah, but who's to watch you, Dowlas, and see you do it? That's no fair bet," said the butcher.

"No fair bet?" replied Mr. Dowlas, angrily. "I should like to hear any man stand up and say I want to bet unfair. Come now, Master Lundy, I should like to hear you say it."

"Very like you would," said the butcher. "But it's no business o' mine. You're none o' my bargains, and I aren't a-going to try and 'bate your price. If anybody'll bid for you at your own vallying, let him. I'm for peace and quietness, I am."

"Yes, that's what every yapping cur is, when you hold a stick up at him," said the farrier. "But I'm afraid o' neither man nor ghost, and I'm ready to lay a fair bet. I aren't a turn-tail cur."

"Ay, but there's this in it, Dowlas," said the landlord, speaking in a tone of much candour and tolerance. "There's folks, i' my opinion, they can't see ghos'es, not if they stood as plain as a pikestaff before 'em. And there's reason i' that. For there's my wife, now, can't smell, not if she'd the strongest o' cheese under her nose. I never see'd a ghost myself; but then I says to myself, 'Very like I haven't got the smell for 'em.' I mean putting a ghost for a smell, or else contrairiways. And so, I'm for holding with both sides; for, as I say, the truth lies between 'em. And if Dowlas was to go and stand, and say he'd never seen a wink o' Cliff's Holiday all the night through, I'd back him; and if anybody said as Cliff's Holiday

was certain sure for all that, I'd back *him*, too. For the smell's what I go by."

The landlord's analogical argument was not well received by the farrier—a man intensely opposed to compromise.

"Tut, tut," he said, setting down his glass with refreshed irritation; "what's the smell got to do with it? Did ever a ghost give a man a black eye? That's what I should like to know. If ghos'es want me to believe in 'em, let 'em leave off skulking i' the dark and i' lone places—let 'em come where there's company and candles."

"As if ghos'es 'ud want to be believed in by anybody so ignirant!" said Mr. Macey, in deep disgust at the farrier's crass incompetence to apprehend the conditions of ghostly phenomena.

GEORGE ELIOT.

OCTOBER 4

LAVENGRO

Chapter XXV

THERE was one question which I was continually asking myself at this period, and which has more than once met the eyes of the reader who has followed me through the last chapter. "What is truth?" I had involved myself imperceptibly in a dreary labyrinth of doubt, and, whichever way I turned, no reasonable prospect of extricating myself appeared. The means by which I had brought myself into this situation may be very briefly told; I had inquired into many matters, in order that I might become wise, and I had read and pondered over the words of the wise, so called, till I had made myself master of the sum of human wisdom; namely, that everything is enigmatical and that man is an enigma to himself; thence the cry of "what is truth?" I had ceased to believe in the truth of that in which I had hitherto trusted, and yet could find nothing in which I could put any fixed or deliberate belief. I was, indeed, in a labyrinth! In what did I not doubt? With respect to crime and virtue I was in doubt; I doubted that the one was blameable and the other

praiseworthy. Are not all things subjected to the law of necessity? Assuredly; time and chance govern all things: yet how can this be? alas!

Then there was myself; for what was I born? Are not all things born to be forgotten? That's incomprehensible: yet is it not so? Those butterflies fall and are forgotten. In what is man better than a butterfly? All then is born to be forgotten. Ah! that was a pang indeed; 'tis at such a moment that a man wishes to die. The wise king of Jerusalem, who sat in his shady arbours beside his sunny fishpools, saying so many fine things, wished to die, when he saw that not only all was vanity, but that he himself was vanity. Will a time come when all will be forgotten that now is beneath the sun? If so, of what profit is life?

In truth, it was a sore vexation of spirit to me when I saw, as the wise man saw of old, that whatever I could hope to perform must necessarily be of very temporary duration; and if so, why do it? I said to myself, whatever name I can acquire, will it endure for eternity? scarcely so. A thousand years? Let me see! What have I done already? I have learnt Welsh, and have translated the songs of Ab Gwilym, some ten thousand lines, into English rhyme; I have also learnt Danish, and have rendered the old book of ballads cast by the tempest upon the beach into corresponding English metre. Good! have I done enough already to secure myself a reputation of a thousand years? No, no! certainly not; I have not the slightest ground for hoping that my

translations from the Welsh and Danish will be read at the end of a thousand years. Well, but I am only eighteen, and I have not stated all that I have done; I have learnt many other tongues, and have acquired some knowledge even of Hebrew and Arabic. Should I go on in this way till I am forty, I must then be very learned; and perhaps, among other things, may have translated the Talmud, and some of the great works of the Arabians. Pooh! all this is mere learning and translation, and such will never secure immortality. Translation is at best an echo, and it must be a wonderful echo to be heard after the lapse of a thousand years. No! all I have already done, and all I may yet do in the same way, I may reckon as nothing—mere pastime; something else must be done. I must either write some grand original work, or conquer an empire; the one just as easy as the other. But am I competent to do either? Yes, I think I am, under favourable circumstances. Yes, I think I may promise myself a reputation of a thousand years, if I do but give myself the necessary trouble. Well! but what's a thousand years, after all, or twice a thousand years? Woe is me! I may just as well sit still.

"Would I had never been born!" I said to myself; and a thought would occasionally intrude. But was I ever born? Is not all that I see a lie—a deceitful phantom? Is there a world, and earth and sky? Berkeley's doctrine—Spinoza's doctrine! Dear reader, I had at that time never read either Berkeley or Spinoza. I have still never

read them; who are they, men of yesterday? "All is a lie—all a deceitful phantom," are old cries; they come naturally from the mouths of those who, casting aside that choicest shield against madness, simplicity, would fain be wise as God, and can only know that they are naked. This doubting in the "universal all" is almost coeval with the human race: wisdom, so called, was early sought after. All is a lie—a deceitful phantom—was said when the world was yet young; its surface, save a scanty portion, yet untrodden by human foot, and when the great tortoise yet crawled about. All is a lie, was the doctrine of Buddh; and Buddh lived thirty centuries before the wise king of Jerusalem, who sat in his arbours, beside his sunny fishpools, saying many fine things, and, amongst others, "There is nothing new under the sun!"

.

One day, whilst I bent my way to the heath of which I have spoken on a former occasion, at the foot of the hills which formed it I came to a place where a wagon was standing, but without horses, the shafts resting on the ground; there was a crowd about it, which extended halfway up the side of the neighbouring hill. The wagon was occupied by some half a dozen men; some sitting, others standing. They were dressed in sober-coloured habiliments of black or brown, cut in plain and rather uncouth fashion, and partially white with dust; their hair was short, and seemed to have been smoothed down by the application of the

hand; all were bare-headed—sitting or standing, all were bare-headed. One of them, a tall man, was speaking, as I arrived; ere, however, I could distinguish what he was saying, he left off, and then there was a cry for a hymn “to the glory of God”—that was the word. It was a strange-sounding hymn, as well it might be, for everybody joined in it: there were voices of all kinds, of men, of women, and of children—of those who could sing and of those who could not—a thousand voices all joined, and all joined heartily; no voice of all the multitude was silent save mine. The crowd consisted entirely of the lower classes, labourers, and mechanics, and their wives and children—dusty people, unwashed people, people of no account whatever, and yet they did not look a mob. And when that hymn was over—and here let me observe that, strange as it sounded, I have recalled that hymn to mind, and it has seemed to tingle in my ears on occasions when all that pomp and art could do to enhance religious solemnity was being done—in the Sistine Chapel, what time the papal band was in full play, and the choicest choristers of Italy poured forth their melodious tones in presence of Batuschka and his cardinals—on the ice of the Neva, what time the long train of stately priests, with their noble beards and their flowing robes of crimson and gold, with their ebony and ivory staves, stalked along, chanting their Slavonian litanies in advance of the mighty Emperor of the North and his Priberjensky guard of giants, towards the orifice through which the river, run-

ning below in its swiftness, is to receive the baptismal lymph—when the hymn was over, another man in the wagon proceeded to address the people; he was a much younger man than the last speaker; somewhat square built and about the middle height; his face was rather broad, but expressive of much intelligence, and with a peculiar calm and serious look; the accent in which he spoke indicated that he was not of these parts, but from some distant district. The subject of his address was faith, and how it could remove mountains. It was a plain address, without any attempt at ornament, and delivered in a tone which was neither loud nor vehement. The speaker was evidently not a practised one—once or twice he hesitated as if for words to express his meaning, but still he held on, talking of faith, and how it could remove mountains: “It is the only thing we want, brethren, in this world; if we have that, we are indeed rich, as it will enable us to do our duty under all circumstances, and to bear our lot, however hard it may be—and the lot of all mankind is hard—the lot of the poor is hard, brethren—and who knows more of the poor than I?—a poor man myself, and the son of a poor man: but are the rich better off? not so, brethren, for God is just. The rich have their trials, too: I am not rich myself, but I have seen the rich with careworn countenances; I have also seen them in mad-houses; from which you may learn, brethren, that the lot of all mankind is hard; that is, till we lay hold of faith, which makes us comfortable

under all circumstances; whether we ride in gilded chariots or walk bare-footed in quest of bread; whether we be ignorant, whether we be wise,—for riches and poverty, ignorance and wisdom, brethren, each brings with it its peculiar temptations. Well, under all these troubles, the thing which I would recommend you to seek is one and the same—faith; faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, who made us and allotted to each his station. Each has something to do, brethren. Do it therefore, but always in faith; without faith we shall find ourselves sometimes at fault; but with faith never—for faith can remove the difficulty. It will teach us to love life, brethren, when life is becoming bitter, and to prize the blessings around us; for as every man has his cares, brethren, so has each man his blessings. It will likewise teach us not to love life over much, seeing that we must one day part with it. It will teach us to face death with resignation, and will preserve us from sinking amidst the swelling of the river Jordan.”

And when he had concluded his address, he said: “Let us sing a hymn, one composed by Master Charles Wesley—he was my countryman, brethren.

“‘Jesus, I cast my soul on Thee,
Mighty and merciful to save;
Thou shalt to death go down with me
And lay me gently in the grave.
This body then shall rest in hope,
This body which the worms destroy;
For Thou shalt surely raise me up,
To glorious life and endless joy.’”

Farewell, preacher with the plain coat, and the calm, serious look! I saw thee once again, and that was lately—only the other day. It was near a fishing hamlet, by the sea-side, that I saw the preacher again. He stood on the top of a steep monticle, used by pilots as a look-out for vessels approaching that coast, a dangerous one, abounding in rocks and quicksands. There he stood on the monticle, preaching to weather-worn fishermen and mariners gathered below upon the sand. “Who is he?” said I to an old fisherman, who stood beside me with a book of hymns in his hand; but the old man put his hand to his lips, and that was the only answer I received. Not a sound was heard but the voice of the preacher and the roaring of the waves; but the voice was heard loud above the roaring of the sea, for the preacher now spoke with power, and his voice was not that of one who hesitates. There he stood—no longer a young man, for his black locks were become gray, even like my own; but there was the intelligent face, and the calm, serious look which had struck me of yore. There stood the preacher, one of those men—and, thank God, their number is not few—who, animated by the spirit of Christ, amidst much poverty, and, alas! much contempt, persist in carrying the light of the Gospel amidst the dark parishes of what, but for their instrumentality, would scarcely be Christian England. I would have waited till he had concluded, in order that I might speak to him and endeavour to bring back the ancient scene to his recollection, but suddenly

a man came hurrying towards the monticle, mounted on a speedy horse, and holding by the bridle one yet more speedy, and he whispered to me: "Why loiterest thou here?—knowest thou not all that is to be done before midnight?" and he flung me the bridle; and I mounted on the horse of great speed, and I followed the other, who had already galloped off. And as I departed, I waved my hand to him on the monticle, and I shouted, "Farewell, brother! the seed came up at last, after a long period!" and then I gave the speedy horse his way, and leaning over the shoulder of the galloping horse, I said: "Would that my life had been like his—even like that man's!"

I now wandered along the heath, till I came to a place where, beside a thick furze, sat a man, his eyes fixed intently on the red ball of the setting sun.

"That's not you, Jasper?"

"Indeed, brother!"

"I've not seen you for years."

"How should you, brother?"

"What brings you here?"

"The fight, brother."

"Where are the tents?"

"On the old spot, brother."

"Any news since we parted?"

"Two deaths, brother."

"Who are dead, Jasper?"

"Father and mother, brother."

"Where did they die?"

"Where they were sent, brother."

"And Mrs. Herne?"

"She's alive, brother."

"Where is she now?"

"In Yorkshire, brother."

"What is your opinion of death, Mr. Petulengro?" said I, as I sat down beside him.

"My opinion of death, brother, is much the same as that in the old song of Pharaoh, which I have heard my grandam sing:—

*"Cana marel o manus chivios andé puv,
Ta rovel pa leste o chavo ta romi."*

When a man dies, he is cast into the earth, and his wife and child sorrow over him. If he has neither wife nor child, then his father and mother, I suppose; and if he is quite alone in the world, why, then, he is cast into the earth, and there is an end of the matter."

"And do you think that is the end of a man?"

"There's an end of him, brother, more's the pity."

"Why do you say so?"

"Life is sweet, brother."

"Do you think so?"

"Think so! There's night and day, brother, both sweet things; sun, moon, and stars, brother, all sweet things; there's likewise the wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother; who would wish to die?"

"I would wish to die——"

"You talk like a gorgio—which is the same as talking like a fool—were you a Rommany Chal

you would talk wiser. Wish to die, indeed! A Rommany Chal would wish to live for ever!"

"In sickness, Jasper?"

"There's the sun and stars, brother."

"In blindness, Jasper?"

"There's the wind on the heath, brother; if I could only feel that, I would gladly live for ever. Dosta, we'll now go to the tents and put on the gloves; and I'll try to make you feel what a sweet thing it is to be alive, brother!"

Chapter LXX

I passed the greater part of the day in endeavouring to teach myself the mysteries of my new profession. I cannot say that I was very successful, but the time passed agreeably, and was therefore not ill spent. Towards evening I flung my work aside, took some refreshment, and afterwards a walk.

This time I turned up the small footpath, of which I have already spoken. It led in a zigzag manner through thickets of hazel, elder, and sweet briar; after following its windings for somewhat better than a furlong, I heard a gentle sound of water, and presently came to a small rill, which ran directly across the path. I was rejoiced at the sight, for I had already experienced the want of water, which I yet knew must be nigh at hand, as I was in a place to all appearance occasionally frequented by wandering people, who I was aware never take up their quarters in places where water is difficult to be obtained. Forthwith I stretched

myself on the ground, and took a long and delicious draught of the crystal stream, and then, seating myself in a bush, I continued for some time gazing on the water as it purled tinkling away in its channel through an opening in the hazels, and should have probably continued much longer had not the thought that I had left my property unprotected compelled me to rise and return to my encampment.

Night came on, and a beautiful night it was; up rose the moon, and innumerable stars decked the firmament of heaven. I sat on the shaft, my eyes turned upwards. I had found it: there it was twinkling millions of miles above me, mightiest star of the system to which we belong: of all stars, the one which has the most interest for me—the star Jupiter.

Why have I always taken an interest in thee, O Jupiter? I know nothing about thee, save what every child knows, that thou art a big star, whose only light is derived from moons. And is not that knowledge enough to make me feel an interest in thee? Ay, truly, I never look at thee without wondering what is going on in thee; what is life in Jupiter? That there is life in Jupiter who can doubt? There is life in our own little star, therefore there must be life in Jupiter, which is not a little star. But how different must life be in Jupiter from what it is in our own little star! Life here is life beneath the dear sun—life in Jupiter is life beneath moons—four moons—no single moon is able to illumine that vast bulk.

All know what life is in our own little star; it is anything but a routine of happiness here, where the dear sun rises to us every day: then how sad and moping must life be in mighty Jupiter, on which no sun ever shines, and which is never lighted save by pale moonbeams! The thought that there is more sadness and melancholy in Jupiter than in this world of ours, where, alas! there is but too much, has always made me take a melancholy interest in that huge, distant star.

Two or three days passed by in much the same manner as the first. During the morning I worked upon my kettles, and employed the remaining part of the day as I best could. The whole of this time I only saw two individuals, rustics, who passed by my encampment without vouchsafing me a glance; they probably considered themselves my superiors, as perhaps they were.

One very brilliant morning, as I sat at work in very good spirits, for by this time I had actually mended in a very creditable way, as I imagined, two kettles and a frying-pan, I heard a voice which seemed to proceed from the path leading to the rivulet; at first it sounded from a considerable distance, but drew nearer by degrees. I soon remarked that the tones were exceedingly sharp and shrill, with yet something of childhood in them. Once or twice I distinguished certain words in the song which the voice was singing; the words were—but no, I thought again I was probably mistaken—and then the voice ceased for a time; presently I heard it again, close to the

entrance of the footpath; in another moment I heard it in the lane or glade in which stood my tent, where it abruptly stopped, but not before I had heard the very words which I at first thought I had distinguished.

I turned my head; at the entrance of the footpath, which might be about thirty yards from the place where I was sitting, I perceived the figure of a young girl; her face was turned towards me, and she appeared to be scanning me and my encampment; after a little time she looked in the other direction, only for a moment, however; probably observing nothing in that quarter, she again looked towards me, and almost immediately stepped forward; and, as she advanced, sang the song which I had heard in the wood, the first words of which were those which I have already alluded to:—

The Rommany chi
And the Rommany chal,
Shall jaw tasaulor
To drab the bawlor,
And dook the gry
Of the farming rye.

A very pretty song, thought I, falling again hard to work upon my kettle; a very pretty song, which bodes the farmers much good. Let them look to their cattle.

“All alone here, brother?” said a voice close by me, in sharp but not disagreeable tones.

I made no answer, but continued my work, click, click, with the gravity which became one

of my profession. I allowed at least half a minute to elapse before I even lifted up my eyes.

A girl of about thirteen was standing before me; her features were very pretty, but with a peculiar expression; her complexion was a clear olive, and her jet-black hair hung back upon her shoulders. She was rather scantily dressed, and her arms and feet were bare; round her neck, however, was a handsome string of corals, with ornaments of gold: in her hand she held a bulrush.

"All alone here, brother?" said the girl, as I looked up; "all alone there, in the lane; where are your wife and children?"

"Why do you call me brother?" said I; "I am no brother of yours. Do you take me for one of your people? I am no gypsy; not I, indeed!"

"Don't be afraid, brother, you are no Roman—Roman indeed, you are not handsome enough to be a Roman; not black enough, tinker though you be. If I called you brother, it was because I didn't know what else to call you. Marry, come up, brother, I should be sorry to have you for a brother."

"Then you don't like me?"

"Neither like you, nor dislike you, brother; what will you have for that kekaubi?"

"What's the use of talking to me in that un-Christian way; what do you mean, young gentlewoman?"

"Lord, brother, what a fool you are; every tinker knows what a kekaubi is. I was asking you what you would have for that kettle."

"Three-and-sixpence, young gentlewoman; isn't it well mended?"

"Well mended! I could have done it better myself; three-and-sixpence! it's only fit to be played at football with."

"I will take no less for it, young gentlewoman; it has caused me a world of trouble."

"I never saw a worse mended kettle. I say, brother, your hair is white."

"'Tis nature; your hair is black; nature, nothing but nature."

"I am young, brother; my hair is black—that's nature: you are young, brother; your hair is white—that's not nature."

"I can't help it if it be not, but it is nature after all; did you never see grey hair on the young?"

"Never! I have heard it is true of a grey lad, and a bad one he was. Oh, so bad."

"Sit down on the grass, and tell me all about it, sister; do to oblige me, pretty sister."

"Hey, brother, you don't speak as you did—you don't speak like a gorgio, you speak like one of us, you call me sister."

"As you call me brother; I am not an uncivil person after a'l, sister."

"I say, brother, tell me one thing, and look me in the face—there—do you speak Rommany?"

"Rommany! Rommany! what is Rommany?"

"What is Rommany? our language, to be sure; tell me, brother, only one thing, you don't speak Rommany?"

"You say it."

"I don't say it, I wish to know. Do you speak Rommany?"

"Do you mean thieves' slang—cant? no, I don't speak cant, I don't like it, I only know a few words; they call a sixpence a tanner, don't they?"

"I don't know," said the girl, sitting down on the ground, "I was almost thinking—well, never mind, you don't know Rommany. I say, brother, I think I should like to have the kekaubi."

"I thought you said it was badly mended?"

"Yes, yes, brother, but——"

"I thought you said it was only fit to be played at football with?"

"Yes, yes, brother, but——"

"What will you give for it?"

"Brother, I am the poor person's child, I will give you sixpence for the kekaubi."

"Poor person's child; how came you by that necklace?"

"Be civil, brother; am I to have the kekaubi?"

"Not for sixpence; isn't the kettle nicely mended?"

"I never saw a nicer mended kettle, brother; am I to have the kekaubi, brother?"

"You like me then?"

"I don't dislike you—I dislike no one; there's only one, and him I don't dislike, him I hate."

"Who is he?"

"I scarcely know, I never saw him, but 'tis no affair of yours, you don't speak Rommany; you will let me have the kekaubi, pretty brother?"

"You may have it, but not for sixpence, I'll give it to you."

"Parraco tute, that is, I thank you, brother; the rikkeni kekaubi is now mine. O, rare! I thank you kindly, brother."

Starting up, she flung the bulrush aside which she had hitherto held in her hand, and seizing the kettle, she looked at it for a moment, and then began a kind of dance, flourishing the kettle over her head the while, and singing—

"The Rommany chi
And the Rommany chal,
Shall jaw tasaulor
To drab the bawlor,
And dook the gry
Of the farming rye."

"Good-bye, brother, I must be going."

"Good-bye, sister; why do you sing that wicked song?"

"Wicked song, hey, brother! you don't understand the song!"

"Ha, ha! gypsy daughter," said, I starting up and clapping my hands, "I don't understand Rommany, don't I? You shall see; here's the answer to your gillie—

"The Rommany chi
And the Rommany chal
Love Luripen
And dukkeripen,
And hokkeripen,
And every pen
But Lachipen
And tatchipen.'"

The girl, who had given a slight start when I began, remained for some time after I had concluded the song, standing motionless as a statue, with the kettle in her hand. At length she came towards me, and stared me full in the face. "Grey, tall, and talks Rommany," said she to herself. In her countenance there was an expression which I had not seen before—an expression which struck me as being composed of fear, curiosity, and the deepest hate. It was momentary, however, and was succeeded by one smiling, frank, and open. "Ha, ha, brother," said she, "well, I like you all the better for talking Rommany; it is a sweet language, isn't it? especially as you sing it. How did you pick it up? But you picked it up upon the roads, no doubt? Ha, it was funny in you to pretend not to know it, and you so flush with it all the time; it was not kind in you, however, to frighten the poor person's child so by screaming out, but it was kind in you to give the rikkeni kekaubi to the child of the poor person. She will be grateful to you; she will bring you her little dog to show you, her pretty juggal; the poor person's child will come and see you again; you are not going away to-day, I hope, or to-morrow, pretty brother, grey-hair'd brother—you are not going away to-morrow, I hope?"

"Nor the next day," said I, "only to take a stroll to see if I can sell a kettle; good-bye, little sister, Rommany sister, dingy sister."

"Good-bye, tall brother," said the girl, as she departed, singing:—

“The Rommany chi, etc.”

“There’s something about that girl that I don’t understand,” said I to myself; “something mysterious. However, it is nothing to me, she knows not who I am, and if she did, what then?”

Late that evening as I sat on the shaft of my cart in deep meditation, with my arms folded, I thought I heard a rustling in the bushes over against me. I turned my eyes in that direction, but saw nothing. “Some bird,” said I; “an owl, perhaps”; and once more I fell into meditation; my mind wandered from one thing to another—musing now on the structure of the Roman tongue—now on the rise and fall of the Persian power—and now on the powers vested in recorders at quarter sessions. I was thinking what a fine thing it must be to be a recorder of the peace, when lifting up my eyes, I saw right opposite, not a culprit at the bar, but, staring at me through a gap in the bush, a face wild and strange, half-covered with grey hair; I only saw it a moment, the next it had disappeared.

GEORGE BORROW.

OCTOBER 5

(Edward Livingston Trudeau, born October 5, 1848)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD LIVINGSTON TRUDEAU*

MY BROTHER'S health began to fail from the time he took the office position, and he was obliged to give up work. From childhood he had been delicate, having a congenital heart trouble, and any over-exertion, excitement, or fatigue caused his heart's action to become irregular and his nails and lips to turn blue. For this reason, though some years younger than he was, I had always cared for him and helped him and fought his battles with the French boys at school, who took advantage of his lack of strength to torment him. He, on the other hand, was a very strong, unselfish, and beautiful character, deeply religious and constantly trying to help me in the straight and narrow path from which I was apt to wander. He always insisted on our saying our prayers and reading the Bible together daily, and it was through his influence that I joined him and that we were confirmed together in the American Episcopal Chapel in Paris by Bishop McIlvain.

We were much closer to each other than most

*From "An Autobiography," by Edward Livingston Trudeau.

brothers are, and as soon as he found he was ill he came straight to see me in Newport. I was shocked at his appearance, and when he told me the doctor said he had consumption I at once threw up my appointment and returned with him to my grandfather's house.

My brother had a rapidly progressive type of tuberculosis and my time was soon entirely taken up in caring for his needs. We had no trained nurses in those days, and I took entire care of him from the time he was taken ill in September until he died on December 23, 1865. We occupied the same room and sometimes the same bed. I bathed him and brought his meals to him, and when he felt well enough to go downstairs I carried him up and down on my back, and I tried to amuse and cheer him through the long days of fever and sickness. My sister and grandmother often sat with him in the daytime and allowed me to go out for exercise and change, but he soon became very dependent upon me and I had to be with him day and night. The doctor called once a week to see him and usually left some new cough medicine, but the cough grew steadily worse. Not only did the doctor never advise any precautions to protect me against infection, but he told me repeatedly never to open the windows, as it would aggravate the cough; and I never did, until toward the end my brother was so short of breath that he asked for fresh air.

In the light of our present knowledge as to the mode of infection in tuberculosis, I shudder to

think of what condition that room must have been in. Even my vigorous young body during the last month of my brother's illness began to show the ill effects of the constant confinement and the prolonged mental and physical strain. How strange that, after helping stifle my brother and infect myself through such teaching as was then in vogue, I should have lived to save my own life and that of many others by the simple expedient of an abundance of fresh air!

I remember that during the last week he lived I had to drink green tea every night in order to keep myself awake, but I held out to the end. He died one night, and after all I had seen him suffer the first feeling I experienced was one of thankfulness that he was at rest.

This was my first introduction to tuberculosis and to death, with which I had never come in contact before. Little I knew then how many hundreds of such death-bed scenes I should attend in years to come, in a life which had been spent in the midst of a perpetual epidemic of tuberculosis.

. . . While at Little Neck [in 1873] I had had on two or three occasions attacks of fever, but as nearly everybody had malaria I was told it was malaria and took quinine which, however, did little good. After we moved into town I felt tired all the time, but thought it was the confinement of city life and paid but little attention to it. One afternoon I was at the dispensary with Doctor Walton, and he insisted that I looked ill and took my temperature. To my astonishment

it was 101°. Walton advised me to go to Doctor Janeway and have my lungs examined, but I laughed at the idea. Of course there could be nothing the matter with my lungs! His insistence worried me, however, and next morning as I went by Doctor Janeway's office on West Fourteenth Street the idea struck me that I would go in and have my lungs examined, so that next time Walton berated me about my health I would be able to tell him there was nothing the matter.

Even at that early date Doctor Janeway's great skill in physical diagnosis was recognized, and he had a class at Bellevue for physical diagnosis to which I belonged. He received me cordially and began the examination at once. When this was concluded he said nothing. So I ventured, "Well, Doctor Janeway, you can find nothing the matter?" He looked grave and said, "Yes, the upper two thirds of the left lung is involved in an active tuberculous process."

I think I know something of the feelings of the man at the bar who is told he is to be hanged on a given date, for in those days pulmonary consumption was considered as absolutely fatal. I pulled myself together, put as good a face on the matter as I could, and escaped from the office after thanking the doctor for his examination. When I got outside, as I stood on Doctor Janeway's stoop, I felt stunned. It seemed to me the world had suddenly grown dark. The sun was shining, it is true, and the street was filled with the rush and noise of traffic, but to me the world had lost every

vestige of brightness. I had consumption—that most fatal of diseases! Had I not seen it in all its horrors in my brother's case? It meant death, and I had never thought of death before! Was I ready to die? How could I tell my wife, whom I had just left in unconscious happiness with the little baby in our new home? And my rose-colored dreams of achievement and professional success in New York! They were all shattered now, and in their place only exile and the inevitable end remained!

. . . I was still stunned when I reached home, and though I tried to make the result of Doctor Janeway's examination as encouraging as possible, my wife soon realized the ominous import of what he had found, and together we discussed the future calmly. We were in the month of February and Doctor Janeway had advised me to go South at once, so we started for Aiken within a few days. I had been told to live out of doors and ride on horseback, and no doubt I made matters much worse by the horseback riding, for I developed daily fever and was no better when I returned to New York early in April.

I was allowed and even urged to exercise daily, in the misguided belief that it would improve my appetite and keep me from losing strength; but the result naturally enough was that my fever kept up and that I lost weight and strength steadily.

Another baby was expected soon in our house-

hold and we decided to make no plans for the summer until after its arrival. My friend Doctor Walton was a great help in these days, and by his interest and daily calls did what he could to cheer us both. I had to give up work, however, and as sickness was a new experience to me at that time I rebelled and struggled against it and was thoroughly unnerved by it. I have had ample opportunity in the past forty years to get used to illness and suffering; but it took me a long time to learn, imperfectly though it be, that acquiescence is the only way for the tuberculous invalid to conquer fate. To cease to rebel and struggle and to learn to be content with part of a loaf when one cannot have a whole loaf, though a hard lesson to learn, is good philosophy for the tuberculous invalid, and to his astonishment he often finds that what he considers the half loaf, when acquiesced in, proves most satisfying.

. . . This time in medicine was the dawn of the achievements of the new experimental method—a method which was casting so much light on dark places—and the glamor of its possibilities in the prevention and cure of disease took a strong hold on my imagination. If I could learn to grow the tubercle bacillus outside of the body and produce tuberculosis at will with it in guinea-pigs, the next step would be to find something that would kill the germ in the living animal. If an inoculated guinea-pig could be cured, then in all probability this great burden of sickness could be lifted from the human race. Even if this

proved impossible, much could be learned as to the best method of preventing the disease, and every fact that could be acquired about this invisible little microbe must prove of immense importance to mankind.

I confided all this to my friend, Mr. Lea, and sorrowfully told him as I could not read German there would be no use of my trying to obtain Koch's paper. He promised to find out from the doctors in Philadelphia what they thought about it—but alas, the physicians in this country for many years remained calmly indifferent to Koch's discovery, or ridiculed it. When I talked to Doctor Loomis about it he merely said, he "didn't believe much in 'germs.'" For several years he persisted in his unbelief, and when I showed him my animals which had died of inoculation with my cultures, he would laugh and say it was a cold night which probably killed them. Finally, however, he became convinced, and when a new edition of his "Practice of Medicine" was printed in which he accepted Koch's theory, he sent me a copy, on the inside cover of which he had written, "Read the article on Tuberculosis. I hope you are satisfied now!"

. . . Koch's paper on "The Etiology of Tuberculosis" is certainly one of the most, if not the most, important medical papers ever written, and a model of logic in the application of the new experimental method to the study of disease. Every step was proved over and over again before the next step was taken, and the ingenuity of the

new methods of staining, separating, and growing the germs read like a fairy-tale to me. It took Koch three years to work out and verify his deductions before he published a word, but every word of his paper stands to-day as it did when he wrote it, and the thirty-odd years that followed have added comparatively little to his great achievement.

I became strongly convinced of the soundness of his deductions and the far-reaching importance of his discovery, and intensely anxious to test his experimental results. But I knew nothing of bacteriology; had never heard the name before. I lived in a remote region which made access to books, scientific apparatus, or other physicians impossible. I had my microscope, however, and I decided the next time I went to New York to devote all my efforts to learning how to stain and recognize the tubercle bacillus under the microscope. I could then test Koch's conclusions as to the presence of the germ in the patients' secretions, and could plan to learn how to cultivate it outside of the body as time passed; but the first thing to do was to learn to find and recognize the germ.

I was so intent on this plan that during my entire visit to New York my time was given to its accomplishment. I consulted all my physician friends as to who could teach me what I wanted to learn, but none of them knew or took any interest. I heard that Dr. George Peabody, whom I knew, was acquainted with a physician who had

worked in Koch's laboratory, and when I called on him he gave me his card and told me to go to see Dr. T. Mitchell Prudden, who then taught pathology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. The college was still located at the old stand on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, and as I went up the steps many joyous memories of my student days came crowding back to me. In those days there had been no laboratory at the college, but since then pathology had grown in importance as a study, and the trustees had somehow secured a large, dark room, with a high ceiling, next to the drug-store and ice-cream saloon. This place had been in use as a laboratory for some time, and a more gloomy, ill-smelling place can hardly be imagined. Dingy, dust-covered windows let in a little feeble light, but there was no provision for any kind of ventilation. Every kind of pathological specimen, representing every deadly disease humanity is heir to, was constantly brought to this place, and after having been examined was not always thoroughly removed. Students came to make microscopic sections and study them under Doctor Prudden's direction at a long, low table, where a few microscopes were kept.

The most curious arrangement was the sanctum of the Professor. It was reached by climbing up a pair of steps as steep as any ladder, and was a small room perched in the air and partitioned off at a height of twelve feet or more from the laboratory. No doubt in desperation Doctor Prudden

had adopted this ingenious method of obtaining a little privacy for the serious pathological studies he was constantly carrying on and which have made his name famous, but it certainly was a queer outfit. It must be remembered, however, that the scientific side of medicine and the experimental method had not then won the all-important place they now occupy, and the pioneers had of necessity to put up with what facilities they could secure from a conservative Board of Trustees who no doubt thought a laboratory an unnecessary and uncalled-for innovation.

With my card of introduction from Doctor Peabody in my hand, I climbed the ladder and for the first time met Doctor Prudden, who has ever since been a good and most helpful friend to me. Though his striking personality made a most favorable impression on me, I must say he was rather short with me. He no doubt was constantly annoyed by all sorts of applications. Yes, I could come to the laboratory and he would teach me how to stain the tubercle bacillus; I could have one of the microscopes when the class didn't use them; he would ask Doctor Hodenpyl to show me how to make the stains: and that was all. I was bowed down through the trapdoor in the floor, and disappeared down the ladder to the main laboratory.

I got a microscope and a place at the long table. I was given a specimen said to contain the tubercle bacillus, and Doctor Hodenpyl showed me where the stains were and wrote some simple directions

for each step to be taken. Then naturally enough I was left to my own devices, as Doctor Prudden was constantly too busy to do more than ask me at long intervals how I was getting along. I had never done section staining or any similar work, and I certainly was a tyro at it. During the first three days I worked unremittingly, and stained my fingers, my clothes, even my shoes; and if I stained the bacillus I decolorized the specimen either too much or too little, so that the germ remained invisible under the microscope. Several times I became discouraged, and had it not been for a certain amount of natural persistence, and Doctor Hodenpyl's keen sense of humor in criticizing and laughing at my failures, I should have fled from the laboratory and never returned.

At first Doctor Prudden took little notice of me, and I hardly dared climb the ladder and disturb him in his elevated sanctum; but after several days had passed and he still saw me at my microscope he asked me to show him my slides, and, no doubt won by my persistence, he sat down beside me and pointed out to me where my mistakes had been. At last I succeeded, and remained that day until late, repeating my attempts on different specimens until I was quite sure I could bring out the bacillus on the slides. Like the pilot who, when asked if he knew the harbor, said to the captain he certainly did, for he had been on every rock, my knowledge had not been acquired easily, but I knew thoroughly what to avoid doing to insure success; and now I could return to Saranac

Lake, study some of my doubtful cases by this test, and begin to repeat Koch's work in growing and inoculating the germ.

. . . I had many opportunities to convince the unbelieving. Doctor D'Avignon had practised medicine and surgery many years at Ausable Forks, and was called upon in consultation and to operate all over the mountains. He was a shrewd, resourceful, and skilful surgeon, and thoroughly interested in his profession. On one of his visits to Saranac Lake he called on me and found me in the little laboratory. He asked me about "the germs," in which he had as yet little faith; but he said, "Will you take the trouble to convince me?" I asked him what test he required, and he said, "I will send you five numbered samples, and if you can tell me which ones came from tuberculosis cases and which ones did not, I will believe it all." I agreed, and he left, evidently thinking he had me cornered.

The samples came, with only a number on each one, and I reported on them at once. Three contained bacilli and I wrote him the result and gave him the numbers. A more convinced and enthusiastic man than he was when he made his next visit I never saw. He had lost his contempt for "germs," and the little ironical smile he wore on his last visit as he looked at my culture tubes had disappeared. After that when he had doubtful cases he often sent me the samples for examination, and the results left his new faith unshaken.

. . . When I returned from New York with

my newly acquired knowledge as to how to detect the tubercle bacillus, I began at once to equip my small office in the Queen Anne cottage—a room twelve by eight feet, having two small closets at one end—with what simple apparatus I could devise and procure. In this little room I at first kept my microscope and stains and made my numerous examinations of the secretions of patients, inoculated my guinea-pigs, and began my attempts at making blood-serum tubes. My little home-made thermostat was placed in one of the small closets, and it was there that I first obtained a pure culture of the tubercle bacillus.

These quarters were so cramped, however, that I soon built a little addition off my office, and this became the laboratory in which I worked until the house was destroyed in 1893 by fire originating from my little thermostat. As I knew nothing about the architectural requirements of a sanatorium, so I knew nothing about the requirements of a laboratory; but had the simple apparatus, which consisted of a dry sterilizer and a ridiculous little thermostat, made in the village, and the glassware came from New York.

. . . With this humble outfit I began with much enthusiasm, in my imagination, the conquest of the tubercle bacillus, and if I have never come “within sight of the castles of my dreams,” I at least have made some progress along the road leading to them and started others in the same direction, for I was, as far as I can ascertain, the first in this country to cultivate the tubercle

bacillus and confirm Koch's brilliant discovery. From the ashes of the little room has sprung the Saranac Laboratory for the Study of Tuberculosis, where for twenty years the work of my associates has steadily advanced our scientific knowledge of tuberculosis, and will, I hope, continue to do so for many years to come.

. . . On October 3, 1887, Robert Louis Stevenson came to Saranac Lake for his health, accompanied by his mother and Lloyd Osbourne, and remained until April 18, 1888. The little village has had perhaps no more illustrious visitor—or at least none in whom the public took a deeper interest—than Robert Louis Stevenson; and Andrew Baker's cottage on the outskirts of the village, where he spent the fall and winter of 1887-1888, has become an object of historical interest. It is now proposed to put up at the Baker cottage some tablet or memorial to make a permanent record of the famous writer's stay here.

It was while here that Mr. Stevenson wrote some of his best essays—"Pulvis et Umbra," "The Lantern Bearers," "A Christmas Sermon," and some portions of "The Master of Ballantrae."

Mr. Stevenson was my patient, but as he was not really ill while here I had comparatively few professional calls to make on him. He was so attractive, however, in conversation, that I found myself, as it was growing dark, very often seated by the big fireplace in the Baker cottage having a good talk with my illustrious patient.

Mr. Stevenson was very democratic in his ideas, simple in his mode of life, and disliked dress-parade entertainments and the restraints and glitter of society etiquette, as the following anecdotes will show. My friends the Coopers, who lived very handsomely in New York, had surrounded themselves with some of their home comforts. They had brought up their old butler from town, and some silver, and the sisters tried to make the Saranac Lake atmosphere as much as possible like the New York home life to which the sick brother was accustomed. I remember on one occasion I went to dine there with Mr. Stevenson, and Mrs. Custer, the wife of General Custer, was the only other guest besides my wife. When dinner was announced, as we walked through the hall we got a glimpse of the dining-room table, which was set as usual with lighted candles and their colored shades, with flowers, glittering glassware and silver. I thought it a very attractive prospect, but Mr. Stevenson, who walked by my side, took my arm and said: "This sort of thing always gives me stage-fright; does it affect you that way?"

We had a most interesting dinner, as can be imagined. Mrs. Custer and Mr. Stevenson were both well worth listening to. I couldn't help smiling, though, when in the course of conversation Stevenson remarked that a certain acquaintance of his was so timid that he thought he would be "afraid of a mouse." Mrs. Custer said, "O, Mr. Stevenson, I am deadly afraid of a mouse!"

Yet Mrs. Custer's experience on the plains had

given ample proof that she was afraid of neither Indians nor death!

All the visitors in Saranac Lake were anxious to meet Stevenson, and I think in order to relieve him of the annoyance of frequent calls, Lloyd Osbourne gave out that the great writer would see callers on Saturday afternoons between four and five o'clock. Our friends, the Cooper ladies and Miss Folger, joined my wife and me on the first Saturday after this, and we all went to call at the Baker cottage together. When we knocked at the front door a voice from within called out, "You cannot come in this way; the wood is up against the door. Go around by the kitchen." So we all filed in through the kitchen to the little sitting-room with the big fireplace, where Mr. Stevenson received us. After a while Mr. Osbourne asked the ladies if they would have a cup of tea, and as they assented he departed toward the kitchen. Soon he returned, with a broad smile on his face: "I am sorry, but you cannot have any tea; the cook scouts the idea!" And we didn't have any.

We had a very pleasant call, however, and I remained after the others to have a little professional talk with Mr. Stevenson. The visitors all left but one enthusiastic lady, who harassed Stevenson with all sorts of questions; but finally he escorted her to the door and bowed her out. I noticed he shut the door rather forcibly, and then he strode up to me, put his face very near mine, and said with much emphasis, "Trudeau,

it is not the great unwashed whom I dread; it is the great washed!"

Mr. Stevenson and I had many interesting and at times heated discussions by the fireplace in the sitting room. It was really a great privilege to meet him in this informal way, and even if we didn't always agree, the impression of his striking personality, his keen insight into life, his wondrous idealism, his nimble intellect and his inimitable vocabulary in conversation, has grown on me more and more as the years roll by. It is hardly to be wondered at that we did not agree on many topics, for our interests and our points of view on many subjects were utterly at variance. My life interests were bound up in the study of facts, and in the Laboratory I bowed daily to the majesty of fact, wherever it might lead. Mr. Stevenson's view was to ignore or avoid as much as possible unpleasant facts, and live in a beautiful, strenuous, and ideal world of fancy. He didn't care to go to the Sanatorium with me or see the Laboratory, because to him these were unpleasant things. He evidently felt this, for, after he had written "The Lantern Bearers," I got him one day into the Laboratory, from which he escaped at the first opportunity with the words, "Trudeau, your light may be very bright to you, but to me it smells of oil like the Devil!" On the other hand, I know quite well I could not discuss intelligently with him the things he lived among and the masterly work he produced, because I was incompetent to appreciate to the full the wonderful

situations his brilliant mind evolved, and the high literary merit of the works in which he described the flights of his great genius.

To a temperament like Stevenson's, who shrank from the cruel and inexorable facts of life—disease, suffering, and death—which were part of my daily existence, and who lived in an ideal world painted and peopled by his own vivid imagination, I represented, I am afraid, a not very cheerful or inspiring companion. He could not, as I could, look over and beyond these painful associations with which I lived in daily contact at the Sanatorium and the Laboratory, and see, as I did in my ideals, the glorious hope of future relief to humanity from sickness, suffering, and death which lay in the study of disease at the bedside, and of infection and germs and sick animals in the Laboratory. This was the light which was so bright to me that I never noticed the smell of oil which overcame Stevenson.

Nevertheless we were excellent friends, and I regret constantly that I didn't make more of my opportunities of intimate contact with a man whose writings have meant so much to the world.

OCTOBER 6

THE HISTORY OF A FAMILY*

Chapter I

Fyodor Pavlovitch Karamazov

ALEXEY FYODOROVITCH KARAMAZOV was the third son of Fyodor Pavlovitch Karamazov, a landowner well known in our district in his own day, and still remembered among us owing to his gloomy and tragic death, which happened thirteen years ago, and which I shall describe in its proper place. For the present I will only say that this "landowner"—for so we used to call him, although he hardly spent a day of his life on his own estate—was a strange type, yet one pretty frequently to be met with, a type abject and vicious and at the same time senseless. But he was one of those senseless persons who are very well capable of looking after their worldly affairs, and, apparently, after nothing else. Fyodor Pavlovitch, for instance, began with next to nothing; his estate was of the smallest; he ran to dine at other men's tables, and fastened on them

*From "The Brothers Karamazov," by Fyodor Dostoevsky, copyright, 1912, by The Macmillan Company. By permission of The Macmillan Company.

as a toady, yet at his death it appeared that he had a hundred thousand roubles in hard cash. At the same time, he was all his life one of the most senseless, fantastical fellows in the whole district. I repeat, it was not stupidity—the majority of these fantastical fellows are shrewd and intelligent enough—but just senselessness, and a peculiar national form of it.

He was married twice, and had three sons, the eldest, Dmitri, by his first wife, and two, Ivan and Alexey, by his second. Fyodor Pavlovitch's first wife, Adelaïda Ivanovna, belonged to a fairly rich and distinguished noble family, also land-owners in our district, the Miüsovs. How it came to pass that an heiress, who was also a beauty, and moreover one of those vigorous, intelligent girls, so common in this generation, but sometimes also to be found in the last, could have married such a worthless puny weakling, as we all called him, I won't attempt to explain. I knew a young lady of the last "romantic" generation who after some years of an enigmatic passion for a gentleman, whom she might quite easily have married at any moment, invented insuperable obstacles to their union, and ended by throwing herself one stormy night into a rather deep and rapid river from a high bank, almost a precipice, and so perished, entirely to satisfy her own caprice, and to be like Shakespeare's Ophelia. Indeed, if this precipice, a chosen and favourite spot of hers, had been less picturesque, if there had been a prosaic flat bank in its place, most likely the suicide

would never have taken place. This is a fact, and probably there have been not a few similar instances in the last two or three generations. Adelaïda Ivanovna Miüsov's action was similarly, no doubt, an echo of other people's ideas, and was due to the irritation caused by lack of mental freedom. She wanted, perhaps, to show her feminine independence, to override class distinctions and the despotism of her family. And a pliable imagination persuaded her, we must suppose, for a brief moment, that Fyodor Pavlovitch, in spite of his parasitic position, was one of the bold and ironical spirits of that progressive epoch, though he was, in fact, an ill-natured buffoon and nothing more. What gave the marriage piquancy was that it was preceded by an elopement, and this greatly captivated Adelaïda Ivanovna's fancy. Fyodor Pavlovitch's position at the time made him specially eager for any such enterprise, for he was passionately anxious to make a career in one way or another. To attach himself to a good family and obtain a dowry was an alluring prospect. As for mutual love it did not exist apparently, either in the bride or in him, in spite of Adelaïda Ivanovna's beauty. This was, perhaps, a unique case of the kind in the life of Fyodor Pavlovitch, who was always of a voluptuous temper, and ready to run after any petticoat on the slightest encouragement. She seems to have been the only woman who made no particular appeal to his senses.

Immediately after the elopement Adelaïda

Ivanovna discerned in a flash that she had no feeling for her husband but contempt. The marriage accordingly showed itself in its true colours with extraordinary rapidity. Although the family accepted the event pretty quickly and apportioned the runaway bride her dowry, the husband and wife began to lead a most disorderly life, and there were everlasting scenes between them. It was said that the young wife showed incomparably more generosity and dignity than Fyodor Pavlovitch, who, as is now known, got hold of all her money up to twenty-five thousand roubles as soon as she received it, so that those thousands were lost to her for ever. The little village and the rather fine town house which formed part of her dowry he did his utmost for a long time to transfer to his name, by means of some deed of conveyance. He would probably have succeeded, merely from her moral fatigue and desire to get rid of him, and from the contempt and loathing he aroused by his persistent and shameless importunity. But, fortunately, Adelaïda Ivanovna's family intervened and circumvented his greediness. It is known for a fact that frequent fights took place between the husband and wife, but rumour had it that Fyodor Pavlovitch did not beat his wife but was beaten by her, for she was a hot-tempered, bold, dark-browed, impatient woman, possessed of remarkable physical strength. Finally, she left the house and ran away from Fyodor Pavlovitch with a destitute divinity student, leaving Mitya, a child of three years old, in her husband's hands.

Immediately Fyodor Pavlovitch introduced a regular harem into the house, and abandoned himself to orgies of drunkenness. In the intervals he used to drive all over the province, complaining tearfully to each and all of Adelaïda Ivanovna's having left him, going into details too disgraceful for a husband to mention in regard to his own married life. What seemed to gratify him and flatter his self-love most was to play the ridiculous part of the injured husband, and to parade his woes with embellishments.

"One would think that you'd got a promotion, Fyodor Pavlovitch, you seem so pleased in spite of your sorrow," scoffers said to him. Many even added that he was glad of a new comic part in which to play the buffoon, and that it was simply to make it funnier that he pretended to be unaware of his ludicrous position. But, who knows, it may have been simplicity. At last he succeeded in getting on the track of his runaway wife. The poor woman turned out to be in Petersburg, where she had gone with her divinity student, and where she had thrown herself into a life of complete emancipation. Fyodor Pavlovitch at once began bustling about, making preparations to go to Petersburg, with what object he could not himself have said. He would perhaps have really gone; but having determined to do so he felt at once entitled to fortify himself for the journey by another bout of reckless drinking. And just at that time his wife's family received the news of her death in

Petersburg. She had died quite suddenly in a garret, according to one story, of typhus, or as another version had it, of starvation. Fyodor Pavlovitch was drunk when he heard of his wife's death, and the story is that he ran out into the street and began shouting with joy, raising his hands to Heaven: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," but others say he wept without restraint like a little child, so much so that people were sorry for him, in spite of the repulsion he inspired. It is quite possible that both versions were true, that he rejoiced at his release, and at the same time wept for her who released him. As a general rule, people, even the wicked, are much more naïve and simple-hearted than we suppose. And we ourselves are, too.

Chapter II

He Gets Rid of His Eldest Son

You can easily imagine what a father such a man could be and how he would bring up his children. His behaviour as a father was exactly what might be expected. He completely abandoned the child of his marriage with Adelaïda Ivanovna, not from malice, nor because of his matrimonial grievances, but simply because he forgot him. While he was wearying every one with his tears and complaints, and turning his house into a sink of debauchery, a faithful servant of the family, Grigory, took the three-year-

old Mitya into his care. If he hadn't looked after him there would have been no one even to change the baby's little shirt.

It happened, moreover, that the child's relations on his mother's side forgot him, too, at first. His grandfather was no longer living, his widow, Mitya's grandmother, had moved to Moscow, and was seriously ill, while his daughters were married, so that Mitya remained for almost a whole year in old Grigory's charge and lived with him in the servant's cottage. But if his father had remembered him (he could not, indeed, have been altogether unaware of his existence) he would have sent him back to the cottage, as the child would only have been in the way of his debaucheries. But a cousin of Mitya's mother, Pyotr Alexandrovitch Miüsov, happened to return from Paris. He lived for many years afterwards abroad, but was at that time quite a young man, and distinguished among the Miüsovs as a man of enlightened ideas and of European culture, who had been in the capitals and abroad. Towards the end of his life he became a Liberal of the type common in the forties and fifties. In the course of his career he had come into contact with many of the most Liberal men of his epoch, both in Russia and abroad. He had known Proudhon and Bakunin personally, and in his declining years was very fond of describing the three days of the Paris Revolution of February, 1848, hinting that he himself had almost taken part in the fighting on the barricades. This was one of the most

grateful recollections of his youth. He had an independent property of about a thousand souls, to reckon in the old style. His splendid estate lay on the outskirts of our little town and bordered on the lands of our famous monastery, with which Pyotr Alexandrovitch began an endless lawsuit, almost as soon as he came into the estate, concerning the rights of fishing in the river or wood-cutting in the forest, I don't know exactly which. He regarded it as his duty as a citizen and a man of culture to open an attack upon the "clericals." Hearing all about Adelaïda Ivanovna, whom he, of course, remembered, and in whom he had at one time been interested, and learning of the existence of Mitya, he intervened, in spite of all his youthful indignation and contempt for Fyodor Pavlovitch. He made the latter's acquaintance for the first time, and told him directly that he wished to undertake the child's education. He used long afterwards to tell as a characteristic touch, that when he began to speak of Mitya, Pavlovitch looked for some time as though he did not understand what child he was talking about, and even as though he was surprised to hear that he had a little son in the house. The story may have been exaggerated, yet it must have been something like the truth.

Fyodor Pavlovitch was all his life fond of acting, of suddenly playing an unexpected part, sometimes without any motive for doing so, and even to his own direct disadvantage, as, for instance, in the present case. This habit, however,

is characteristic of a very great number of people, some of them very clever ones, not like Fyodor Pavlovitch. Pyotr Alexandrovitch carried the business through vigorously, and was appointed, with Fyodor Pavlovitch, joint guardian of the child, who had a small property, a house and land, left him by his mother. Mitya did, in fact, pass into this cousin's keeping, but as the latter had no family of his own, and after securing the revenues of his estates was in haste to return at once to Paris, he left the boy in charge of one of his cousins, a lady living in Moscow. It came to pass that, settling permanently in Paris he, too, forgot the child, especially when the revolution of February broke out making an impression on his mind that he remembered all the rest of his life. The Moscow lady died, and Mitya passed into the care of one of her married daughters. I believe he changed his home a fourth time later on. I won't enlarge upon that now, as I shall have much to tell later of Fyodor Pavlovitch's firstborn, and must confine myself now to the most essential facts about him, without which I could not begin my story.

In the first place, this Mitya, or rather Dmitri Fyodorovitch, was the only one of Fyodor Pavlovitch's three sons who grew up in the belief that he had property, and that he would be independent on coming of age. He spent an irregular boyhood and youth. He did not finish his studies at the gymnasium, he got into a military school, then went to the Caucasus, was promoted, fought a

duel, and was degraded to the ranks, earned promotion again, led a wild life, and spent a good deal of money. He did not begin to receive any income from Fyodor Pavlovitch until he came of age, and until then got into debt. He saw and knew his father, Fyodor Pavlovitch, for the first time on coming of age, when he visited our neighbourhood on purpose to settle with him about his property. He seems not to have liked his father. He did not stay long with him, and made haste to get away, having only succeeded in obtaining a sum of money, and entering into an agreement for future payments from the estate, of the revenues and value of which he was unable (a fact worthy of note), upon this occasion, to get a statement from his father. Fyodor Pavlovitch remarked for the first time then (this, too, should be noted) that Mitya had a vague and exaggerated idea of his property. Fyodor Pavlovitch was very well satisfied with this, as it fell in with his own designs. He gathered only that the young man was frivolous, unruly, of violent passions, impatient, and dissipated, and that if he could only obtain ready money he would be satisfied, although only, of course, for a short time. So Fyodor Pavlovitch began to take advantage of this fact, sending him from time to time small doles, instalments. In the end, when four years later, Mitya, losing patience, came a second time to our little town to settle up once for all with his father, it turned out to his amazement that he had nothing, that it was difficult to get an account

even, that he had received the whole value of his property in sums of money from Fyodor Pavlovitch, and was perhaps even in debt to him, that by various agreements into which he had, of his own desire, entered at various previous dates, he had no right to expect anything more, and so on, and so on. The young man was overwhelmed, suspected deceit and cheating, and was almost beside himself. And, indeed, this circumstance led to the catastrophe, the account of which forms the subject of my first introductory story, or rather the external side of it. But before I pass to that story I must say a little of Fyodor Pavlovitch's other two sons, and of their origin.

Chapter III

The Second Marriage and the Second Family

Very shortly after getting his four-year-old Mitya off his hands Fyodor Pavlovitch married a second time. His second marriage lasted eight years. He took this second wife, Sofya Ivanovna, also a very young girl, from another province, where he had gone upon some small piece of business in company with a Jew. Though Fyodor Pavlovitch was a drunkard and a vicious debauchee he never neglected investing his capital, and managed his business affairs very successfully, though, no doubt, not over scrupulously. Sofya Ivanovna was the daughter of an obscure deacon, and was left from childhood an orphan without relations. She grew up in the house of a general's

widow, a wealthy old lady of good position, who was at once her benefactress and tormentor. I do not know the details, but I have only heard that the orphan girl, a meek and gentle creature, was once cut down from a halter in which she was hanging from a nail in the loft, so terrible were her sufferings from the caprice and everlasting nagging of this old woman, who was apparently not bad-hearted but had become an insufferable tyrant through idleness.

Fyodor Pavlovitch made her an offer; inquiries were made about him and he was refused. But again, as in his first marriage, he proposed an elopement to the orphan girl. There is very little doubt that she would not on any account have married him if she had known a little more about him in time. But she lived in another province; besides what could a little girl of sixteen know about it, except that she would be better at the bottom of the river than remaining with her benefactress. So the poor child exchanged a benefactress for a benefactor. Fyodor Pavlovitch did not get a penny this time, for the general's widow was furious. She gave them nothing and cursed them both. But he had not reckoned on a dowry; what allured him was the remarkable beauty of the innocent girl, above all her innocent appearance, which had a peculiar attraction for a vicious profligate, who had hitherto admired only the coarser types of feminine beauty.

"Those innocent eyes slit my soul up like a razor," he used to say afterwards, with his loath-

some snigger. In a man so depraved this might, of course, mean no more than sensual attraction. As he had received no dowry with his wife, and had, so to speak, taken her "from the halter," he did not stand on ceremony with her. Making her feel that she had "wronged" him, he took advantage of her phenomenal meekness and submissiveness to trample on the elementary decencies of marriage. He gathered loose women into his house, and carried on orgies of debauchery in his wife's presence. To show what a pass things had come to, I may mention that Grigory, the gloomy, stupid, obstinate, argumentative servant, who had always hated his first mistress, Adelaïda Ivanovna, took the side of his new mistress. He championed her cause, abusing Fyodor Pavlovitch in a manner little befitting a servant, and, on one occasion broke up the revels and drove all the disorderly women out of the house. In the end this unhappy young woman, kept in terror from her childhood, fell into that kind of nervous disease, which is most frequently found in peasant women who are said to be "possessed by devils." At times after terrible fits of hysterics she even lost her reason. Yet she bore Fyodor Pavlovitch two sons, Ivan and Alexey, the eldest in the first year of marriage and the second three years later. When she died, little Alexey was in his fourth year, and, strange as it seems, I know that he remembered his mother all his life, like a dream, of course. At her death almost exactly the same thing happened to the two little boys as to their

elder brother, Mitya. They were completely forgotten and abandoned by their father. They were looked after by the same Grigory and lived in his cottage, where they were found by the tyrannical old lady who had brought up their mother. She was still alive, and had not, all those eight years, forgotten the insult done her. All that time she was obtaining exact information as to her Sofya's manner of life, and hearing of her illness and hideous surroundings she declared aloud two or three times to her retainers:

"It serves her right. God has punished her for her ingratitude."

Exactly three months after Sofya Ivanovna's death the general's widow suddenly appeared in our town, and went straight to Fyodor Pavlovitch's house. She spent only half an hour in the town but she did a great deal. It was evening. Fyodor Pavlovitch, whom she had not seen for those eight years, came in to her drunk. The story is that instantly upon seeing him, without any sort of explanation, she gave him two good, resounding slaps on the face, seized him by a tuft of hair, and shook him three times up and down. Then, without a word, she went straight to the cottage to the two boys. Seeing, at the first glance, that they were unwashed and in dirty linen, she promptly gave Grigory, too, a box on the ear, and announcing that she would carry off both the children she wrapped them just as they were in a rug, put them in the carriage, and drove off to her own town. Grigory accepted the blow like

a devoted slave, without a word, and when he escorted the old lady to her carriage he made her a low bow and pronounced impressively that, "God would repay her for the orphans." "You are a blockhead all the same," the old lady shouted to him as she drove away.

Fyodor Pavlovitch, thinking it over, decided that it was a good thing, and did not refuse the general's widow his formal consent to any proposition in regard to his children's education. As for the slaps she had given him, he drove all over the town telling the story.

It happened that the old lady died soon after this, but she left the boys in her will a thousand roubles each "for their instruction, and so that all be spent on them exclusively, with the condition that it be so portioned out as to last till they are twenty-one, for it is more than adequate provision for such children. If other people think fit to throw away their money, let them." I have not read the will myself, but I heard there was something queer of the sort, very whimsically expressed. The principal heir, Yefim Petrovitch Polenov, the Marshal of Nobility of the province, turned out, however, to be an honest man. Writing to Fyodor Pavlovitch, and discerning at once that he could extract nothing from him for his children's education (though the latter never directly refused but only procrastinated as he always did in such cases, and was, indeed, at times effusively sentimental), Yefim Petrovitch took a personal interest in the orphans. He became es-

pecially fond of the younger, Alexey, who lived for a long while as one of his family. I beg the reader to note this from the beginning. And to Yefim Petrovitch, a man of a generosity and humanity rarely to be met with, the young people were more indebted for their education and bringing up than to any one. He kept the two thousand roubles left to them by the general's widow intact, so that by the time they came of age their portions had been doubled by the accumulation of interest. He educated them both at his own expense, and certainly spent far more than a thousand roubles upon each of them. I won't enter into a detailed account of their boyhood and youth, but will only mention a few of the most important events. Of the elder, Ivan, I will only say that he grew into a somewhat morose and reserved, though far from timid boy. At ten years old he had realised that they were living not in their own home but on other people's charity, and that their father was a man of whom it was disgraceful to speak. This boy began very early, almost in his infancy (so they say at least), to show a brilliant and unusual aptitude for learning. I don't know precisely why, but he left the family of Yefim Petrovitch when he was hardly thirteen, entering a Moscow gymnasium, and boarding with an experienced and celebrated teacher, an old friend of Yefim Petrovitch. Ivan used to declare afterwards that this was all due to the "ardor for good works" of Yefim Petrovitch, who was captivated by the idea that the boy's genius

should be trained by a teacher of genius. But neither Yefim Petrovitch nor this teacher was living when the young man finished at the gymnasium and entered the university. As Yefim Petrovitch had made no provision for the payment of the tyrannical old lady's legacy, which had grown from one thousand to two, it was delayed, owing to formalities inevitable in Russia, and the young man was in great straits for the first two years at the university, as he was forced to keep himself all the time he was studying. It must be noted that he did not even attempt to communicate with his father, perhaps from pride, from contempt for him, or perhaps from his cool common sense, which told him that from such a father he would get no real assistance. However that may have been, the young man was by no means despondent and succeeded in getting work, at first giving sixpenny lessons and afterwards getting paragraphs on street incidents into the newspapers under the signature of "Eye-Witness." These paragraphs, it was said, were so interesting and piquant that they were soon taken. This alone showed the young man's practical and intellectual superiority over the masses of needy and unfortunate students of both sexes who hang about the offices of the newspapers and journals, unable to think of anything better than everlasting entreaties for copying and translations from the French. Having once got into touch with the editors Ivan Fyodorovitch always kept up his connection with them, and in his latter years at

the university he published brilliant reviews of books upon various special subjects, so that he became well known in literary circles. But only in his last year he suddenly succeeded in attracting the attention of a far wider circle of readers, so that a great many people noticed and remembered him. It was rather a curious incident. When he had just left the university and was preparing to go abroad upon his two thousand roubles Ivan Fyodorovitch published in one of the more important journals a strange article, which attracted general notice, on a subject of which he might have been supposed to know nothing, as he was a student of natural science. The article dealt with a subject which was being debated everywhere at the time—the position of the ecclesiastical courts. After discussing several opinions on the subject he went on to explain his own view. What was most striking about the article was its tone, and its unexpected conclusion. Many of the Church party regarded him unquestioningly as on their side. And yet not only the secularists but even atheists joined them in their applause. Finally some sagacious persons opined that the article was nothing but an impudent satirical burlesque. I mention this incident particularly because this article penetrated into the famous monastery in our neighbourhood, where the inmates, being particularly interested in the question of the ecclesiastical courts, were completely bewildered by it. Learning the author's name, they were interested in his being a native of the

town and the son of "that Fyodor Pavlovitch." And just then it was that the author himself made his appearance among us.

Why Ivan Fyodorovitch had come amongst us I remember asking myself at the time with a certain uneasiness. This fateful visit, which was the first step leading to so many consequences, I never fully explained to myself. It seemed strange on the face of it that a young man so learned, so proud, and apparently so cautious, should suddenly visit such an infamous house and a father who had ignored him all his life, hardly knew him, never thought of him, and would not under any circumstances have given him money, though he was always afraid that his sons Ivan and Alexey would also come to ask him for it. And here the young man was staying in the house of such a father, had been living with him for two months, and they were on the best possible terms. This last fact was a special cause of wonder to many others as well as to me. Pyotr Alexandrovitch Miüsov, of whom we have spoken already, the cousin of Fyodor Pavlovitch's first wife, happened to be in the neighbourhood again on a visit to his estate. He had come from Paris, which was his permanent home. I remember that he was more surprised than any one when he made the acquaintance of the young man, who interested him extremely, and with whom he sometimes argued and not without an inner pang compared himself in acquirements.

"He is proud," he used to say, "he will never

be in want of pence; he has got money enough to go abroad now. What does he want here? Everyone can see that he hasn't come for money, for his father would never give him any. He has no taste for drink and dissipation, and yet his father can't do without him. They get on so well together!"

That was the truth; the young man had an unmistakable influence over his father, who positively appeared to be behaving more decently and even seemed at times ready to obey his son, though often extremely and even spitefully perverse.

It was only later that we learned that Ivan had come partly at the request of, and in the interests of, his elder brother, Dmitri, whom he saw for the first time on this very visit, though he had before leaving Moscow been in correspondence with him about an important matter of more concern to Dmitri than himself. What that business was the reader will learn fully in due time. Yet even when I did know of this special circumstance I still felt Ivan Fyodorovitch to be an enigmatic figure, and thought his visit rather mysterious.

I may add that Ivan appeared at the time in the light of a mediator between his father and his elder brother Dmitri, who was in open quarrel with his father and even planning to bring an action against him.

The family, I repeat, was now united for the first time, and some of its members met for the first time in their lives. The younger brother,

Alexey, had been a year already among us, having been the first of the three to arrive. It is of that brother Alexey I find it most difficult to speak in this introduction. Yet I must give some preliminary account of him, if only to explain one queer fact, which is that I have to introduce my hero to the reader wearing the cassock of a novice. Yes, he had been for the last year in our monastery, and seemed willing to be cloistered there for the rest of his life.

Chapter IV

The Third Son, Alyosha

He was only twenty, his brother Ivan was in his twenty-fourth year at the time, while their elder brother Dmitri was twenty-seven. First of all I must explain that this young man, Alyosha, was not a fanatic, and, in my opinion, at least, was not even a mystic. I may as well give my full opinion from the beginning. He was simply an early lover of humanity, and that he adopted the monastic life was simply because at that time it struck him, so to say, as the ideal escape for his soul struggling from the darkness of worldly wickedness to the light of love. And the reason this life struck him in this way was that he found in it at that time, as he thought, an extraordinary being, our celebrated elder, Zossima, to whom he became attached with all the warm first love of his ardent heart. But I do not dispute that he was very strange even at that time and had

been so indeed from his cradle. I have mentioned already, by the way, that though he lost his mother in his fourth year he remembered her all his life—her face, her caresses, “as though she stood living before me.” Such memories may persist, as every one knows, from an even earlier age, even from two years old, but scarcely standing out through a whole lifetime like spots of light out of darkness, like a corner torn out of a huge picture, which has all faded and disappeared except that fragment. That is how it was with him. He remembered one still summer evening, an open window, the slanting rays of the setting sun (that he recalled most vividly of all); in a corner of the room the holy image, before it a lighted lamp, and on her knees before the image his mother, sobbing hysterically with cries and moans, snatching him up in both arms, squeezing him close till it hurt, and praying for him to the Mother of God, holding him out in both arms to the image as though to put him under the Mother’s protection . . . and suddenly a nurse runs in and snatches him from her in terror. That was the picture! And Alyosha remembered his mother’s face at that minute. He used to say that it was frenzied but beautiful as he remembered. But he rarely cared to speak of this memory to any one. In his childhood and youth he was by no means expansive, and talked little indeed, but not from shyness or a sullen unsociability; quite the contrary, from something different, from a sort of inner pre-occupation entirely personal and unconcerned

with other people, but so important to him that he seemed, as it were, to forget others on account of it. But he was fond of people: he seemed throughout his life to put implicit trust in people: yet no one ever looked on him as a simpleton or naïve person. There was something about him which made one feel at once (and it was so all his life afterwards) that he did not care to be a judge of others—that he would never take it upon himself to criticise and would never condemn any one for anything. He seemed, indeed, to accept everything without the least condemnation though often grieving bitterly: and this was so much so that no one could surprise or frighten him even in his earliest youth. Coming at twenty to his father's house, which was a very sink of filthy debauchery, he, chaste and pure as he was, simply withdrew in silence when to look on was unbearable, but without the slightest sign of contempt or condemnation. His father, who had once been in a dependent position, and so was sensitive and ready to take offence, met him at first with distrust and sullenness. "He does not say much," he used to say, "and thinks the more." But soon, within a fortnight indeed, he took to embracing him and kissing him terribly often, with drunken tears, with sottish sentimentality, yet he evidently felt a real and deep affection for him, such as he had never been capable of feeling for any one before.

Every one, indeed, loved this young man wherever he went, and it was so from his earliest child-

hood. When he entered the household of his patron and benefactor, Yefim Petrovitch Polenov, he gained the hearts of all the family, so that they looked on him quite as their own child. Yet he entered the house at such a tender age that he could not have acted from design nor artfulness in winning affection. So that the gift of making himself loved directly and unconsciously was inherent in him, in his very nature so to speak. It was the same at school, though he seemed to be just one of those children who are distrusted, sometimes ridiculed, and even disliked by their schoolfellows. He was dreamy, for instance, and rather solitary. From his earliest childhood he was fond of creeping into a corner to read, and yet he was a general favourite all the while he was at school. He was rarely playful or merry, but any one could see at the first glance that this was not from any sullenness. On the contrary he was bright and good-tempered. He never tried to show off among his schoolfellows. Perhaps because of this, he was never afraid of any one, yet the boys immediately understood that he was not proud of his fearlessness and seemed to be unaware that he was bold and courageous. He never resented an insult. It would happen that an hour after the offence he would address the offender or answer some question with as trustful and candid an expression as though nothing had happened between them. And it was not that he seemed to have forgotten or intentionally forgiven the affront, but simply that he did not

regard it as an affront, and this completely conquered and captivated the boys. He had one characteristic which made all his schoolfellows from the bottom class to the top want to mock at him, not from malice but because it amused them. This characteristic was a wild fanatical modesty and chastity. He could not bear to hear certain words and certain conversations about women. There are "certain" words and conversations unhappily impossible to eradicate in schools. Boys pure in mind and heart, almost children, are fond of talking in school among themselves, and even aloud, of things, pictures, and images of which even soldiers would sometimes hesitate to speak. More than that, much that soldiers have no knowledge or conception of is familiar to quite young children of our intellectual and higher classes. There is no moral depravity, no real corrupt inner cynicism in it, but there is the appearance of it, and it is often looked upon among them as something refined, subtle, daring, and worthy of imitation. Seeing that Alyosha Karamazov put his fingers in his ears when they talked of "that," they used sometimes to crowd round him, pull his hands away, and shout nastiness into both ears, while he struggled, slipped to the floor, tried to hide himself without uttering one word of abuse, enduring their insults in silence. But at last they left him alone and gave up taunting him with being a "regular girl," and what's more they looked upon it with com-

passion as a weakness. He was always one of the best in the class but was never first.

At the time of Yefim Petrovitch's death Alyosha had two more years to complete at the provincial gymnasium. The inconsolable widow went almost immediately after his death for a long visit to Italy with her whole family, which consisted only of women and girls. Alyosha went to live in the house of two distant relations of Yefim Petrovitch, ladies whom he had never seen before. On what terms he lived with them he did not know himself. It was very characteristic of him, indeed, that he never cared at whose expense he was living. In that respect he was a striking contrast to his elder brother Ivan, who struggled with poverty for his first two years in the university, maintained himself by his own efforts, and had from childhood been bitterly conscious of living at the expense of his benefactor. But this strange trait in Alyosha's character must not, I think, be criticised too severely, for at the slightest acquaintance with him any one would have perceived that Alyosha was one of those youths, almost of the type of religious enthusiast, who, if they were suddenly to come into possession of a large fortune would not hesitate to give it away for the asking, either for good works or perhaps to a clever rogue. In general, he seemed scarcely to know the value of money, not, of course, in a literal sense. When he was given pocket-money, which he never asked for, he was either terribly

careless of it so that it was gone in a moment, or he kept it for weeks together, not knowing what to do with it.

In later years Pyotr Alexandrovitch Miüsov, a man very sensitive on the score of money and bourgeois honesty, pronounced the following judgment, after getting to know Alyosha:

“Here is perhaps the one man in the world whom you might leave alone without a penny, in the centre of an unknown town of a million inhabitants, and he would not come to harm, he would not die of cold and hunger, for he would be fed and sheltered at once; and if he were not, he would find a shelter for himself, and it would cost him no effort or humiliation. And to shelter him would be no burden, but, on the contrary, would probably be looked on as a pleasure.”

He did not finish his studies at the gymnasium. A year before the end of the course he suddenly announced to the ladies that he was going to see his father about a plan which had occurred to him. They were sorry and unwilling to let him go. The journey was not an expensive one, and the ladies would not let him pawn his watch, a parting present from his benefactor's family. They provided him liberally with money and even fitted him out with new clothes and linen. But he returned half the money they gave him, saying that he intended to go third class. On his arrival in the town he made no answer to his father's first inquiry why he had come before completing his studies, and seemed, so they say, unusually

thoughtful. It soon became apparent that he was looking for his mother's tomb. He practically acknowledged at the time that that was the only object of his visit. But it can hardly have been the whole reason of it. It is more probable that he himself did not understand and could not explain what had suddenly arisen in his soul, and drawn him irresistibly into a new, unknown, but inevitable path. Fyodor Pavlovitch could not show him where his second wife was buried, for he had never visited her grave since he had thrown earth upon her coffin, and in the course of years had entirely forgotten where she was buried.

Fyodor Pavlovitch, by the way, had for some time previously not been living in our town. Three or four years after his wife's death he had gone to the south of Russia and finally turned up in Odessa, where he spent several years. He made the acquaintance at first, in his own words, "of a lot of low Jews, Jewesses, and Jewkins," and ended by being received by "Jews high and low alike." It may be presumed that at this period he developed a peculiar faculty for making and hoarding money. He finally returned to our town only three years before Alyosha's arrival. His former acquaintances found him looking terribly aged, although he was by no means an old man. He behaved not exactly with more dignity but with more effrontery. The former buffoon showed an insolent propensity for making buffoons of others. His depravity with women was not

simply what it used to be, but even more revolting. In a short time he opened a great number of new taverns in the district. It was evident that he had perhaps a hundred thousand roubles or not much less. Many of the inhabitants of the town and district were soon in his debt, and, of course, had given good security. Of late, too, he looked somehow bloated and seemed more irresponsible, more uneven, had sunk into a sort of incoherence, used to begin one thing and go on with another, as though he were letting himself go altogether. He was more and more frequently drunk. And, if it had not been for the same servant Grigory, who by that time had aged considerably, too, and used to look after him sometimes almost like a tutor, Fyodor Pavlovitch might have got into terrible scrapes. Alyosha's arrival seemed to affect even his moral side, as though something had awakened in this prematurely old man which had long been dead in his soul.

"Do you know," he used often to say, looking at Alyosha, "that you are like her, 'the crazy woman'"—that was what he used to call his dead wife, Alyosha's mother. Grigory it was who pointed out the "crazy woman's" grave to Alyosha. He took him to our town cemetery and showed him in a remote corner a cast-iron tombstone, cheap but decently kept, on which were inscribed the name and age of the deceased and the date of her death, and below a four-lined verse, such as are commonly used on old-fashioned

middle-class tombs. To Alyosha's amazement this tomb turned out to be Grigory's doing. He had put it up on the poor "crazy woman's" grave at his own expense, after Fyodor Pavlovitch, whom he had often pestered about the grave, had gone to Odessa, abandoning the grave and all his memories. Alyosha showed no particular emotion at the sight of his mother's grave. He only listened to Grigory's minute and solemn account of the erection of the tomb; he stood with bowed head and walked away without uttering a word. It was perhaps a year before he visited the cemetery again. But this little episode was not without an influence upon Fyodor Pavlovitch—and a very original one. He suddenly took a thousand roubles to our monastery to pay for requiems for the soul of his wife; but not for the second, Alyosha's mother, the "crazy woman," but for the first, Adelaïda Ivanovna, who used to thrash him. In the evening of the same day he got drunk and abused the monks to Alyosha. He himself was far from being religious; he had probably never put a penny candle before the image of a saint. Strange impulses of sudden feeling and sudden thought are common in such types.

I have mentioned already that he looked bloated. His countenance at this time bore traces of something that testified unmistakably to the life he had led. Besides the long fleshy bags under his little, always insolent, suspicious, and ironical eyes; besides the multitude of deep wrinkles in his little fat face, the Adam's apple hung below his

sharp chin like a great, fleshy goitre, which gave him a peculiar, repulsive, sensual appearance; add to that a long rapacious mouth with full lips, between which could be seen little stumps of black decayed teeth. He slobbered every time he began to speak. He was fond indeed of making fun of his own face, though, I believe, he was well satisfied with it. He used particularly to point to his nose, which was not very large, but very delicate and conspicuously aquiline. "A regular Roman nose," he used to say, "with my goitre I've quite the countenance of an ancient Roman patrician of the decadent period." He seemed proud of it.

Not long after visiting his mother's grave Alyosha suddenly announced that he wanted to enter the monastery, and that the monks were willing to receive him as a novice. He explained that this was his strong desire, and that he was solemnly asking his consent as his father. The old man knew that the elder Zossima, who was living in the monastery hermitage, had made a special impression upon his "gentle boy."

"That is the most honest monk among them, of course," he observed, after listening in thoughtful silence to Alyosha, and seeming scarcely surprised at his request. "H'm! . . . So that's where you want to be, my gentle boy?"

He was half drunk, and suddenly he grinned his slow, half-drunken grin, which was not without a certain cunning and tipsy slyness. "H'm! . . . I had a presentiment that you would end in something like this. Would you believe it?

You were making straight for it. Well, to be sure you have your own two thousand. That's a dowry for you. And I'll never desert you, my angel. And I'll pay what's wanted for you there, if they ask for it. But, of course, if they don't ask, why should we worry them? What do you say? You know, you spend money like a canary, two grains a week. H'm! . . . Do you know that near one monastery there's a place outside the town where every baby knows there are none but 'the monks' wives' living, as they are called. Thirty women, I believe. I have been there myself. You know, it's interesting in its own way, of course, as a variety. The worst of it is it's awfully Russian. There are no French women there. Of course they could get them fast enough, they have plenty of money. If they get to hear of it they'll come along. Well, there's nothing of that sort here, no 'monks' wives,' and two hundred monks. They're honest. They keep the fasts. I admit it. . . . H'm. . . . So you want to be a monk? And do you know I'm sorry to lose you, Alyosha; would you believe it, I've really grown fond of you? Well, it's a good opportunity. You'll pray for us sinners; we have sinned too much here. I've always been thinking who would pray for me, and whether there's any one in the world to do it. My dear boy, I'm awfully stupid about that. You wouldn't believe it. Awfully. You see, however stupid I am about it, I keep thinking, I keep thinking—from time to time, of course, not all the while. It's

impossible, I think, for the devils to forget to drag me down to hell with their hooks when I die. Then I wonder—hooks? Where would they get them? What of? Iron hooks? Where do they forge them? Have they a foundry there of some sort? The monks in the monastery probably believe that there's a ceiling in hell, for instance. Now I'm ready to believe in hell, but without a ceiling. It makes it more refined, more enlightened, more Lutheran that is. And, after all, what does it matter whether it has a ceiling or hasn't? But, do you know, there's a damnable question involved in it? If there's no ceiling there can be no hooks, and if there are no hooks it all breaks down, which is unlikely again, for then there would be none to drag me down to hell, and if they don't drag me down what justice is there in the world? *Il faudrait les inventer*, those hooks, on purpose for me alone, for, if you only knew, Alyosha, what a blackguard I am."

"But there are no hooks there," said Alyosha, looking gently and seriously at his father.

"Yes, yes, only the shadows of hooks. I know, I know. That's how a Frenchman described hell: '*J'ai vu l'ombre d'un cocher qui avec l'ombre d'une brosse frottait l'ombre d'une carosse.*' How do you know there are no hooks, darling? When you've lived with the monks you'll sing a different tune. But go and get at the truth there, and then come and tell me. Anyway it's easier going to the other world if one knows what there is there. Besides, it will be more seemly for you

with the monks than here with me, with a drunken old man and young harlots . . . though you're an angel, nothing touches you. And I daresay nothing will touch you there. That's why I let you go, because I hope for that. You've got all your wits about you. You will burn and you will burn out; you will be healed and come back again. And I will wait for you. I feel that you're the only creature in the world who has not condemned me. My dear boy, I feel it, you know. I can't help feeling it."

And he even began blubbering. He was sentimental. He was wicked and sentimental.

FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY.

OCTOBER 7

(*Edgar Allan Poe, died October 7, 1849*)

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF EDGAR ALLAN POE

*From a Letter Quoted in the "Yankee and Boston
Literary Gazette," December, 1829*

I AM young—not yet twenty—*am* a poet—if deep worship of all beauty can make me one—and wish to be so in the more common meaning of the word. I would give the world to embody one-half the ideas afloat in my imagination. (By the way, do you remember—or did you ever read the exclamation of Shelley about Shakespeare?—"What a number of ideas must have been afloat before such an author could arise!") I appeal to you as a man that loves the same beauty that I adore—the beauty of the natural blue sky and the sunshiny earth—there can be no tie more strong than that of brother for brother—it is not so much that they love one another, as that they both love the same parent—their affections are always running in the same direction—the same channel—and cannot help mingling.

I am, and have been from my childhood, an idler. It cannot therefore be said that

I left a calling for this idle trade,
A duty broke, a father disobeyed—

for I have no father nor mother.

I am about to publish a volume of poems, the greater part written before I was fifteen. Speaking about heaven, the editor of the *Yankee* says, "He might write a beautiful, if not a magnificent poem" (the very first words of encouragement I ever remember to have heard). I am very certain that as yet I have not written *either*—but that I *can*, I will take oath, if they will give me time.

The poems to be published are "Al Aaraaf" and "Tamerlane," one about four, the other about three hundred lines. "Al Aaraaf" has some good poetry, and much extravagance which I have not had time to throw away.

[From a Letter to Mr. B——]

West Point, —, 1831.

A poem, in my opinion, is opposed to a work of science, by having, for its *immediate* object, pleasure, not truth; to romance, by having, for its object, an *indefinite* instead of a *definite* pleasure, being a poem only so far as this object is attained; romance presenting perceptible images with definite, poetry with *indefinite* sensations, to which end music is an *essential*, since the comprehension of sweet sound is our most indefinite conception. Music, when combined with a pleasurable idea, is poetry; music, without the idea, is simply music;

the idea, without the music, is prose, from its very definiteness.

[To Philip P. Cooke]

New York, August 9, 1846.

Never think of excusing yourself (to me) for dilatoriness in answering letters—I know too well the unconquerable procrastination which besets the poet. I will place it all to the accounts of the turkeys. Were I to be seized by a rambling fit, one of my customary *passions* (nothing less) for vagabondising through the woods for a week or a month together, I would not—in fact, I *could* not—be put out of my mood, were it even to answer a letter from the Grand Mogul informing me that I had fallen heir to his possessions.

Thank you for the compliments. Were I in a serious humour just now, I would tell you frankly how your words of appreciation make my nerves thrill—not because you praise me (for others have praised me more lavishly) but because I feel that you comprehend and discriminate. You are right about the hair-splitting of my French friend—that is all done for effect. These tales of ratiocination owe most of their popularity to being something in a new key—I do not mean to say that they are not ingenious—but people think them more ingenious than they are—on account of their method, and *air* of method. In the “Murders in the Rue Morgue,” for instance, where is the ingenuity of unravelling a web which you yourself (the author) have woven for the ex-

press purpose of unravelling? The reader is made to confound the ingenuity of the supposititious Dupin with that of the writer of the story.

Not for the world would I have had any one else to continue Lowell's memoir until I had heard from you. I wish *you* to do it (if you will be so kind) and nobody else. By the time the book appears you will be famous (or all my prophecy goes for nothing), and I shall have the *éclat* of your name to aid my sales. But seriously I do not think that any one so well enters into the poetical portion of my mind as yourself—and I deduce this idea from my intense appreciation of those points of your own poetry which seem lost upon others.

Should you undertake the work for me, there is one topic—there is one particular in which I have had wrong done me, and it may not be indecorous in me to call your attention to it. The last selection of my *Tales* was made from about seventy, by Wiley and Putnam's reader, Duyckinck. He has what he thinks a taste for ratiocination, and has accordingly made up the book mostly of analytic stories. But this is not *representing* my mind in its various phases—it is not giving me fair play. In writing these *Tales* one by one, at long intervals, I have kept the book-unity always in mind—that is, each has been composed with reference to its effect as part of a *whole*. In this view, one of my chief aims has been the widest diversity of subject, thought, and especially *tone* and manner of handling. Were all my tales now

before me in a large volume, and as the composition of another, the merit which would principally arrest my attention would be the wide *diversity and variety*. You will be surprised to hear me say that (omitting one or two of my first efforts) I do not consider any one of my stories *better* than another. There is a vast variety of kinds, and, in degree of value, the kinds vary—but each tale is equally good *of its kind*. The loftiest kind is that of the highest imagination—and for this reason only “*Ligeia*” may be called my *best* tale. I have much improved this last since you saw it, and I mail you a copy, as well as a copy of my best specimen of analysis—“*The Philosophy of Composition.*” . . .

“*Southern Literary Messenger,*” *July, 1836*

. . . Against the subtleties which would make poetry a study—not a passion—it becomes the metaphysician to reason—but the poet to protest. Yet Wordsworth and Coleridge are men in years; the one embued in contemplation from his childhood, the other a giant in intellect and in learning. The diffidence, then, with which I venture to dispute their authority, would be overwhelming did I not feel, from the bottom of my heart, that learning has little to do with the imagination—intellect with the passions—or age with poetry. . . .

“Trifles, like straws, upon the surface flow,
He who would search for pearls must dive below,”

are lines which have done much mischief. As regards the greater truths, men oftener err by seeking them at the bottom than at the top; the depth lies in the huge abysses where wisdom is sought—not in the palpable places where she is found. The ancients were not always right in hiding the goddess in a well; witness the light which Bacon has thrown upon philosophy; witness the principles of our divine faith—that moral mechanism by which the simplicity of a child may overbalance the wisdom of a man. . . .

Some Frenchman, possibly Montaigne, says: “People talk about thinking, but for my part I never think, except when I sit down to write.” It is this never thinking, unless we sit down to write, which is the cause of so much indifferent composition. But perhaps there is something more involved in the Frenchman’s observations than meets the eye. It is certain that the mere act of inditing tends, in a great degree, to the logicalisation of thought. Whenever, on account of its vagueness, I am dissatisfied with a conception of the brain, I resort forthwith to the pen, for the purpose of obtaining, through its aid, the necessary form, consequence, and precision.

How very commonly we hear it remarked, that such and such thoughts are beyond the compass of words! I do not believe that any thought, properly so called, is out of the reach of language. I fancy, rather, that where difficulty in expression is experienced, there is, in the intellect which experiences it, a want either of

deliberateness or of method. For my own part, I have never had a thought which I could not set down in words, with even more distinctness than that with which I conceived it.

There is, however, a class of fancies, of exquisite delicacy, which are not thoughts, and to which, *as yet*, I have found it absolutely impossible to adapt language. I use the word *fancies* at random, and merely because I must use *some* word; but the idea commonly attached to the term is not even remotely applicable to the shadows in question. They seem rather psychal than intellectual. They arise in the soul (alas, how rarely!) only at its epochs of most intense tranquillity—when the bodily and mental health are in perfection—and at those mere points of time where the confines of the waking world blend with the world of dreams. I am aware of the “fancies” only when I am upon the very brink of sleep, with the consciousness that I am so. I have satisfied myself that this condition exists but for an inappreciable point of time—yet it is crowded with those “shadows of shadows”; and for absolute *thought* there is demanded time’s *endurance*.

Poe’s Works, edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George E. Woodberry, are published in ten volumes by Duffield & Co., New York. The tenth volume gives the poems, with their successive revisions in detail, showing that Poe was tireless in the refinement of his work. How “The Raven” gradually assumed its final form is thus traced:

Originally the poem appeared in the *Evening Mirror*, January 29, 1845; then in the *American Whig Review*, February, 1845; next, in the *Broadway Journal*, 1845, here referred to by their initials.

Readings which vary from the text as finally revised:

Stanza II., line 3. Sought || tried.—A. W. R.; B. J.

Stanza V., line 3. Stillness || darkness.—A. W. R.; B. J.

Stanza VI., line 1. Back || Then.—A. W. R.; B. J.

Stanza VI., line 2. Again I heard || I heard again; something || somewhat.—A. W. R.; B. J.

Stanza VII., line 3. Minute || instant.—A. W. R.; B. J. Moment "Poe's Philosophy of Composition."

Stanza IX., line 3. Living human || sublunary.—A. W. R.

Stanza X., line 1. That || the.—A. W. R.; B. J.

Stanza X., line 6. Then the bird said || Quoth the raven.—A. W. R.

Stanza XI., line 1. Startled || wondering.—A. W. R.

Stanza XI., line 4-6. Fill . . . nevermore || so when Hope he would adjure. Stern Despair returned, instead of the sweet Hope he dared adjure. That sad answer "Nevermore."—A. W. R.

Stanza XI., line 5. That || the.—B. J.

Stanza XI., line 6. Of "Nevermore" || of "Nevermore."—B. J.

Stanza XIV., line 2. Seraphim whose || angels
whose faint.—A. W. R.; B. J.

Stanza XIV., line 5. Quaff, oh || Let me.—
A. W. R.

Stanza XVIII., line 3. Demon's || demon.—
A. W. R.; B. J.

THE RAVEN

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary.

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door.

“ ’Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “tapping at my
chamber door;

Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak
December,

And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought
to borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow,—sorrow for
the lost Lenore,—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
named Lenore,—

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain

Thrilled me,—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I
stood repeating,

“’Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door;

That it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then
no longer,

“Sir,” said I, “or madam, truly your forgiveness
I implore;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you”—Here I
opened wide the door;

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
there, wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared
to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness
gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered
word “Lenore!”

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within
me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder
than before:

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window-lattice;

Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery
explore,—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery
explore;—

'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many
a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days
of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant
stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door,—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my
chamber door,—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the counte-
nance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,"

I said, "art sure no craven;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from
the nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's
Plutonian shore?"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear dis-
course so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy
bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his
chamber door,

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
spoke only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered,—not a feather
then he fluttered,—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends
have flown before,—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have
flown before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly
spoken,

"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only
stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom un-
merciful disaster

Followed fast and followed faster, till his song one
burden bore,

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden
bore,—

Of 'Nevermore,—nevermore!'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into
smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird
and bust and door,

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous
bird of yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and
ominous bird of yore—

Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight
gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight
gloating o'er,
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer,
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the
tufted floor.
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee,—
by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite,—respite and nepenthe from the memories
of Lenore!
Quaff, O, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this
lost Lenore!”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still,
if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed
thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted,—
On this home by horror haunted,—tell me truly,
I implore,—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me,—tell
me, I implore!”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still,
if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us,—by that God
we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the dis-
tant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore,
Clasp a fair and radiant maiden, whom the angels
name Lenore!”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!”
I shrieked, upstarting,—
“Get thee back into the tempest and the night’s
Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust
above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!”
Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon that is dreaming,
And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—*nevermore* !

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

THE BELLS

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes.

And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats.
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

O, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells

On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In the clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic
fire,
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows:
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the
bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody
compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls

A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
EDGAR ALLAN POE.

FOR ANNIE

THANK Heaven! the crisis—
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last—
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know
I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
As I lie at full length—
But no matter!—I feel
I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart:—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing;

The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
Have ceased, with the fever
That maddened my brain—
With the fever called “Living”
That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures
That torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
Of Passion accurst!—
I have drunk of a water
That quenches all thirst:—

Of a water that flows
With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
And narrow my bed;

For man never slept
In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
Here blandly reposes,
Forgetting, or never
Regretting its roses—
Its old agitations
Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
Lying, it fancies
A holier odour
About it, of pansies—
A rosemary odour,
Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
And the beauty of Annie—
Drowned in a bath
Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished
She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm—
To the queen of the angels
To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,
Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love)
That you fancy me dead—
And I rest so contentedly,
Now, in my bed,
(With her love at my breast)
That you fancy me dead—
That you shudder to look at me,
Thinking me dead:—

But my heart it is brighter
Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the light
Of the love of my Annie—
With the thought of the light
Of the eyes of my Annie.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

OCTOBER 8

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER

*Son cœur est un luth suspendu;
Sitôt qu'on le touche il résonne.*

BÉRANGER.

DURING the whole of a dull, dark, and soundless day in the autumn of the year, when the clouds hung oppressively low in the heavens, I had been passing alone, on horseback, through a singularly dreary tract of country; and at length found myself, as the shades of the evening drew on, within view of the melancholy House of Usher. I know not how it was—but, with the first glimpse of the building, a sense of insufferable gloom pervaded my spirit. I say insufferable; for the feeling was unrelieved by any of that half-pleasurable, because poetic, sentiment with which the mind usually receives even the sternest natural images of the desolate or terrible. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees—with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium; the bitter lapse into every-day life,

the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime. What was it—I paused to think—what was it that so unnerved me in the contemplation of the House of Usher? It was a mystery all insoluble; nor could I grapple with the shadowy fancies that crowded upon me as I pondered. I was forced to fall back upon the unsatisfactory conclusion, that while, beyond doubt, there *are* combinations of very simple natural objects which have the power of thus affecting us, still the analysis of this power lies among considerations beyond our depth. It was possible, I reflected, that a mere different arrangement of the particulars of the scene, of the details of the picture, would be sufficient to modify, or perhaps to annihilate, its capacity for sorrowful impression; and acting upon this idea, I reined my horse to the precipitous brink of a black and lurid tarn that lay in unruffled lustre by the dwelling, and gazed down—but with a shudder even more thrilling than before—upon the remodelled and inverted images of the gray sedge, and the ghastly tree-stems, and the vacant and eye-like windows.

Nevertheless, in this mansion of gloom I now proposed to myself a sojourn of some weeks. Its proprietor, Roderick Usher, had been one of my boon companions in boyhood; but many years had elapsed since our last meeting. A letter, however, had lately reached me in a distant part of the coun-

try—a letter from him—which in its wildly importunate nature had admitted of no other than a personal reply. The MS. gave evidence of nervous agitation. The writer spoke of acute bodily illness, of a mental disorder which oppressed him, and of an earnest desire to see me, as his best and indeed his only personal friend, with a view of attempting, by the cheerfulness of my society, some alleviation of his malady. It was the manner in which all this, and much more, was said—it was the apparent *heart* that went with his request—which allowed me no room for hesitation; and I accordingly obeyed forthwith what I still considered a very singular summons.

Although as boys we had been even intimate associates, yet I really knew little of my friend. His reserve had been always excessive and habitual. I was aware, however, that his very ancient family had been noted, time out of mind, for a peculiar sensibility of temperament, displaying itself, through long ages, in many works of exalted art, and manifested of late in repeated deeds of munificent yet unobtrusive charity, as well as in a passionate devotion to the intricacies, perhaps even more than to the orthodox and easily recognizable beauties, of musical science. I had learned, too, the very remarkable fact that the stem of the Usher race, all time-honored as it was, had put forth at no period any enduring branch; in other words, that the entire family lay in the direct line of descent, and had always, with very trifling and very temporary variation, so lain.

It was this deficiency, I considered, while running over in thought the perfect keeping of the character of the premises with the accredited character of the people, and while speculating upon the possible influence which the one, in the long lapse of centuries, might have exercised upon the other—it was this deficiency, perhaps, of collateral issue, and the consequent undeviating transmission from sire to son of the patrimony with the name, which had, at length, so identified the two as to merge the original title of the estate in the quaint and equivocal appellation of the “House of Usher”—an appellation which seemed to include, in the minds of the peasantry who used it, both the family and the family mansion.

I have said that the sole effect of my somewhat childish experiment, that of looking down within the tarn, had been to deepen the first singular impression. There can be no doubt that the consciousness of the rapid increase of my superstition—for why should I not so term it?—served mainly to accelerate the increase itself. Such, I have long known, is the paradoxical law of all sentiments having terror as a basis. And it might have been for this reason only, that, when I again uplifted my eyes to the house itself, from its image in the pool, there grew in my mind a strange fancy—a fancy so ridiculous, indeed, that I but mention it to show the vivid force of the sensations which oppressed me. I had so worked upon my imagination as really to believe that about the whole mansion and domain there hung an atmosphere

peculiar to themselves and their immediate vicinity; an atmosphere which had no affinity with the air of heaven, but which had reeked up from the decayed trees, and the gray wall, and the silent tarn: a pestilent and mystic vapor, dull, sluggish, faintly discernible, and leaden-hued.

Shaking off from my spirit what *must* have been a dream, I scanned more narrowly the real aspect of the building. Its principal feature seemed to be that of an excessive antiquity. The discoloration of ages had been great. Minute fungi overspread the whole exterior, hanging in a fine tangled web-work from the eaves. Yet all this was apart from any extraordinary dilapidation. No portion of the masonry had fallen; and there appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its still perfect adaptation of parts and the crumbling condition of the individual stones. In this there was much that reminded me of the specious totality of old wood-work which has rotted for long years in some neglected vault, with no disturbance from the breath of the external air. Beyond this indication of extensive decay, however, the fabric gave little token of instability. Perhaps the eye of a scrutinizing observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure, which, extending from the roof of the building in front, made its way down the wall in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the sullen waters of the tarn.

Noticing these things, I rode over a short causeway to the house. A servant in waiting took my horse, and I entered the Gothic archway of the

hall. A valet, of stealthy step, thence conducted me, in silence, through many dark and intricate passages in my progress to the studio of his master. Much that I encountered on the way contributed, I know not how, to heighten the vague sentiments of which I have already spoken. While the objects around me—while the carvings of the ceilings, the sombre tapestries of the walls, the ebon blackness of the floors, and the phantasmagoric armorial trophies which rattled as I strode, were but matters to which, or to such as which, I had been accustomed from my infancy—while I hesitated not to acknowledge how familiar was all this—I still wondered to find how unfamiliar were the fancies which ordinary images were stirring up. On one of the staircases, I met the physician of the family. His countenance, I thought, wore a mingled expression of low cunning and perplexity. He accosted me with trepidation and passed on. The valet now threw open a door and ushered me into the presence of his master.

The room in which I found myself was very large and lofty. The windows were long, narrow, and pointed, and at so vast a distance from the black oaken floor as to be altogether inaccessible from within. Feeble gleams of encrimsoned light made their way through the trellised panes, and served to render sufficiently distinct the more prominent objects around; the eye, however, struggled in vain to reach the remoter angles of the chamber, or the recesses of the vaulted and fretted ceiling. Dark draperies hung upon the walls.

The general furniture was profuse, comfortless, antique, and tattered. Many books and musical instruments lay scattered about, but failed to give any vitality to the scene. I felt that I breathed an atmosphere of sorrow. An air of stern, deep, and irredeemable gloom hung over and pervaded all.

Upon my entrance, Usher arose from a sofa on which he had been lying at full length, and greeted me with a vivacious warmth which had much in it, I at first thought, of an overdone cordiality—of the constrained effort of the *ennuyé* man of the world. A glance, however, at his countenance, convinced me of his perfect sincerity. We sat down; and for some moments, while he spoke not, I gazed upon him with a feeling half of pity, half of awe. Surely man had never before so terribly altered, in so brief a period, as had Roderick Usher! It was with difficulty that I could bring myself to admit the identity of the wan being before me with the companion of my early boyhood. Yet the character of his face had been at all times remarkable. A cadaverousness of complexion; an eye large, liquid, and luminous beyond comparison; lips somewhat thin and very pallid, but of a surpassingly beautiful curve; a nose of a delicate Hebrew model, but with a breadth of nostril unusual in similar formations; a finely moulded chin, speaking, in its want of prominence, of a want of moral energy; hair of a more than web-like softness and tenuity; these features, with an inordinate expansion above the regions of the temple,

made up altogether a countenance not easily to be forgotten. And now in the mere exaggeration of the prevailing character of these features, and of the expression they were wont to convey, lay so much of change that I doubted to whom I spoke. The now ghastly pallor of the skin, and the now miraculous lustre of the eye, above all things startled and even awed me. The silken hair, too, had been suffered to grow all unheeded, and as, in its wild gossamer texture, it floated rather than fell about the face, I could not, even with effort, connect its arabesque expression with any idea of simple humanity.

In the manner of my friend I was at once struck with an incoherence, an inconsistency; and I soon found this to arise from a series of feeble and futile struggles to overcome an habitual trepidancy, an excessive nervous agitation. For something of this nature I had indeed been prepared, no less by his letter than by reminiscences of certain boyish traits, and by conclusions deduced from his peculiar physical conformation and temperament. His action was alternately vivacious and sullen. His voice varied rapidly from a tremulous indecision (when the animal spirits seemed utterly in abeyance) to that species of energetic concision—that abrupt, weighty, unhurried, and hollow-sounding enunciation—that leaden, self-balanced, and perfectly modulated guttural utterance—which may be observed in the lost drunkard, or the irreclaimable eater of opium, during the periods of his most intense excitement.

It was thus that he spoke of the object of my visit, of his earnest desire to see me, and of the solace he expected me to afford him. He entered, at some length, into what he conceived to be the nature of his malady. It was, he said, a constitutional and a family evil, and one for which he despaired to find a remedy—a mere nervous affection, he immediately added, which would undoubtedly soon pass off. It displayed itself in a host of unnatural sensations. Some of these, as he detailed them, interested and bewildered me; although, perhaps, the terms and the general manner of the narration had their weight. He suffered much from a morbid acuteness of the senses; the most insipid food was alone endurable; he could wear only garments of certain texture; the odors of all flowers were oppressive; his eyes were tortured by even a faint light; and there were but peculiar sounds, and these from stringed instruments, which did not inspire him with horror.

To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. “I shall perish,” said he, “I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost. I dread the events of the future, not in themselves, but in their results. I shudder at the thought of any, even the most trivial, incident, which may operate upon this intolerable agitation of soul. I have, indeed, no abhorrence of danger, except in its absolute effect—in terror. In this unnerved—in this pitiable condition, I feel that the period will sooner or later arrive when I must abandon life and reason

together, in some struggle with the grim phantasm, FEAR."

I learned, moreover, at intervals, and through broken and equivocal hints, another singular feature of his mental condition. He was enchained by certain superstitious impressions in regard to the dwelling which he tenanted, and whence, for many years, he had never ventured forth—in regard to an influence whose supposititious force was conveyed in terms too shadowy here to be restated—an influence which some peculiarities in the mere form and substance of his family mansion, had, by dint of long sufferance, he said, obtained over his spirit—an effect which the physique of the gray walls and turrets, and of the dim tarn into which they all looked down, had, at length, brought about upon the morale of his existence.

He admitted, however, although with hesitation, that much of the peculiar gloom which thus afflicted him could be traced to a more natural and far more palpable origin—to the severe and long-continued illness, indeed to the evidently approaching dissolution, of a tenderly beloved sister—his sole companion for long years, his last and only relative on earth. "Her decease," he said, with a bitterness which I can never forget, "would leave him (him the hopeless and the frail) the last of the ancient race of the Ushers." While he spoke, the lady Madeline (for so was she called) passed slowly through a remote portion of the apartment, and without having noticed my pres-

ence, disappeared. I regarded her with an utter astonishment not unmingled with dread, and yet I found it impossible to account for such feelings. A sensation of stupor oppressed me, as my eyes followed her retreating steps. When a door, at length, closed upon her, my glance sought instinctively and eagerly the countenance of the brother; but he had buried his face in his hands, and I could only perceive that a far more than ordinary wanness had overspread the emaciated fingers through which trickled many passionate tears.

The disease of the lady Madeline had long baffled the skill of her physicians. A settled apathy, a gradual wasting away of the person, and frequent although transient affections of a partially cataleptical character, were the unusual diagnosis. Hitherto she had steadily borne up against the pressure of her malady, and had not betaken herself finally to bed; but, on the closing in of the evening of my arrival at the house, she succumbed (as her brother told me at night with inexpressible agitation) to the prostrating power of the destroyer; and I learned that the glimpse I had obtained of her person would thus probably be the last I should obtain—that the lady, at least while living, would be seen by me no more.

For several days ensuing, her name was unmentioned by either Usher or myself; and during this period I was busied in earnest endeavors to alleviate the melancholy of my friend. We painted and read together; or I listened, as if in a dream, to the wild improvisation of his speaking guitar.

And thus, as a closer and still closer intimacy admitted me more unreservedly into the recesses of his spirit, the more bitterly did I perceive the futility of all attempt at cheering a mind from which darkness, as if an inherent positive quality, poured forth upon all objects of the moral and physical universe, in one unceasing radiation of gloom.

I shall ever bear about me a memory of the many solemn hours I thus spent alone with the master of the House of Usher. Yet I should fail in any attempt to convey an idea of the exact character of the studies, or of the occupations, in which he involved me, or led me the way. An excited and highly distempered ideality threw a sulphureous lustre over all. His long improvised dirges will ring forever in my ears. Among other things, I hold painfully in mind a certain singular perversion and amplification of the wild air of the last waltz of Von Weber. From the paintings over which his elaborate fancy brooded, and which grew, touch by touch, into vaguenesses at which I shuddered the more thrillingly because I shuddered, knowing not why;—from these paintings (vivid as their images now are before me) I would in vain endeavor to educe more than a small portion which should lie within the compass of merely written words. By the utter simplicity, by the nakedness of his designs, he arrested and overawed attention. If ever mortal painted an idea, that mortal was Roderick Usher. For me at least, in the circumstances then surrounding me, there arose, out of the pure abstractions which the

hypochondriac contrived to throw upon his canvas, an intensity of intolerable awe, no shadow of which felt I ever yet in the contemplation of the certainly glowing yet too concrete reveries of Fuseli.

One of the phantasmagoric conceptions of my friend, partaking not so rigidly of the spirit of abstraction, may be shadowed forth, although feebly, in words. A small picture presented the interior of an immensely long and rectangular vault or tunnel, with low walls, smooth, white, and without interruption or device. Certain accessory points of the design served well to convey the idea that this excavation lay at an exceeding depth below the surface of the earth. No outlet was observed in any portion of its vast extent, and no torch or other artificial source of light was discernible; yet a flood of intense rays rolled throughout, and bathed the whole in a ghastly and inappropriate splendor.

I have just spoken of that morbid condition of the auditory nerve which rendered all music intolerable to the sufferer, with the exception of certain effects of stringed instruments. It was, perhaps, the narrow limits to which he thus confined himself upon the guitar, which gave birth, in great measure, to the fantastic character of his performances. But the fervid *facility* of his impromptus could not be so accounted for. They must have been, and were, in the notes, as well as in the words of his wild fantasias (for he not unfrequently accompanied himself with rhymed verbal improvisa-

tions), the result of that intense mental collectedness and concentration to which I have previously alluded as observable only in particular moments of the highest artificial excitement. The words of one of these rhapsodies I have easily remembered. I was, perhaps, the more forcibly impressed with it, as he gave it, because, in the under or mystic current of its meaning, I fancied that I perceived, and for the first time, a full consciousness, on the part of Usher, of the tottering of his lofty reason upon her throne. The verses, which were entitled "The Haunted Palace," ran very nearly, if not accurately, thus:—

I

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
In the monarch Thought's dominion,
It stood there;
Never seraph spread a pinion
Over fabric half so fair.

II

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
Time long ago)
And every gentle air that dallied,
In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
A wingèd odor went away.

III

Wanderers in that happy valley
 Through two luminous windows saw
 Spirits moving musically
 To a lute's well-tuned law,
 Round about a throne where, sitting,
 Porphyrogene,
 In state his glory well befitting,
 The ruler of the realm was seen.

IV

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
 Was the fair palace door,
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
 And sparkling evermore,
 A troop of Echoes whose sweet duty
 Was but to sing,
 In voices of surpassing beauty,
 The wit and wisdom of their king.

V

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
 Assailed the monarch's high estate;
 (Ah, let us mourn, for never morrow
 Shall dawn upon him, desolate!)
 And round about his home the glory
 That blushed and bloomed
 Is but a dim-remembered story
 Of the old time entombed.

VI

And travellers now within that valley
 Through the red-litten windows see
 Vast forms that move fantastically
 To a discordant melody;

While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more.

I well remember that suggestions arising from this ballad led us into a train of thought, wherein there became manifest an opinion of Usher's which I mention not so much on account of its novelty, (for other men¹ have thought thus,) as on account of the pertinacity with which he maintained it. This opinion, in its general form, was that of the sentience of all vegetable things. But in his disordered fancy the idea had assumed a more daring character, and trespassed, under certain conditions, upon the kingdom of inorganization. I lack words to express the full extent, or the earnest *abandon* of his persuasion. The belief, however, was connected (as I have previously hinted) with the gray stones of the home of his forefathers. The conditions of the sentience had been here, he imagined, fulfilled in the method of collocation of these stones—in the order of their arrangement, as well as in that of the many fungi which overspread them, and of the decayed trees which stood around—above all, in the long undisturbed endurance of this arrangement, and in its reduplication in the still waters of the tarn. Its evidence—the evidence of the sentience—was to be seen, he said (and I here started as he spoke), in the gradual yet certain condensation of an atmosphere of their own

¹Watson, Dr. Percival, Spallanzani, and especially the Bishop of Landaff.—See "Chemical Essays," Vol. v.

about the waters and the walls. The result was discoverable, he added, in that silent, yet important and terrible influence which for centuries had moulded the destinies of his family, and which made *him* what I now saw him—what he was. Such opinions need no comment, and I will make none.

Our books—the books which, for years, had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with this character of phantasm. We pored together over such works as the *Ververt* and *Chartreuse* of Gresset; the *Belphegor* of Machiavelli; the *Heaven and Hell* of Swedenborg; the *Subterranean Voyage* of Nicholas Klimm by Holberg; the *Chiromancy* of Robert Flud, of Jean D'Indaginé, and of *De la Chambre*; the *Journey into the Blue Distance* of Tieck; and the *City of the Sun* of Campanella. One favorite volume was a small octavo edition of the *Directorium Inquisitorium*, by the Dominican Eymeric de Gironne; and there were passages in Pomponius Mela, about the old African Satyrs and Ægipans, over which Usher would sit dreaming for hours. His chief delight, however, was found in the perusal of an exceedingly rare and curious book in quarto Gothic—the manual of a forgotten church—the *Vigiliæ Mortuorum secundum Chorum Ecclesiæ Maguntinæ*.

I could not help thinking of the wild ritual of this work, and of its probable influence upon the hypochondriac, when one evening, having informed me

abruptly that the lady Madeline was no more, he stated his intention of preserving her corpse for a fortnight, (previously to its final interment,) in one of the numerous vaults within the main walls of the building. The worldly reason, however, assigned for this singular proceeding, was one which I did not feel at liberty to dispute. The brother had been led to his resolution (so he told me) by consideration of the unusual character of the malady of the deceased, of certain obtrusive and eager inquiries on the part of her medical men, and of the remote and exposed situation of the burial-ground of the family. I will not deny that when I called to mind the sinister countenance of the person whom I met upon the staircase, on the day of my arrival at the house, I had no desire to oppose what I regarded as at best but a harmless, and by no means an unnatural, precaution.

At the request of Usher, I personally aided him in the arrangements for the temporary entombment. The body having been encoffined, we two alone bore it to its rest. The vault in which we placed it (and which had been so long unopened that our torches, half smothered in its oppressive atmosphere, gave us little opportunity for investigation) was small, damp, and entirely without means of admission for light; lying, at great depth, immediately beneath that portion of the building in which was my own sleeping apartment. It had been used, apparently, in remote feudal times, for the worst purposes of a donjon-keep, and in later days as a place of deposit for powder, or some

other highly combustible substance, as a portion of its floor, and the whole interior of a long archway through which we reached it, were carefully sheathed with copper. The door, of massive iron, had been, also, similarly protected. Its immense weight caused an unusually sharp grating sound, as it moved upon its hinges.

Having deposited our mournful burden upon tressels within this region of horror, we partially turned aside the yet unscrewed lid of the coffin, and looked upon the face of the tenant. A striking similitude between the brother and sister now first arrested my attention; and Usher, divining, perhaps, my thoughts, murmured out some few words from which I learned that the deceased and himself had been twins, and that sympathies of a scarcely intelligible nature had always existed between them. Our glances, however, rested not long upon the dead—for we could not regard her unawed. The disease which had thus entombed the lady in the maturity of youth, had left, as usual in all maladies of a strictly cataleptical character, the mockery of a faint blush upon the bosom and the face, and that suspiciously lingering smile upon the lip which is so terrible in death. We replaced and screwed down the lid, and, having secured the door of iron, made our way, with toil, into the scarcely less gloomy apartments of the upper portion of the house.

And now, some days of bitter grief having elapsed, an observable change came over the features of the mental disorder of my friend. His

ordinary manner had vanished. His ordinary occupations were neglected or forgotten. He roamed from chamber to chamber with hurried, unequal, and objectless step. The pallor of his countenance had assumed, if possible, a more ghastly hue—but the luminousness of his eye had utterly gone out. The once occasional huskiness of his tone was heard no more; and a tremulous quaver, as if of extreme terror, habitually characterized his utterance. There were times, indeed, when I thought his unceasingly agitated mind was laboring with some oppressive secret, to divulge which he struggled for the necessary courage. At times, again, I was obliged to resolve all into the mere inexplicable vagaries of madness, for I beheld him gazing upon vacancy for long hours, in an attitude of the profoundest attention, as if listening to some imaginary sound. It was no wonder that his condition terrified—that it infected me. I felt creeping upon me, by slow yet certain degrees, the wild influences of his own fantastic yet impressive superstitions.

It was, especially, upon retiring to bed late in the night of the seventh or eighth day after the placing of the lady Madeline within the donjon, that I experienced the full power of such feelings. Sleep came not near my couch, while the hours waned and waned away. I struggled to reason off the nervousness which had dominion over me. I endeavored to believe that much, if not all, of what I felt was due to the bewildering influence

of the gloomy furniture of the room—of the dark and tattered draperies which, tortured into motion by the breath of a rising tempest, swayed fitfully to and fro upon the walls, and rustled uneasily about the decorations of the bed. But my efforts were fruitless. An irrepressible tremor gradually pervaded my frame; and at length there sat upon my very heart an incubus of utterly causeless alarm. Shaking this off with a gasp and a struggle, I uplifted myself upon the pillows, and, peering earnestly within the intense darkness of the chamber, hearkened—I know not why, except that an instinctive spirit prompted me—to certain low and indefinite sounds which came, through the pauses of the storm, at long intervals, I knew not whence. Overpowered by an intense sentiment of horror, unaccountable yet unendurable, I threw on my clothes with haste, (for I felt that I should sleep no more during the night,) and endeavored to arouse myself from the pitiable condition into which I had fallen, by pacing rapidly to and fro through the apartment.

I had taken but few turns in this manner, when a light step on an adjoining staircase arrested my attention. I presently recognized it as that of Usher. In an instant afterward he rapped with a gentle touch at my door, and entered, bearing a lamp. His countenance was, as usual, cadaverously wan—but, moreover, there was a species of mad hilarity in his eyes—an evidently restrained hysteria in his whole demeanor. His air appalled

me—but anything was preferable to the solitude which I had so long endured, and I even welcomed his presence as a relief.

“And you have not seen it?” he said abruptly, after having stared about him for some moments in silence—“you have not then seen it?—but stay! you shall.” Thus speaking, and having carefully shaded his lamp, he hurried to one of the case-ments, and threw it freely open to the storm.

The impetuous fury of the entering gust nearly lifted us from our feet. It was, indeed, a tempestuous yet sternly beautiful night, and one wildly singular in its terror and its beauty. A whirlwind had apparently collected its force in our vicinity; for there were frequent and violent alterations in the direction of the wind; and the exceeding density of the clouds (which hung so low as to press upon the turrets of the house) did not prevent our perceiving the life-like velocity with which they flew careering from all points against each other, without passing away into the distance. I say that even their exceeding density did not prevent our perceiving this; yet we had no glimpse of the moon or stars, nor was there any flashing forth of the lightning. But the under surfaces of the huge masses of agitated vapor, as well as all terrestrial objects immediately around us, were glowing in the unnatural light of a faintly luminous and distinctly visible gaseous exhalation which hung about and enshrouded the mansion.

“You must not—you shall not behold this!” said I, shudderingly, to Usher, as I led him with

a gentle violence from the window to a seat. "These appearances, which bewilder you, are merely electrical phenomena not uncommon—or it may be that they have their ghastly origin in the rank miasma of the tarn. Let us close this casement; the air is chilling and dangerous to your frame. Here is one of your favorite romances. I will read, and you shall listen;—and so we will pass away this terrible night together."

The antique volume which I had taken up was the "Mad Trist" of Sir Launcelot Canning; but I had called it a favorite of Usher's more in sad jest than in earnest; for, in truth, there is little in its uncouth and unimaginative prolixity which could have had interest for the lofty and spiritual idealism of my friend. It was, however, the only book immediately at hand; and I indulged a vague hope that the excitement which now agitated the hypochondriac might find relief (for the history of mental disorder is full of similar anomalies) even in the extremeness of the folly which I should read. Could I have judged, indeed, by the wild overstrained air of vivacity with which he hearkened, or apparently hearkened, to the words of the tale, I might well have congratulated myself upon the success of my design.

I had arrived at that well-known portion of the story where Ethelred, the hero of the Trist, having sought in vain for peaceable admission into the dwelling of the hermit, proceeds to make good an entrance by force. Here, it will be remembered, the words of the narrative run thus:—

“And Ethelred, who was by nature of a doughty heart, and who was now mighty withal, on account of the powerfulness of the wine which he had drunken, waited no longer to hold parley with the hermit, who, in sooth, was of an obstinate and maliceful turn, but, feeling the rain upon his shoulders, and fearing the rising of the tempest, uplifted his mace outright, and with blows made quickly room in the plankings of the door for his gauntleted hand; and now pulling therewith sturdily, he so cracked, and ripped, and tore all asunder, that the noise of the dry and hollow-sounding wood alarumed and reverberated throughout the forest.”

At the termination of this sentence I started, and for a moment paused; for it appeared to me (although I at once concluded that my excited fancy had deceived me)—it appeared to me that from some very remote portion of the mansion there came, indistinctly, to my ears, what might have been, in its exact similarity of character, the echo (but a stifled and dull one certainly) of the very cracking and ripping sound which Sir Launcelot had so particularly described. It was, beyond doubt, the coincidence alone which had arrested my attention; for, amid the rattling of the sashes of the casements, and the ordinary commingled noises of the still increasing storm, the sound, in itself, had nothing, surely, which should have interested or disturbed me. I continued the story:

“But the good champion Ethelred, now entering within the door, was sore enraged and amazed to perceive no signal of the maliceful hermit; but,

in the stead thereof, a dragon of a scaly and prodigious demeanor, and of a fiery tongue, which sate in guard before a palace of gold, with a floor of silver; and upon the wall there hung a shield of shining brass with this legend enwritten—

Who entereth herein, a conqueror hath bin;
Who slayeth the dragon, the shield he shall win.

And Ethelred uplifted his mace, and struck upon the head of the dragon, which fell before him, and gave up his pesty breath, with a shriek so horrid and harsh, and withal so piercing, that Ethelred had fain to close his ears with his hands against the dreadful noise of it, the like whereof was never before heard."

Here again I paused abruptly, and now with a feeling of wild amazement; for there could be no doubt whatever that, in this instance, I did actually hear (although from what direction it proceeded I found it impossible to say) a low and apparently distant, but harsh, protracted, and most unusual screaming or grating sound—the exact counterpart of what my fancy had already conjured up for the dragon's unnatural shriek as described by the romancer.

Oppressed, as I certainly was, upon the occurrence of this second and most extraordinary coincidence, by a thousand conflicting sensations, in which wonder and extreme terror were predominant, I still retained sufficient presence of mind to avoid exciting, by any observation, the sensitive nervousness of my companion. I was by no means certain that he had noticed the sounds in

question; although, assuredly, a strange alteration had during the last few minutes taken place in his demeanor. From a position fronting my own, he had gradually brought round his chair, so as to sit with his face to the door of the chamber; and thus I could but partially perceive his features, although I saw that his lips trembled as if he were murmuring inaudibly. His head had dropped upon his breast—yet I knew that he was not asleep, from the wide and rigid opening of the eye as I caught a glance of it in profile. The motion of his body, too, was at variance with this idea—for he rocked from side to side with a gentle yet constant and uniform sway. Having rapidly taken notice of all this, I resumed the narrative of Sir Launcelot, which thus proceeded:—

“And now, the champion, having escaped from the terrible fury of the dragon, bethinking himself of the brazen shield, and of the breaking up of the enchantment which was upon it, removed the carcass from out of the way before him, and approached valorously over the silver pavement of the castle to where the shield was upon the wall; which in sooth tarried not for his full coming, but fell down at his feet upon the silver floor, with a mighty great and terrible ringing sound.”

No sooner had these syllables passed my lips, than—as if a shield of brass had indeed, at the moment, fallen heavily upon a floor of silver—I became aware of a distinct, hollow, metallic, and clangorous, yet apparently muffled reverberation. Completely unnerved, I leaped to my feet; but

the measured rocking movement of Usher was undisturbed. I rushed to the chair in which he sat. His eyes were bent fixedly before him, and throughout his whole countenance there reigned a stony rigidity. But, as I placed my hand upon his shoulder, there came a strong shudder over his whole person; a sickly smile quivered about his lips; and I saw that he spoke in a low, hurried, and gibbering murmur, as if unconscious of my presence. Bending closely over him, I at length drank in the hideous import of his words.

“Not hear it?—yes, I hear it, and *have* heard it. Long—long—long—many minutes, many hours, many days, have I heard it—yet I dared not—oh, pity me, miserable wretch that I am!—I dared not—I *dared* not speak! *We have put her living in the tomb!* Said I not that my senses were acute? I *now* tell you that I heard her first feeble movements in the hollow coffin. I heard them—many, many days ago—yet I dared not—I *dared* not speak! And now—to-night—Ethelred—ha! ha!—the breaking of the hermit’s door, and the death-cry of the dragon, and the clangor of the shield!—say, rather, the rending of her coffin, and the grating of the iron hinges of her prison, and her struggles within the coppered archway of the vault! Oh, whither shall I fly? Will she not be here anon? Is she not hurrying to upbraid me for my haste? Have I not heard her footstep on the stair? Do I not distinguish that heavy and horrible beating of her heart? Madman!”—here he sprang furiously to his feet, and shrieked out his

syllables, as if in the effort he were giving up his soul—"Madman! I tell you that she now stands without the door!"

As if in the superhuman energy of his utterance there had been found the potency of a spell, the huge antique panels to which the speaker pointed threw slowly back, upon the instant, their ponderous and ebony jaws. It was the work of the rushing gust—but then without those doors there *did* stand the lofty and enshrouded figure of the lady Madeline of Usher. There was blood upon her white robes, and the evidence of some bitter struggle upon every portion of her emaciated frame. For a moment she remained trembling and reeling to and fro upon the threshold—then, with a low moaning cry, fell heavily inward upon the person of her brother, and, in her violent and now final death-agonies, bore him to the floor a corpse, and a victim to the terrors he had anticipated.

From that chamber, and from that mansion, I fled aghast. The storm was still abroad in all its wrath as I found myself crossing the old causeway. Suddenly there shot along the path a wild light, and I turned to see whence a gleam so unusual could have issued; for the vast house and its shadows were alone behind me. The radiance was that of the full, setting, and blood-red moon, which now shone vividly through that once barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as extending from the roof of the building, in a zigzag direction, to the base. While I gazed, this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce breath

of the whirlwind—the entire orb of the satellite burst at once upon my sight—my brain reeled as I saw the mighty walls rushing asunder—there was a long tumultuous shouting sound like the voice of a thousand waters—and the deep and dank tarn at my feet closed suddenly and silently over the fragments of the “*House of Usher*.”

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

OCTOBER 9

(*Miguel de Cervantes, born October 9, 1547*)

ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE

I

*Which Treats of the Quality and Manner of Life of
Our Renowned Hero*

DOWN in a village of La Mancha,¹ the name of which I have no desire to recollect, there lived, not long ago, one of those gentlemen who usually keep a lance upon a rack, an old buckler, a lean horse, and a coursing greyhound. Soup, composed of somewhat more mutton than beef, the fragments served up cold on most nights, lentils on Fridays, collops and eggs on Saturdays, and a pigeon by way of addition on Sundays, consumed three-fourths of his income; the remainder of it supplied him with a cloak of fine cloth, velvet breeches, with slippers of the same for holidays, and a suit of the best homespun, in which he adorned himself on week-days. His family consisted of a housekeeper above forty, a niece not quite twenty, and a lad who served him both in the field and at home, who could saddle the horse or handle the pruning-hook. The age of our gentleman bordered upon fifty years; he was of a

¹Partly in the kingdom of Aragon, and partly in Castile.

strong constitution, spare-bodied, of a meagre visage, a very early riser, and a lover of the chase. Some pretend to say that his surname was Quixada,¹ or Quesada, for on this point his historians differ; though, from very probable conjectures, we may conclude that his name was Quixana. This is, however, of little importance to our history; let it suffice that, in relating, we do not swerve a jot from the truth.

Be it known, then, that the afore-mentioned gentleman, in his leisure moments, which comprised the greater part of the year, gave himself up with so much ardor to the perusal of books of chivalry, that he almost wholly neglected the exercise of the chase, and even the regulation of his domestic affairs; indeed, so extravagant was his zeal in this pursuit, that he sold many acres of arable land to purchase books of knight-errantry, collecting as many as he could possibly obtain. Among them all, none pleased him so much as those written by the famous Feliciano de Silva, whose brilliant prose and intricate style were, in his opinion, infinitely precious; especially those amorous speeches and challenges in which they so abound, such as: "The reason of the unreasonable treatment of my reason so enfeebles my reason, that with reason I complain of your beauty." And again: "The high heavens that, with your divinity, divinely fortify you with the stars, rendering you meritorious of the merit merited by your greatness." These and similar rhapsodies

¹*Quixadas* signifies "jaws."

distracted the poor gentleman, for he labored to comprehend and unravel their meaning, which was more than Aristotle himself could do, were he to rise from the dead expressly for that purpose. He was not quite satisfied as to the wounds which Don Belianis gave and received; for he could not help thinking that, however skilful the surgeons were who healed them, his face and whole body must have been covered with seams and scars. Nevertheless he commended his author for concluding his book with the promise of that interminable adventure; and he often felt an inclination to seize the pen himself and conclude it, literally as it is there promised; this he would doubtless have done, and not without success, had he not been diverted from it by meditations of greater moment, on which his mind was incessantly employed.

He often debated with the curate of the village, a man of learning and a graduate of Siguenza, which of the two was the best knight, Palmerin of England or Amadis de Gaul; but Master Nicholas, barber of the same place, declared that none ever came up to the Knight of the Sun: if, indeed, any one could be compared to him, it was Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, for he had a genius suited to everything; he was no effeminate knight, no whimperer, like his brother; and in point of courage he was by no means his inferior. In short, he became so infatuated with this kind of study, that he passed whole days and nights over these books; and thus, with little sleeping and much

reading, his brains were dried up and his intellect deranged. His imagination was full of all that he had read—of enchantments, contests, battles, challenges, wounds, courtships, amours, tortures, and impossible absurdities; and so firmly was he persuaded of the truth of the whole issue of visionary fiction, that, in his mind, no history in the world was more authentic. The Cid Ruy Diaz, he asserted, was a very good knight, but not to be compared with the knight of the Flaming Sword, who, with a single back-stroke, cleft asunder two fierce and monstrous giants. He was better pleased with Bernardo del Carpio, because, at Roncesvalles, he slew Roland the Enchanted, by availing himself of the stratagem employed by Hercules upon Antæus, whom he squeezed to death within his arms. He spoke very favorably of the giant Morganti, for, although of that monstrous brood who are always proud and insolent, he alone was courteous and well-bred. Above all he admired Rinaldo de Montalvan, particularly when he saw him sallying forth from his castle to plunder all he encountered, and when, moreover, he seized upon that image of Mahomet which, according to history, was of massive gold. But he would have given his housekeeper, and even his niece into the bargain, for a fair opportunity of kicking the traitor Galalon.

In fine, his judgment being completely obscured, he was seized with one of the strangest fancies that ever entered the head of any madman: this was, a belief that it behooved him, as well for the ad-

vancement of his glory as the service of his country, to become a knight-errant, and traverse the world, armed and mounted, in quest of adventures, and to practise all that had been performed by knights-errant of whom he had read; redressing every species of grievance, and exposing himself to dangers which, being surmounted, might secure to him eternal glory and renown. The poor gentleman imagined himself at least crowned Emperor of Trebisond, by the valor of his arm; and thus wrapped in these agreeable delusions, and borne away by the extraordinary pleasure he found in them, he hastened to put his designs into execution.

The first thing he did was to scour up some rusty armor, which had been his great-grandfather's, and had lain many years neglected in a corner. This he cleaned and adjusted as well as he could; but he found one grand defect; the helmet was incomplete, having only the morion; this deficiency, however, he ingeniously supplied, by making a kind of visor of pasteboard, which, being fixed to the morion, gave the appearance of an entire helmet. It is true indeed that, in order to prove its strength, he drew his sword, and gave it two strokes, the first of which instantly demolished the labor of a week; but not altogether approving of the facility with which it was destroyed, and in order to secure himself against a similar misfortune, he made another visor; having fenced this in the inside with small bars of iron, he felt assured of its strength, and, without making any more experiments, held it to be a most excellent helmet.

In the next place he visited his steed; and although this animal had more blemishes than the horse of Gonela, which "*tantum pellis et ossa fuit*," yet, in his eyes, neither the Bucephalus of Alexander nor the Cid's Babieca could be compared with him. Four days was he deliberating upon what name he should give him; for, as he said to himself, it would be very improper that a horse so excellent, appertaining to a knight so famous, should be without an appropriate name; he therefore endeavored to find one that should express what he had been before he belonged to a knight-errant, and also what he now was; nothing could, indeed, be more reasonable than that, when the master changed his state, the horse should likewise change his name, and assume one pompous and high-sounding, as became the new order he now professed. So after having devised, altered, lengthened, curtailed, rejected, and again framed in his imagination a variety of names, he finally determined upon Rozinante,¹ a name, in his opinion, lofty, sonorous, and full of meaning; importing that he had been only a *rozin*, a drudge-horse, *before* his present condition, and that now he was *before* all the *rozins* in the world.

Having given his horse a name so much to his satisfaction, he resolved to fix upon one for himself. This consideration employed him eight more days, when at length he determined to call himself Don

¹ From *rozin*, a common drudge-horse, and *ante*, before; as Alexander's horse was called Bucephalus, from his bull-head, and the Knight of the Sun's, Cornerio, from a horn in the forehead.—JARVIS.

Quixote; whence some of the historians of this most true history have concluded that his name was certainly Quixada and not Quesada, as others would have it. Then recollecting that the valorous Amadis, not content with the simple appellation of Amadis, added thereto the name of his kingdom and native country, in order to render it famous, styling himself Amadis de Gaul, so he, like a good knight, also added the name of his province, and called himself Don Quixote de la Mancha; whereby, in his opinion, he fully proclaimed his lineage and country; which, at the same time, he honored by taking its name.

His armor being now furbished, his helmet made perfect, his horse and himself provided with names, he found nothing wanting but a lady to be in love with; for a knight-errant without the tender passion was a tree without leaves and fruit—a body without a soul. “If,” said he, “for my sins, or rather, through my good fortune, I encounter some giant—an ordinary occurrence to knights-errant—and overthrow him at the first onset, or cleave him in twain, or, in short, vanquish him and force him to surrender, must I not have some lady to whom I may send him as a present? that when he enters into the presence of my charming mistress he may throw himself upon his knees before her, and in a submissive, humble voice, say, ‘Madam, in me you behold the giant Caraculiambro, lord of the island Malendrania, who, being vanquished in single combat by the never-enough-to-be-praised Don Quixote de la Mancha, am by him com-

manded to present myself before you, to be disposed of according to the will and pleasure of your highness.'” How happy was our good knight after this harangue! How much more so when he found a mistress! It is said that in a neighboring village, a good-looking peasant girl resided, of whom he had formerly been enamored, although it does not appear that she ever knew or cared about it; and this was the lady whom he chose to nominate mistress of his heart. He then sought a name for her, which, without entirely departing from her own, should incline and approach towards that of a princess or great lady, and determined upon Dulcinea del Toboso (for she was a native of that village), a name, he thought, harmonious, uncommon, and expressive—like all the others which he had adopted.

II

*Which Treats of the First Sally That Don Quixote
Made from His Native Village*

As soon as these arrangements were made, he no longer deferred the execution of his project, which he hastened from a consideration of what the world suffered by his delay: so many were the grievances he intended to redress, the wrongs to rectify, errors to amend, abuses to reform, and debts to discharge! Therefore, without communicating his intentions to anybody, and wholly unobserved, one morning before day, being one of the most sultry in the month of July, he armed

himself cap-à-pie, mounted Rozinante, placed the helmet on his head, braced on his target, took his lance, and, through the private gate of his back yard, issued forth into the open plain, in a transport of joy to think he had met with no obstacles to the commencement of his honorable enterprise. But scarce had he found himself on the plain, when he was assailed by a recollection so terrible as almost to make him abandon the undertaking: for it just then occurred to him that he was not yet dubbed a knight; therefore, in conformity to the laws of chivalry, he neither could nor ought to enter the lists against any of that order; and, if he had been actually dubbed, he should, as a new knight, have worn white armor, without any device on his shield, until he had gained one by force of arms. These considerations made him irresolute whether to proceed; but frenzy prevailing over reason, he determined to get himself made a knight by the first one he should meet, like many others of whom he had read. As to white armor, he resolved, when he had an opportunity, to scour his own, so that it should be whiter than ermine. Having now composed his mind, he proceeded, taking whatever road his horse pleased; for therein, he believed, consisted the true spirit of adventure.

Our new adventurer, thus pursuing his way, conversed within himself, saying, "Who doubts but that in future times, when the true history of my famous achievements is brought to light, the sage who records them will in this manner describe

my first sally: 'Scarcely had ruddy Phoebus extended over the face of this wide and spacious earth the golden filaments of his beautiful hair, and scarcely had the little painted birds, with their forked tongues, hailed, in soft and mellifluous harmony, the approach of the rosy harbinger of morn, who, leaving the soft couch of her jealous consort, had just disclosed herself to mortals through the gates and balconies of the Manchegan horizon, when the renowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, quitting the slothful down, mounted Rozinante, his famous steed, and proceeded over the ancient memorable plain of Montiel' (which was indeed the truth). O happy era, happy age!" he continued, "when my glorious deeds shall be revealed to the world!—deeds worthy of being engraved on brass, sculptured in marble, and recorded by the pencil! And thou, O sage enchanter, whosoever thou mayest be, destined to chronicle this extraordinary history! forget not, I beseech thee, my good Rozinante, the inseparable companion of all my toils!" Then again, as if really enamored, he exclaimed, "O Dulcinea, my princess! sovereign of this captive heart! greatly do you wrong me by a cruel adherence to your decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of your beauty! Deign, O lady, to think on this enslaved heart, which for love of you endures so many pangs!"

In this wild strain he continued, imitating the style of his books as nearly as he could, and proceeding slowly on, while the sun rose with such

intense heat that it was enough to dissolve his brains, if any had been left. He traveled almost the whole of that day without encountering anything worthy of recital, which caused him much vexation, for he was impatient for an opportunity to prove the valor of his powerful arm.

III

Of the Valorous Don Quixote's Success in the Dreadful and Never-before-imagined Adventure of the Windmills: with Other Events Worthy to be Recorded

. . . Engaged in this discourse, they came in sight of thirty or forty windmills, which are in that plain; and as soon as Don Quixote espied them, he said to his squire, "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired: look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay, and with their spoils we will begin to enrich ourselves; for it is lawful war, and doing God good service, to remove so wicked a generation from off the face of the earth." "What giants?" said Sancho Panza. "Those thou seest yonder," answered his master, "with their long arms; for some are wont to have them almost of the length of two leagues." "Look, sir," answered Sancho, "those which appear yonder are not giants, but windmills, and what seem to be arms are the sails, which, whirled about by the wind, make the mill-stone

go." "It is very evident," answered Don Quixote, "that thou art not versed in the business of adventures. They are giants; and if thou art afraid, get thee aside and pray, whilst I engage with them in fierce and unequal combat." So saying, he clapped spurs to his steed, notwithstanding the cries his squire sent after him, assuring him that they were certainly windmills, and not giants. But he was so fully possessed that they were giants, that he neither heard the outcries of his squire Sancho, nor yet discerned what they were, though he was very near them, but went on crying out aloud, "Fly not, ye cowards and vile caitiffs! for it is a single knight who assaults you." The wind now rising a little, the great sails began to move; upon which Don Quixote called out, "Although ye should have more arms than the giant Briareus, ye shall pay for it."

Then recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, beseeching her to succor him in the present danger, being well covered with his buckler and setting his lance in the rest, he rushed on as fast as Rozinante could gallop, and attacked the first mill before him; when, running his lance into the sail, the wind whirled it about with so much violence that it broke the lance to shivers, dragging horse and rider after it, and tumbling them over and over on the plain in very evil plight. Sancho Panza hastened to his assistance as fast as the ass could carry him; and when he came up to his master he found him unable to stir, so violent was the blow which he and Rozinante had received in

their fall. "God save me!" quoth Sancho; "did not I warn you to have a care of what you did, for that they were nothing but windmills? And nobody could mistake them but one that had the like in his head." "Peace, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for matters of war are, of all others, most subject to continual change. Now I verily believe, and it is most certainly the fact, that the sage Freston, who stole away my chamber and books, has metamorphosed these giants into windmills, on purpose to deprive me of the glory of vanquishing them, so great is the enmity he bears me! But his wicked arts will finally avail but little against the goodness of my sword." "God grant it!" answered Sancho Panza; then helping him to rise, he mounted him again upon his steed, which was almost disjointed.

Conversing upon the late adventure, they followed the road that led to the Pass of Lapice, because there, Don Quixote said, they could not fail to meet with many and various adventures, as it was much frequented. He was, however, concerned at the loss of his lance; and, speaking of it to his squire, he said, "I remember to have read that a certain Spanish knight, called Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in fight, tore off a huge branch or limb from an oak, and performed such wonders with it that day, and dashed out the brains of so many Moors, that he was surnamed Machuca¹; and from that day forward he and his descendants bore the names of Vargas and

¹From *machucar*, to bruise or break.

Machuca. I now speak of this because from the first oak we meet I mean to tear a limb at least as good as that, with which I purpose and resolve to perform such feats that thou shalt deem thyself most fortunate in having been thought worthy to behold them, and to be an eye-witness of things which will scarcely be credited." "Heaven's will be done!" quoth Sancho; "I believe all just as you say, sir. But pray set yourself more upright in your saddle, for you seem to me to ride sidelong, owing, perhaps, to the bruises received by your fall." "It is certainly so," said Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of pain, it is because knights-errant are not allowed to complain of any wound whatever, even though their entrails should issue from it." "If so, I have nothing more to say," quoth Sancho, "but I should be glad to hear your worship complain when anything ails you. As for myself, I must complain of the least pain I feel, unless this business of not complaining extend also to the squires of knights-errant." Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire, and told him he might complain whenever and as much as he pleased, either with or without cause, having never yet read anything to the contrary in the laws of chivalry.

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

OCTOBER 10

THE PLEASURES OF OPIUM

IT IS very long since I first took opium; so long that, if it had been a trifling incident in my life, I might have forgotten its date: but cardinal events are not to be forgotten; and, from circumstances connected with it, I remember that this inauguration into the use of opium must be referred to the spring or to the autumn of 1804; during which seasons I was in London, having come thither for the first time since my entrance at Oxford. And this event arose in the following way:—From an early age I had been accustomed to wash my head in cold water at least once a day. Being suddenly seized with toothache, I attributed it to some relaxation caused by a casual intermission of that practice, jumped out of bed, plunged my head into a basin of cold water, and with hair thus wetted went to sleep. The next morning, as I need hardly say, I awoke with excruciating rheumatic pains of the head and face, from which I had hardly any respite for about twenty days. On the twenty-first day I think it was, and on a Sunday, that I went out into the streets; rather to run away, if possible, from my torments, than with any distinct purpose of relief.

By accident, I met a college acquaintance, who recommended opium. Opium! dread agent of unimaginable pleasure and pain! I had heard of it as I had heard of manna or of ambrosia, but no further. How unmeaning a sound was opium at that time! what solemn chords does it now strike upon my heart! what heartquaking vibrations of sad and happy remembrances! Reverting for a moment to these, I feel a mystic importance attached to the minutest circumstances connected with the place, and the time, and the man (if man he was), that first laid open to me the paradise of opium eaters. It was a Sunday afternoon, wet and cheerless; and a duller spectacle this earth of ours has not to show than a rainy Sunday in London. My road homewards lay through Oxford Street; and near "the *stately* Pantheon" (as Mr. Wordsworth has obligingly called it) I saw a druggist's shop. The druggist (unconscious minister of celestial pleasures!), as if in sympathy with the rainy Sunday, looked dull and stupid, just as any mortal druggist might be expected to look on a rainy London Sunday; and, when I asked for the tincture of opium, he gave it to me as any other man might do; and, furthermore, out of my shilling returned to me what seemed to be real copper halfpence, taken out of a real wooden drawer. Nevertheless, and notwithstanding all such indications of humanity, he has ever since figured in my mind as a beatific vision of an immortal druggist, sent down to earth on a special mission to myself. And it confirms me in this way of considering him

that, when I next came up to London, I sought him near the stately Pantheon, and found him not; and thus to me, who knew not his name (if, indeed, he had one), he seemed rather to have vanished from Oxford Street than to have flitted into any other locality, or (which some abominable man suggested) to have absconded from the rent. The reader may choose to think of him as, possibly, no more than a sublunary druggist; it may be so, but my faith is better. I believe him to have evanesced. So unwillingly would I connect any mortal remembrances with that hour, and place, and creature that first brought me acquainted with the celestial drug.

Arrived at my lodgings, it may be supposed that I lost not a moment in taking the quantity prescribed. I was necessarily ignorant of the whole art and mystery of opium-taking; and what I took I took under every disadvantage. But I took it; and in an hour, O heavens! what a revulsion! what a resurrection, from its lowest depths, of the inner spirit! what an apocalypse of the world within me! That my pains had vanished was now a trifle in my eyes; this negative effect was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened before me, in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed. Here was a panacea, a *φάρμακον νηπενθές* for all human woes; here was the secret of happiness, about which philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered; happiness might now be bought for a penny, and carried in the waistcoat-pocket; portable ecstasies

might be had corked up in a pint-bottle; and peace of mind could be sent down by the mail.

. . . The late Duke of Norfolk used to say, "Next Monday, wind and weather permitting, I purpose to be drunk"; and in like manner I used to fix beforehand how often within a given time, when, and with what accessory circumstances of festal joy, I would commit a debauch of opium. This was seldom more than once in three weeks; for at that time I could not have ventured to call every day (as afterwards I did) for "*a glass of laudanum negus, warm, and without sugar.*" No; once in three weeks sufficed; and the time selected was either a Tuesday or a Saturday night; my reason for which was this:—Tuesday and Saturday were for many years the regular nights of performance at the King's Theatre (or Opera House); and there it was in those times that Grassini sang; and her voice (the richest of *contraltos*) was delightful to me beyond all that I had ever heard. Yes; or have since heard; or ever shall hear. I know not what may be the state of the opera-house now, having never been within its walls for seven or eight years; but at that time it was by much the most pleasant place of resort in London for passing an evening. Half-a-guinea admitted you to the pit, under the troublesome condition, however, of being *en grande tenue*. But to the gallery five shillings admitted you; and that gallery was subject to far less annoyance than the pit of most theatres. The orchestra was distinguished by its sweet and melodious grandeur from all English

orchestras; the composition of which, I confess, is not acceptable to my ear, from the predominance of the clangorous instruments, and in some instances from the tyranny of the violin. Thrilling was the pleasure with which almost always I heard this angelic Grassini. Shivering with expectation I sat, when the time drew near for her golden epiphany; shivering I rose from my seat, incapable of rest, when that heavenly and harp-like voice sang its own victorious welcome in its prelude *threttánelo—threttánelo* (θρεττάνελω — θρεττάνελω). The choruses were divine to hear; and, when Grassini appeared in some interlude, as she often did, and poured forth her passionate soul as Andromache at the tomb of Hector, etc., I question whether any Turk, of all that ever entered the paradise of opium-eaters, can have had half the pleasure I had. But, indeed, I honour the barbarians too much by supposing them capable of any pleasures approaching to the intellectual ones of an Englishman. For music is an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it. And, by the bye, with the exception of the fine extravaganza on that subject in "Twelfth Night," I do not recollect more than one thing said adequately on the subject of music in all literature. It is a passage in the "Religio Medici" of Sir T. Browne, and, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people is, to suppose that it is by the ear they

communicate with music, and therefore that they are purely passive as to its effects. But this is not so; it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* coming by the senses, the *form* from the mind) that the pleasure is constructed; and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another. Now opium, by greatly increasing the activity of the mind, generally increases, of necessity, that particular mode of its activity by which we are able to construct out of the raw material of organic sound an elaborate intellectual pleasure. "But," says a friend, "a succession of musical sounds is to me like a collection of Arabic characters: I can attach no ideas to them." Ideas! my dear friend! there is no occasion for them; all that class of ideas which can be available in such a case has a language of representative feelings. But this is a subject foreign to my present purposes; it is sufficient to say that a chorus, etc., of elaborate harmony displayed before me, as in a piece of arras-work, the whole of my past life—not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music; no longer painful to dwell upon, but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction, and its passions exalted, spiritualised, and sublimed. All this was to be had for five shillings—that being the price of admission to the gallery; or, if a man preferred the high-bred society of the pit, even this might be had for half-a-guinea; or, in fact, for half-a-crown less, by purchasing before-

hand a ticket at the music shops. And, over and above the music of the stage and the orchestra, I had all around me, in the intervals of the performance, the music of the Italian language talked by Italian women—for the gallery was usually crowded with Italians—and I listened with a pleasure such as that with which Weld, the traveler, lay and listened in Canada, to the sweet laughter of Indian women; for, the less you understand of a language, the more sensible you are to the melody or harshness of its sounds. For such a purpose, therefore, it was an advantage to me that in those days I was a poor Italian scholar, reading it but little, and not speaking it at all, nor understanding a tenth part of what I heard spoken.

These were my opera pleasures; but another pleasure I had, which, as it could be had only on a Saturday night, occasionally struggled with my love of the opera; for, in those years, Tuesday and Saturday were the regular opera nights. On this subject I am afraid I shall be rather obscure, but, I can assure the reader, not at all more so than Marinus in his life of Proclus, or many other biographers and autobiographers of fair reputation. This pleasure, I have said, was to be had only on a Saturday night. What, then, was Saturday night to me more than any other night? I had no labors that I rested from; no wages to receive; what needed I to care for Saturday night, more than as it was a summons to hear Grassini? True, most logical reader; what thou sayest is, and ever will be, unanswerable. And yet so it was that, where-

as different men throw their feelings into different channels, and most men are apt to show their interest in the concerns of the poor chiefly by sympathy with their distresses and sorrows, I at that time was disposed to express mine by sympathising with their pleasures. The pains of poverty I had lately seen too much of—more than I wished to remember; but the pleasures of the poor, their hopes, their consolations of spirit, and their restings from toil, can never become oppressive to contemplate. Now, Saturday night is the season for the chief regular and periodic return of rest to the poor, and to all that live by bodily labor; in this point the most hostile sects unite, and acknowledge a common link of brotherhood: almost all Christendom rests from its labours. It is a rest introductory to another rest, and divided by a whole day and two nights from the renewal of toil. On this account I feel always on a Saturday night as though I also were released from some yoke of bondage, had some wages to receive, and some luxury of repose to enjoy. For the sake, therefore, of witnessing, upon as large a scale as possible, a spectacle with which my sympathy was so entire, I used often, on Saturday nights, after I had taken opium, to wander forth, without much regarding the direction or the distance, to all the markets, and other parts of London, whither the poor resort on a Saturday night for laying out their wages. Many a family party, consisting of a man, his wife, and sometimes one or two of their children, have I listened to, as they stood consulting on

their ways and means, or the strength of their exchequer, or the price of household articles. Gradually I became familiar with their wishes, their difficulties, and their opinions. Sometimes there might be heard murmurs of discontent; but far oftener expressions on the countenance, or uttered in words, of patience, of hope, and of reconciliation to their lot. Generally speaking, the impression left upon my mind was that the poor are practically more philosophic than the rich; that they show a more ready and cheerful submission to what they consider as irremediable evils or irreparable losses. Whenever I saw occasion, or could do it without appearing to be intrusive, I joined their parties, and gave my opinion upon the matter in discussion, which, if not always judicious, was always received indulgently. If wages were a little higher, or were expected to be so—if the quartern loaf were a little lower, or it was reported that onions and butter were falling—I was glad; yet, if the contrary were true, I drew from opium some means of consolation. For opium (like the bee, that extracts its materials indiscriminately from roses and from the soot of chimneys) can overrule all feelings into a compliance with the master-key. Some of these rambles led me to great distances; for an opium-eater is too happy to observe the motion of time. And sometimes, in my attempts to steer homewards, upon nautical principles, by fixing my eye on the pole-star, and seeking ambitiously for a northwest passage, instead of circumnavigating all the capes and headlands I had

doubled in my outward voyage, I came suddenly upon such knotty problems of alleys, alleys without soundings, such enigmatical entries, and such sphinx's riddles of streets without obvious outlets or thoroughfares, as must baffle the audacity of porters, and confound the intellects of hackney coachmen. I could almost have believed, at times, that I must be the first discoverer of some of these *terræ incognitæ*, and doubted whether they had yet been laid down in the modern charts of London. Positively, in one line of communication to the south of Holborn for foot passengers (known, I doubt not, to many of my London readers), the road lay through a man's kitchen; and, as it was a small kitchen, you needed to steer cautiously, or else you might run foul of the dripping-pan. For all this, however, I paid a heavy price in distant years, when the human face tyrannised over my dreams, and the perplexities of my steps in London came back and haunted my sleep with the feeling of perplexities, moral or intellectual, that brought confusion to the reason, that brought anguish and remorse to the conscience.

Thus I have shown, or tried to show, that opium does not of necessity produce inactivity or torpor; but that, on the contrary, it often led me into markets and theatres. Yet, in candour, I will admit that markets and theatres are not the appropriate haunts of the opium-eater, when in the divinest state incident to his enjoyment. In that state crowds become an oppression to him; music, even, too sensual and gross. He naturally seeks solitude

and silence, as indispensable conditions of those trances, or profoundest reveries, which are the crown and consummation of what opium can do for human nature. I, whose disease it was to meditate too much and to observe too little, and who, upon my first entrance at college, was nearly falling into a deep melancholy, from brooding too much on the sufferings which I had witnessed in London, was sufficiently aware of these tendencies in my own thoughts to do all I could to counteract them. I was, indeed, like a person who, according to the old Pagan legend, had entered the cave of Trophonius; and the remedies I sought were to force myself into society, and to keep my understanding in continual activity upon subtleties of philosophical speculation. But for these remedies I should certainly have become hypochondriacally melancholy. In after years, however, when my cheerfulness was more fully re-established, I yielded to my natural inclination for a solitary life. At that time I often fell into such reveries after taking opium; and many a time it has happened to me on a summer night—when I have been seated at an open window, from which I could overlook the sea at a mile below me, and could at the same time command a view of some great town standing on a different radius of my circular prospect, but at nearly the same distance—that from sunset to sunrise, all through the hours of night, I have continued motionless, as if frozen, without consciousness of myself as of an object anywise distinct from the multiform scene which I con-

templated from above. Such a scene in all its elements was not unfrequently realised for me on the gentle eminence of Everton. Obliquely to the left lay the many-languaged town of Liverpool; obliquely to the right, the multitudinous sea. The scene itself was somewhat typical of what took place in such a reverie. The town of Liverpool represented the earth, with its sorrows and its graves left behind, yet not out of sight, nor wholly forgotten. The ocean, in everlasting but gentle agitation, yet brooded over by dove-like calm, might not unfitly typify the mind, and the mood which then swayed it. For it seemed to me as if then first I stood at a distance aloof from the uproar of life; as if the tumult, the fever, and the strife, were suspended; a respite were granted from the secret burdens of the heart,—some sabbath of repose, some resting from human labors. Here were the hopes which blossom in the paths of life, reconciled with the peace which is in the grave; motions of the intellect as unwearied as the heavens, yet for all anxieties a halcyon calm; tranquillity that seemed no product of inertia, but as if resulting from mighty and equal antagonisms; infinite activities, infinite repose.

O just, subtle, and all-conquering opium! that, to the hearts of rich and poor alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs of grief that “tempt the spirit to rebel,” bringest an assuaging balm;—eloquent opium! that with thy potent rhetoric stealest away the purposes of wrath, pleadest effectually for relenting pity, and through

one night's heavenly sleep callest back to the guilty man the visions of his infancy, and hands washed pure from blood;—O just and righteous opium! that to the chancery of dreams summonest, for the triumphs of despairing innocence, false witnesses, and confoundest perjury, and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges;—thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, beyond the splendours of Babylon and Kekatómpylos; and, “from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,” callest into sunny light the faces of long-buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances, cleansed from the “dishonours of the grave.” Thou only givest these gifts to man; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, O just, subtle, and mighty opium!

.

Courteous, and I hope indulgent, reader, having accompanied me thus far, now let me request you to move onwards for about eight years; that is to say, from 1804 (when I said that my acquaintance with opium began) to 1812. The years of academic life are now over and gone—almost forgotten; the student's cap no longer presses my temples; if my cap exists at all, it presses those of some youthful scholar, I trust, as happy as myself, and as passionate a lover of knowledge. My gown is, by this time, I dare to say, in the same condition with many thousands of excellent books in the Bodleian,—viz., diligently perused by certain studious moths and worms; or departed, however

(which is all that I know of its fate), to that great reservoir of *somewhere*, to which all the tea-cups, tea-caddies, tea-pots, tea-kettles, etc., have departed, which occasional resemblances in the present generation of tea-cups, etc., remind me of having once possessed, but of whose departure and final fate I, in common with most gownsmen of either university, could give but an obscure and conjectural history. The persecutions of the chapel bell, sounding its unwelcome summons to matins, interrupts my slumbers no longer; the porter who rang it is dead, and has ceased to disturb anybody; and I, with many others who suffered much from his tintinnabulous propensities, have now agreed to overlook his errors, and have forgiven him. Even with the bell I am now in charity; it rings, I suppose, as formerly, thrice aday, and cruelly annoys, I doubt not, many worthy gentlemen, and disturbs their peace of mind; but, as to me, in this year 1812, I regard its treacherous voice no longer (treacherous I call it, for by some refinement of malice, it spoke in as sweet and silvery tones as if it had been inviting one to a party); its tones have no longer, indeed, power to reach me, let the wind sit as favourably as the malice of the bell itself could wish; for I am two hundred and fifty miles away from it, and buried in the depth of mountains.

And what am I doing amongst the mountains? Taking opium. Yes; but what else? Why, reader, in 1812, the year we are now arrived at, as well as for some years previous, I have been

chiefly studying German metaphysics, in the writings of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, etc. And how, and in what manner, do I live? in short, what class or description of men do I belong to? I am at this period—viz., in 1812—living in a cottage; and with a single female servant (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), who, amongst my neighbours, passes by the name of my “housekeeper.” And, as a scholar and a man of learned education, I may presume to class myself as an unworthy member of that indefinite body called *gentlemen*. Partly on the ground I have assigned—partly because, from having no visible calling or business, it is rightly judged that I must be living on my private fortune—I am so classed by my neighbours; and by the courtesy of modern England, I am usually addressed on letters, etc., *Esquire*, though having, I fear, in the rigorous construction of heralds, antique or antic, dressed like the knaves of spades or diamonds, but slender pretensions to that distinguished honour;—yes, in popular estimation, I am X. Y. Z., *Esquire*, but not Justice of the Peace, nor Custos Rotulorum. Am I married? Not yet. And I still take opium? On Saturday nights. And, perhaps, have taken it unblushingly ever since “the rainy Sunday,” and “the stately Pantheon,” and “the beatific druggist” of 1804? Even so. And how do I find my health after all this opium-eating? in short, how do I do? Why, pretty well, I thank you,

¹These initials were De Quincey's usual signature to his articles in the *London Magazine*.—M.

reader. In fact, if I dared to say the real and simple truth (though, in order to satisfy the theories of some medical men, I ought to be ill), I was never better in my life than in the spring of 1812; and I hope sincerely that the quantity of claret, port, or "London particular Madeira," which, in all probability, you, good reader, have taken, and design to take, for every term of eight years during your natural life, may as little disorder your health as mine was disordered by all the opium I had taken (though in quantity such that I might well have bathed and swum in it) for the eight years between 1804 and 1812. Hence you may see again the danger of taking any medical advice from "Anastasius"; in divinity, for anything I know, he may be a safe counsellor, but not in medicine. No; it is far better to consult Dr. Buchan, as I did; for I never forgot that worthy man's excellent suggestion, and I was "particularly careful not to take above five-and-twenty ounces of laudanum." To this moderation and temperate use of the article I may ascribe it, I suppose, that as yet at least (that is in 1812) I am ignorant and unsuspecting of the avenging terrors which opium has in store for those who abuse its long-suffering. At the same time, as yet I had been only a *dilettante* eater of opium; even eight years' practice, with the single precaution of allowing sufficient intervals between every indulgence, has not been sufficient to make opium necessary to me as an article of daily diet.

. . . If any man, poor or rich, were to say .

that he would tell us what had been the happiest day in his life, and the why and the wherefore, I suppose that we should all cry out, Hear him! hear him! As to the happiest day, that must be very difficult for any wise man to assign; because any event that could occupy so distinguished a place in a man's retrospect of life, or be entitled to have shed a special, separate, and supreme felicity on any one day, ought to be of such an enduring character as that (accidents apart) it should have continued to shed the same felicity, or one not distinguishably less, on very many years together. To the happiest *lustrum*, however, or even to the happiest *year*, a man may perhaps allowably point without discountenance from wisdom. This year, in *my* case, reader, was the one which we have now reached; though it stood, I confess, as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character. It was a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewellers), set, as it were, and insulated, in the gloomy umbrage of opium. Strange as it may sound, I had a little before this time descended suddenly, and without any considerable effort, from three hundred and twenty grains of opium (that is, eight thousand drops of laudanum) per day, to forty grains, or one-eighth part. Instantaneously, and as if by magic, the cloud of profoundest melancholy which rested upon my brain, like some black vapours that I have seen roll away from the summit of a mountain, drew off in one week; passed away with its murky ban-

ners as simultaneously as a ship that has been stranded, and is floated off by a spring-tide,

“That moveth altogether, if it move at all.”

Now, then, I was again happy: I now took only one thousand drops of laudanum per day—and what was that? A latter spring had come to close up the season of youth. My brain performed its functions as healthily as ever before. I read Kant again; and again I understood him, or fancied that I did. Again my feelings of pleasure expanded themselves to all around me; and, if any man from Oxford or Cambridge, or from neither, had been announced to me in my unpretending cottage, I should have welcomed him with as sumptuous a reception as so poor a man could offer. Whatever else might be wanting to a wise man's happiness, of laudanum I would have given him as much as he wished, and in a silver-gilt, if not golden, cup. And, by the way, now that I speak of giving laudanum away, I remember about this time a little incident, which I mention because, trifling as it was, the reader will soon meet it again in my dreams, which it influenced more fearfully than could be imagined. One day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst the recesses of English mountains is not my business to conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a sea-port—viz., Whitehaven, Workington, etc.—about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl, born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort; his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little; and, as it turned out that *his* knowledge of English was exactly commensurate with *hers* of Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma, the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones), came and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. The group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye more powerfully than any of the statuesque attitudes or groups exhibited in the ballets at the opera-house, though so ostentatiously complex. In a cottage kitchen, but not looking so much like *that* as a rustic hall of entrance, being panelled on the wall with dark wood, that from age and rubbing resembled oak, stood the Malay, his turban and loose trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling; he had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. A more striking picture there

could not be imagined than the beautiful English face of the girl, and its exquisite bloom, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, veneered with mahogany tints by climate and marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half-hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay was a little child from a neighbouring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the lovely girl for protection.

My knowledge of the oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (*madjoon*), which I have learned from “Anastasius.” And, as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung’s “Mithridates,” which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the “Iliad”; considering that, of such languages as I possessed, the Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an oriental one. He worshipped me in a devout manner, and replied in what I supposed to have been Malay. In this way I saved my reputation as a linguist with my neighbours; for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure, I presented him, *inter alia*, with a

piece of opium. To him, as a native of the East, I could have no doubt that opium was not less familiar than his daily bread; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill some half-dozen dragoons, together with their horses, supposing neither bipeds nor quadrupeds to be regularly trained opium-eaters. I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in pure compassion for his solitary life, since, if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. Ought I to have violated the laws of hospitality by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol? No: there was clearly no help for it. The mischief, if any, was done. He took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay, or of any man in a turban, being found dead on any part of the very slenderly peopled road between Grasmere and Whitehaven, I became satisfied that he was familiar with opium, and that I must doubtless have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.

This incident I have digressed to mention, be-

cause this Malay (partly from the picturesque exhibition he assisted to frame, partly from the anxiety I connected with his image for some days) fastened afterwards upon my fancy, and through *that* upon my dreams, bringing with him other Malays worse than himself, that ran "a-muck" at me, and led me into a world of nocturnal troubles. But, to quit this episode, and to return to my intercalary year of happiness. I have already said that, on a subject so important to us all as happiness, we should listen with pleasure to any man's experience or experiments, even though he were but a ploughboy, who cannot be supposed to have ploughed very deep in such an intractable soil as that of human pains and pleasures, or to have conducted his researches upon any very enlightened principles. But I, who have taken happiness, both in a solid and a liquid shape, both boiled and unboiled, both East Indian and Turkish—who have conducted my experiments upon this interesting subject with a sort of galvanic battery, and have, for the general benefit of the world, inoculated myself, as it were, with the poison of eight thousand drops of laudanum per day (and for the same reason as a French surgeon inoculated himself lately with a cancer, an English one twenty years ago with plague, and a third, who was also English, with hydrophobia), I, it will be admitted, must surely now know what happiness is, if anybody does. And therefore I will here lay down an analysis of happiness; and, as the most interesting mode of communicating it,

I will give it, not didactically, but wrapped up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure.

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley, eighteen miles from any town; no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three-quarters-of-a-mile in average width,—the benefit of which provision is that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household, personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between three and four thousand feet high, and the cottage a real cottage not (as a witty author has it) “a cottage with a double coach-house”; let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls, and clustering around the windows, through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn; beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn; but winter, in its sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, as if it were actually matter of congratulation that winter is going, or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition, annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm of one kind or other, as the skies can

possibly afford. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside—candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair teamaker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

“And at the doors and windows seem to call,
As heaven and earth they would together mell;
Yet the least entrance find they none at all;
Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy
hall.”

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

OCTOBER 11

BLEST AS THE IMMORTAL GODS

BLEST as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast:
For while I gazed, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung;

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled;
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled:
My feeble pulse forgot to play—
I fainted, sunk, and died away.
From the Greek of SAPPHO, by AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

FROM SAPPHO'S LETTER TO PHAON

A SPRING there is, where silver waters show,
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below;
 A flowery lotus spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove;
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watched by the sylvan genius of the place.
 Here as I lay, and swelled with tears the flood,
 Before my sight a watery virgin stood;
 She stood and cried, "Oh, you that love in vain,
 Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main!
 There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
 Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep;
 There injured lovers, leaping from above,
 Their flames extinguish and forget to love.
 Deucalion once with hopeless fury burned;
 In vain he loved,—relentless Pyrrha scorned:
 But when from hence he plunged into the main,
 Deucalion scorned and Pyrrha loved in vain.
 Hence, Sappho, haste! from high Leucadia throw
 Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below."
 She spoke, and vanished with the voice;—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
 I go, ye nymphs, those rocks and seas to prove
 And much I fear; but ah! how much I love!
 I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales, below my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below!

And then, kind Love, my sinking limbs sustain,
Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the
main,

Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood profane!

On Phœbus's shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
And this inscription shall be placed below:—

“Here she who sung to him that did inspire,
Sappho, to Phœbus, consecrates her lyre;

What suits with Sappho, Phœbus, suits with
thee,—

The gift, the giver, and the god agree.”

OVID.

Translation of Pope.

THE CAMP AT NIGHT*

THE winds transferred into the friendly sky
Their supper's savor; to the which they sat
delightfully,

And spent all night in open field; fires round about
them shined.

As when about the silver moon, when air is free
from wind,

And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high
prospects, and the brows

Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows,

*From “The Iliad,” Book VIII.

And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their
 sight,
 When the unmeasured firmament bursts to dis-
 close her light,
 And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the
 shepherd's heart;
 So many fires disclosed their beams, made by the
 Trojan part,
 Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets
 showed.
 A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every
 guard allowed
 Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats and
 hard white corn,
 And all did wishfully expect the silver-thronèd
 morn.

From the Greek of HOMER.
Translation of George Chapman.

THE COMPLAINT OF PROMETHEUS

Prometheus (alone)

O HOLY Æther, and swift-winged Winds,
 And River-wells, and laughter innumeros
 Of yon Sea-waves! Earth, mother of us all,
 And all-viewing cyclic Sun, I cry on you,—
 Behold me a god, what I endure from gods!
 Behold, with throe on throe,
 How, wasted by this woe,

I wrestle down the myriad years of Time!

Behold, how fast around me

The new King of the happy ones sublime
Has flung the chain he forged, has shamed and
bound me!

Woe, woe! to-day's woe and the coming morrow's
I cover with one groan. And where is found
me

A limit to these sorrows?

And yet what word do I say? I have foreknown
Clearly all things that should be; nothing done
Comes sudden to my soul—and I must bear
What is ordained with patience, being aware
Necessity doth front the universe
With an invincible gesture. Yet this curse
Which strikes me now, I find it hard to brave
In silence or in speech. Because I gave
Honor to mortals, I have yoked my soul
To this compelling fate. Because I stole
The secret fount of fire, whose bubbles went
Over the ferrule's brim, and manward sent
Art's mighty means and perfect rudiment,
That sin I expiate in this agony,
Hung here in fetters, 'neath the blanching sky.

Ah, ah me! what a sound,

What a fragrance sweeps up from a pinion unseen
Of a god, or a mortal, or nature between,
Sweeping up to this rock where the earth has her
bound,

To have sight of my pangs, or some guerdon
obtain—

Lo, a god in the anguish, a god in the chain!

The god Zeus hateth sore,
And his gods hate again,
As many as tread on his glorified floor,
Because I loved mortals too much evermore.
Alas me! what a murmur and motion I hear,
As of birds flying near!
And the air undersings
The light stroke of their wings—
And all life that approaches I wait for in fear.

ÆSCHYLUS.

E. Barrett Browning's Translation.

CHORUS FROM THE ANTIGONE

Strophe I

MANY the forms of life,
Fearful and strange to see,
But man supreme stands out,
For strangeness and for fear.
He, with the wintry gales,
O'er the foam-crested sea,
'Mid billows surging round,
Tracketh his way across.
Earth, of all Gods, from ancient days, the first,
Mightiest and undecayed.
He, with his circling plough,
Wears ever year by year.

Antistrophe I

The thoughtless tribe of birds,
The beasts that roam the fields,
The finny brood of ocean's depths,

He takes them all in nets of knotted mesh,
Man, wonderful in his skill.
And by his arts he holds in sway,
The wild beasts on the mountain's height;
And brings the neck-encircling yoke
On horse with shaggy mane,
Or bull that walks untamed upon the hills.

Strophe II

And speech, and thought as swift as wind,
And tempered mood for higher life of states,
These he has learnt, and how to flee
The stormy sleet of frost unkind,
The tempest thunderbolts of Zeus.
So all preparing, unprepared
He meeteth naught the coming days may bring;
Only from Hades, still
He fails to find a refuge at the last,
Though skill of art may teach him to escape
From depths of fell disease incurable.

Antistrophe II

So, gifted with wondrous might,
Above all fancy's dreams, with skill to plan,
Now unto evil, now to good,
He wends his way. Now holding fast the laws,
His country's sacred rights,
That rest upon the oath of Gods on high,
High in the state he stands.
An outlaw and an exile he who loves
The thing that is not good,
In wilful pride of soul:



SOPHOCLES

Ne'er may he sit beside my hearth,
Ne'er may my thoughts be like to his,
Who worketh deeds like this.

SOPHOCLES. (*Translation by E. H. Plumptre.*)

CHORUS FROM THE HIPPOLYTUS*

COULD I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,
In the hill-tops where the Sun scarce hath trod;
Or a cloud make the home of mine abiding,
As a bird among the bird-droves of God!
Could I wing me to my rest amid the roar
Of the deep Adriatic on the shore,
Where the waters of Eridanus are clear,
And Phaethon's sad sisters by his grave
Weep into the river, and each tear
Gleams, a drop of amber, in the wave.

To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,
The Apple-tree, the singing and the gold;
Where the mariner must stay him from his onset,
And the red wave is tranquil as of old;
Yea, beyond that Pillar of the End
That Atlas guardeth, would I wend;
Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth
In God's quiet garden by the sea,
And Earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth
Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

EURIPIDES. (*Translation by Gilbert Murray.*)

*By permission of the translator and of George Allen Unwin, Ltd.

CHORUS OF WOMEN

THEY'RE always abusing the women,
 As a terrible plague to men:
 They say we're the root of all evil,
 And repeat it again and again;
 Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
 All mischief, be what it may!
 And pray, then, why do you marry us,
 If we're all the plagues you say?
 And why do you take such care of us,
 And keep us so safe at home,
 And are never easy a moment
 If ever we chance to roam?
 When you ought to be thanking heaven
 That your Plague is out of the way,
 You all keep fussing and fretting—
 "Where is *my* Plague to-day?"
 If a Plague peeps out of the window,
 Up go the eyes of men;
 If she hides, then they all keep staring
 Until she looks out again.

ARISTOPHANES. (*Translation by Collins.*)

TO A FLIRT*

WHAT slender youth, bedewed with perfumes, embraces thee amid many a rose, O Pyrrha, in the pleasant grotto? For whom dost thou tie up thy golden hair in simple elegance?

*This and the following odes are translated by C. E. Bennett and are here reproduced by permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Alas! How often shall he lament changed faith and gods, and marvel in surprise at waters rough with darkening gales, who now enjoys thee, fondly thinking thee all golden, who hopes that thou wilt ever be free of passion for another, ever lovely,—ignorant he of the treacherous breeze. Ah, wretched they to whom thou, untried, dost now appear so dazzling! As for me, the temple wall with its votive tablet shows I have hung up my dripping garments to the god who is master of the sea.

HORACE.

WINTER WITHOUT BIDS US MAKE MERRY WITHIN

SEEST thou how Soracte stands glistening in its mantle of snow, and how the straining woods no longer uphold their burden, and the streams are frozen with the biting cold? Dispel the chill by piling high the wood upon the hearth, and right generously bring forth in Sabine jar the wine four winters old, O Thaliarchus! Leave to the gods all else; for so soon as they have stilled the winds battling on the seething deep, the cypresses and ancient ash-trees are no longer shaken. Cease to ask what the morrow will bring forth, and set down as gain each day that Fortune grants! Nor in thy youth neglect sweet love nor dances, whilst life is still in its bloom and crabbed age is far away! Now let the Campus be sought and the squares, with low whispers at the trysting-hour as night draws on, and the merry tell-tale laugh of

maiden hiding in farthest corner, and the forfeit snatched from her arm or finger that but feigns resistance.

HORACE.

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA

O FOUNT BANDUSIA, brighter than crystal, worthy of sweet wine and flowers, to-morrow shalt thou be honoured with a firstling of the flock whose brow, with horns just budding, foretokens love and strife. Alas! in vain; for this offspring of the sportive flock shall dye thy cool waters with its own red blood. Thee the fierce season of the blazing dog-star cannot touch; to bullocks wearied of the ploughshare and to the roaming flock thou dost offer gracious coolness. Thou, too, shalt be numbered among the far-famed fountains, through the song I sing of the oak planted o'er the grotto whence thy babbling waters leap.

HORACE.

FROM THE RIGHTEOUS MAN EVEN THE WILD BEASTS
RUN AWAY

HE WHO is upright in his way of life and unstained by guilt, needs not Moorish darts nor bow nor quiver loaded with poisoned arrows, Fuscus, whether his way shall be through the sweltering Syrtes or the cheerless Caucasus or the regions that storied Hydaspes waters. For as I was singing of my Lalage and wandering far beyond the boundaries of my farm in Sabine woods,

unarmed and free from care, there fled from me a wolf, a monster such as not martial Daunia nurtures in her broad oak forests, nor the parched land of Juba, nurse of lions, breeds.

Place me on the lifeless plains where no tree revives under the summer breeze, a region of the world o’er which brood mists and a gloomy sky; set me beneath the chariot of the sun where it draws too near the earth, in a land denied for dwellings! I will love my sweetly laughing, sweetly prattling Lalage.

HORACE.

AWAY WITH ORIENTAL LUXURY!

PERSIAN elegance, my lad, I hate, and take no pleasure in garlands woven on linden bast. A truce to searching out the haunts where lingers late the rose! Strive not to add aught else to the plain myrtle! The myrtle befits both thee, the servant, and me, the master, as I drink beneath the thick-leaved vine.

HORACE.

“THE GOLDEN MEAN”

BBETTER wilt thou live, Licinius, by neither always pressing out to sea nor too closely hugging the dangerous shore in cautious fear of storms. Whoso cherishes the golden mean, safely avoids the foulness of an ill-kept house and discreetly, too, avoids a hall exciting envy. ’Tis oftener the tall pine that is shaken by the wind;

'tis the lofty towers that fall with the heavier crash, and 'tis the tops of the mountains that the lightning strikes. Hopeful in adversity, anxious in prosperity, is the heart that is well prepared for weal or woe. Though Jupiter brings back the unlovely winters, he, also, takes them away. If we fare ill to-day, 'twill not be ever so. At times Apollo wakes with the lyre his slumbering song, and does not always stretch the bow. In time of stress shew thyself bold and valiant! Yet wisely reef thy sails when they are swollen by too fair a breeze!

HORACE.

ELEGY ON LESBIA'S SPARROW

LOVES and Graces, mourn with me,
L Mourn, fair youths, where'er ye be!
Dead my Lesbia's sparrow is,
Sparrow that was all her bliss,
Than her very eyes more dear;
For he made her dainty cheer;
Knew her well, as any maid
Knows her mother; never strayed
From her bosom, but would go
Hopping round her to and fro,
And to her, and her alone,
Chirruped with such pretty tone.
Now he treads that gloomy track
Whence none ever may come back.
Out upon you, and your power,
Which all fairest things devour,

Orcus's gloomy shades, that e'er
 Ye took my bird that was so fair!
 Ah, the pity of it! Thou
 Poor bird, thy doing 'tis, that now
 My loved one's eyes are swollen and red,
 With weeping for her darling dead.

CATULLUS. (*Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.*)

THE SONG OF THYRSIS

BEGIN, *ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!*
 Thyrsis of Ætna am I, and this is the voice
 of Thyrsis.

Where, ah! where were ye when Daphnis was
 languishing; ye Nymphs, where were ye? By
 Peneus's beautiful dells, or by dells of Pindus? for
 surely ye dwelt not by the great stream of the river
 Anapus, nor on the watch-tower of Ætna, nor by
 the sacred water of Acis.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

For him the jackals, for him the wolves did cry;
 for him did even the lion out of the forest lament.
 Kine and bulls by his feet right many, and heifers
 plenty, with the young calves, bewailed him.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Came Hermes first from the hill, and said,
 "Daphnis, who is it that torments thee; child,
 whom dost thou love with so great desire?" The
 neatherds came, and the shepherds; the goatherds

came: all they asked what ailed him. Came also Priapus,—

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

And said: “Unhappy Daphnis, wherefore dost thou languish, while for thee the maiden by all the fountains, through all the glades, is fleeting in search of thee? Ah! thou art too laggard a lover, and thou nothing availest! A neatherd wert thou named, and now thou art like the goatherd:

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

“For the goatherd, when he marks the young goats at their pastime, looks on with yearning eyes, and fain would be even as they; and thou, when thou beholdest the laughter of maidens, dost gaze with yearning eyes, for that thou dost not join their dances.”

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Yet these the herdsman answered not again, but he bare his bitter love to the end; yea, to the fated end he bare it.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

Ay, but she too came, the sweetly smiling Cypris; craftily smiling she came, yet keeping her heavy anger: and she spake, saying: “Daphnis, methinks thou didst boast that wouldst throw Love a fall: nay, is it not thyself that hast been thrown by grievous Love?”

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

But to her Daphnis answered again: "Implacable Cypris, Cypris terrible, Cypris of mortals detested, already dost thou deem that my latest sun has set; nay, Daphnis even in Hades shall prove great sorrow to Love.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Where it is told how the herdsman with Cypris—Get thee to Idak get thee to Anchises! There are oak-trees—here only galingale blows; here sweetly hum the bees about the hives!

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Thine Adonis, too, is in his bloom; for he herds the sheep and slays the hares, and he chases all the wild beasts. Nay, go and confront Diomedes again, and say 'The herdsman Daphnis I conquered: do thou join battle with me.'

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"Ye wolves, ye jackals, and ye bears in the mountain caves, farewell! The herdsman Daphnis ye never shall see again, no more in the dells, no more in the groves, no more in the woodlands. Farewell, Arethusa; ye rivers, good-night, that pour down Thymbris your beautiful waters.

Begin, ye Muses dear, begin the pastoral song!

"That Daphnis am I who here do herd the kine, Daphnis who water here the bulls and calves.

"O Pan, Pan! whether thou art on the high hills of Lycæus, or rangest mighty Mænalus, haste

hither to the Sicilian isle! Leave the tomb of Helice, leave that high cairn of the son of Lycaon which seems wondrous fair, even in the eyes of the blessed.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

“Come hither, my prince, and take this fair pipe, honey-breathed with wax-topped joints; and well it fits thy lip: for verily I, even I, by Love am now haled to Hades.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

“Now violets bear, ye brambles; ye thorns, bear violets; and let fair narcissus bloom on the boughs of juniper! Let all things with all be confounded;—from pines let men gather pears, for Daphnis is dying! Let the stag drag down the hounds, let owls from the hills contend in song with the nightingales.”

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

So Daphnis spake, and ended; but fain would Aphrodite have given him back to life. Nay, spun was all the thread that the Fates assigned; and Daphnis went down into the stream. The whirling wave closed over the man the Muses loved, the man not hated of the nymphs.

Give o'er, ye Muses, come, give o'er the pastoral song!

THEOCRITUS. (*Translation of Andrew Lang.*)

OCTOBER 12 (Columbus Day)
COLUMBUS*

(August 3—October 12, 1492)

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

*By permission of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
“Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say” —
He said: “Sail on! sail on! and on!”

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
“This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?”
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
“Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!”

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: “On! sail on!”

JOAQUIN MILLER.

COLUMBUS'S OWN STORY*

[The Admiral diligently wrote his Journal until the day of his return to Palos. It was forwarded to Ferdinand and Isabella; but it is now lost. Las Casas had access to it when he wrote his history, and gives a very full extract, which was condensed by Herrera. . . .]

In the archives of the Duke of Infantado there was, in the end of the last century, a small folio volume in a parchment cover, consisting of seventy-six leaves closely written. It is in the handwriting of Las Casas. There is another old volume, but somewhat later than that of Las Casas, also in folio, consisting of 140 leaves. These are duplicate copies of a full extract of the Journal of Columbus. MARKHAM.]

In the Name of Our Lord Jesus Christ:

BECAUSE, O most Christian, and very high, very excellent, and puissant Princes, King and Queen of the Spains and of the islands of the Sea, our Lords, in this present year of 1492, after your Highnesses had given an end to the war with the Moors who reigned in Europe, and had finished it in the very great city of Granada, where in this present year, on the second day of this month of January, by force of arms, I saw the royal banners of your Highnesses placed on the towers of Alhambra, which is the fortress of that city, and I saw the Moorish King come forth from the gates of the city and kiss the royal hands of your Highnesses, and of the Prince my Lord, and presently in that same month, acting on the information that I had given to your Highnesses touching the lands of India, and respecting a Prince who is called *Gran Can*, which means in our language King of Kings, how he and his ancestors had sent to Rome many times to ask for

*Reproduced by kind permission of "The Golden Book."

learned men of our holy faith to teach him, and how the Holy Father had never complied, inso-much that many people believing in idolatries were lost by receiving doctrine of persition:YOUR HIGHNESSES, as Catholic Christians and Princes who love the holy Christian faith, and the propagation of it, and who are enemies to the sect of Mahoma and to all idolatries and heresies, resolved to send me, Cristobal Colon, to the said parts of India to see the said princes, and the cities and lands, and their disposition, with a view that they might be converted to our holy faith; and ordered that I should not go by land to the eastward, as had been customary, but that I should go by way of the west, whither up to this day, we do not know for certain that any one has gone.

Thus, after having turned out all the Jews from all your kingdoms and lordships, in the same month of January, your Highnesses gave orders to me that with a sufficient fleet I should go to the said parts of India, and for this they made great concessions to me, and ennobled me, so that henceforward I should be called Don, and should be Chief Admiral of the Ocean Sea, perpetual Viceroy and Governor of all the islands and continents that I should discover and gain, and that I might hereafter discover and gain in the Ocean Sea, and that my eldest son should succeed, and so on from generation to generation forever.

I left the city of Granada on the 12th day of May, in the same year of 1492, being Saturday, and came to the town of Palos, which is a seaport;

where I equipped three vessels well suited for such service; and departed from that port, well supplied with provisions and with many sailors, on the 3d day of August of the same year, being Friday, half an hour before sunrise, taking the route to the islands of Canaria, belonging to your Highnesses, which are in the said Ocean Sea, that I might thence take my departure for navigating until I should arrive at the Indies, and give the letters of your Highnesses to those princes, so as to comply with my orders. As part of my duty I thought it well to write an account of all the voyage very punctually, noting from day to day all that I should do and see, and that should happen, as will be seen further on. Also, Lords Princes, I resolved to describe each night what passed in the day, and to note each day how I navigated at night. I propose to construct a new chart for navigating, on which I shall delineate all the sea and lands of the Ocean in their proper positions under their bearings; and further, I propose to prepare a book, and to put down all as it were in a picture, by latitude from the equator, and western longitude. Above all, I shall have accomplished much, for I shall forget sleep, and shall work at the business of navigation, that so the service may be performed; all which will entail great labour. . . .

Thursday, 11th of October

The course was W. S. W., and there was more sea than there had been during the whole of the

voyage. They saw sandpipers, and a green reed near the ship. Those of the caravel *Pinta* saw a cane and a pole, and they took up another small pole which appeared to have been worked with iron; also another bit of cane, a land-plant, and a small board. The crew of the caravel *Niña* also saw signs of land, and a small branch covered with berries. Every one breathed afresh and rejoiced at these signs. The run until sunset was 27 leagues.

After sunset the Admiral returned to his original west course, and they went along at the rate of 12 miles an hour. Up to two hours after midnight, they had gone 90 miles, equal to $22\frac{1}{2}$ leagues. As the caravel *Pinta* was a better sailer, and went ahead of the Admiral, she found the land, and made the signals ordered by the Admiral. The land was first seen by a sailor named Rodrigo de Triana. But the Admiral, at ten the previous night, being on the castle of the poop, saw a light, though it was so uncertain that he could not affirm it was land.

He called Pero Gutierrez, a gentleman of the King's bedchamber, and said that there seemed to be a light, and he should look at it. He did so, and saw it. The Admiral said the same to Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, whom the King and Queen had sent with the fleet as inspector, but he could see nothing, because he was not in a place whence anything could be seen. After the Admiral had spoken he saw the light once or twice, and it was like a wax candle rising and falling. It



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

seemed to few to be an indication of land; but the Admiral made certain that land was close.

When they said the *Salve*, which all the sailors were accustomed to sing in their way, the Admiral asked and admonished the men to keep a good look-out on the forecastle, and to watch well for land; and to him who should first cry out that he saw land, he would give a silk doublet, besides the other rewards promised by the Sovereigns, which were 10,000 maravedis to him who should first see it.

At two hours after midnight the land was sighted at a distance of two leagues. They shortened sail, and lay by under the mainsail without the bonnets. The vessels were hove to, waiting for daylight; and so on Friday they arrived at a small island of the Lucayos, called, in the language of the Indians, *Guanahani*. Presently they saw naked people.

The Admiral went on shore in the armed boat, and Martin Alonso Pinzon, and Vicente Yañez, his brother, who was captain of the *Niña*. The Admiral took the royal standard, and the captains went with two banners of the green cross, which the Admiral took in all the ships as a sign, with an F and a Y and a crown over each letter, one on one side of the cross and the other on the other. Having landed, they saw trees very green, and much water, and fruits of diverse kinds. The Admiral called to the two captains, and to the others who leaped on shore, and to Rodrigo Escovedo, secretary of the whole fleet, and to

Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and said that they should bear faithful testimony that he, in presence of all, had taken, as he now took, possession of the said island for the King and for the Queen, his Lords making the declarations that are required, as is more largely set forth in the testimonies which were then made in writing.

Presently many inhabitants of the island assembled. What follows is in the actual words of the Admiral in his book of the first navigation and discovery of the Indies.

That we might form great friendship, for I knew that they were a people who could be more easily freed and converted to our holy faith by love than by force, I gave to some of them red caps, and glass beads to put round their necks, and many other things of little value, which gave them great pleasure, and made them so much our friends that it was a marvel to see. They afterward came to the ship's boats where we were, swimming and bringing us parrots, cotton threads in skeins, darts, and many other things; and we exchanged them for other things that we gave them, such as glass beads and small bells. In fine, they took all and gave what they had with good will.

It appeared to me to be a race of people very poor in everything. They go as naked as when their mothers bore them, and so do the women, although I did not see more than one young girl. All I saw were youths, none more than thirty years of age. They were very well made, with

very handsome bodies, and very good countenances. Their hair is short and coarse, almost like the hairs of a horse's tail. They wear the hairs brought down to the eyebrows, except a few locks behind, which they wear long and never cut. They paint themselves black, and they are the colour of the Canarians, neither black nor white. Some paint themselves white, others red, and others of what colour they find. Some paint their faces, others the whole body, some only round the eyes, others only on the nose. They neither carry nor know anything of arms, for I showed them swords, and they took them by the blade and cut themselves through ignorance. They have no iron, their darts being wands without iron, some of them having a fish's tooth at the end, and others being pointed in various ways. They are all of fair stature and size, with good faces, and well made. I saw some with marks of wounds on their bodies, and I made signs to ask what it was, and they gave me to understand that people from other adjacent islands came with the intention of seizing them, and that they defended themselves. I believed, and still believe, that they come here from the main land to take them prisoners. They should be good servants and intelligent, for I observed that they quickly took in what was said to them, and I believe that they would easily be made Christians, as it appeared to me that they had no religion. I, our Lord being pleased, will take hence, at the time of my departure, six natives for your Highnesses,

that they may learn to speak. I saw no beast of any kind except parrots, on this island.

As soon as dawn broke many of these people came to the beach, all youths, as I have said, and all of good stature, a very handsome people. Their hair is not curly, but loose and coarse, like horse hair. In all the forehead is broad, more so than in any other people I have hitherto seen. Their eyes are very beautiful and not small, and themselves far from black, but the colour of the Canarians. Nor should anything else be expected, as this island is in a line east and west from the island of Hierro in the Canaries. Their legs are very straight, all in one line, and no belly, but very well formed. They came to the ship in small canoes, made out of the trunk of a tree like a long boat, and all of one piece, and wonderfully worked, considering the country. They are large, some of them holding forty to fifty men, others smaller, and some only large enough to hold one man. They are propelled with a paddle like a baker's shovel, and go at a marvellous rate. If the canoe capsizes they all promptly begin to swim, and to bale it out with calabashes that they take with them.

They brought skeins of cotton thread, parrots, darts, and other small things which it would be tedious to recount, and they give all in exchange for anything that may be given to them. I was attentive, and took trouble to ascertain if there was gold. I saw that some of them had a small piece fastened in a hole they have in the nose, and by

signs I was able to make out that to the south, or going from the island to the south, there was a king who had great cups full, and who possessed a great quantity. I tried to get them to go there, but afterward I saw that they had no inclination. I resolved to wait until to-morrow afternoon and then to depart, shaping a course to the S. W. . . .

This island is rather large and very flat, with bright green trees, much water, and a very large lake in the centre, without any mountain, and the whole land so green that it is a pleasure to look on it. The people are very docile, and for the longing to possess our things, and not having anything to give in return, they take what they can get, and presently swim away. Still, they give away all they have got, for whatever may be given to them, down to broken bits of crockery and glass. I saw one give sixteen skeins of cotton for three *ceotis* of Portugal, equal to one *blanca* of Spain, the skeins being as much as an *arroba* of cotton thread. I shall keep it, and shall allow no one to take it, preserving it all for your Highnesses, for it may be obtained in abundance. It is grown in this island, though the short time did not admit of my ascertaining this for a certainty. Here also is found the gold they wear fastened in their noses. But, in order not to lose time, I intend to go and see if I can find the island of Cipango. Now, as it is night, all the natives have gone on shore with their canoes.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

OCTOBER 13

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES DARWIN*

As a Child

I WAS born at Shrewsbury on February 12, 1809, and my earliest recollection goes back only to when I was a few months over four years old, when we went near to Abergele, in Wales, for sea-bathing, and I recollect some events and places there with some little distinctness.

My mother died in July, 1817, when I was a little over eight years old, and it is odd that I can remember hardly anything about her except her deathbed, her black velvet gown, and her curiously constructed work-table. In the spring of this same year I was sent to a day-school in Shrewsbury, where I stayed a year. I have been told that I was much slower in learning than my younger sister Catherine, and I believe that I was in many ways a naughty boy.

By the time I went to this day-school my taste for natural history, and more especially for collecting, was well developed. I tried to make out the names of plants, and collected all sorts of

*From his Autobiography in the "Life and Letters," ed. by Francis Darwin. D. Appleton & Co.

things: shells, seals, franks, coins, and minerals. The passion for collecting which leads a man to be a systematic naturalist, a virtuoso, or a miser, was very strong in me, and was clearly innate, as none of my sisters or brothers ever had this taste.

One little event during this year has fixed itself very firmly in my mind, and I hope that it has done so from my conscience having been afterward sorely troubled by it; it is curious as showing that apparently I was interested at this early age in the variability of plants. I told another little boy (I believe it was Leighton, who afterward became a well-known lichenologist and botanist), that I could produce variously coloured polyantheses and primroses by watering them with certain coloured fluids, which was of course a monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me. I may here also confess that as a little boy I was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this was always done for the sake of causing excitement. For instance, I once gathered much valuable fruit from my father's trees and hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that I had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit.

As a Schoolboy

In the summer of 1818 I went to Doctor Butler's great school in Shrewsbury, and remained there for seven years till mid-summer 1825, when I was sixteen years old. I boarded at this school,

so that I had the great advantage of living the life of a true schoolboy; but as the distance was hardly more than a mile to my home, I very often ran there in the longer intervals between the callings over and before locking up at night. This, I think, was in many ways advantageous to me by keeping up home affections and interests. I remember in the early part of my school life that I often had to run very quickly to be in time, and from being a fleet runner was generally successful; but when in doubt I prayed earnestly to God to help me, and I well remember that I attributed my success to the prayers and not to my quick running, and marvelled how generally I was aided.

I have heard my father and elder sister say that I had, as a very young boy, a strong taste for long, solitary walks; but what I thought about I know not. I often became quite absorbed, and once, whilst returning to school on the summit of the old fortifications round Shrewsbury, which had been converted into a public foot path with no parapet on one side, I walked off and fell to the ground, but the height was only seven or eight feet. Nevertheless, the number of thoughts which passed through my mind during this very short but sudden and wholly unexpected fall was astonishing, and seem hardly compatible with what physiologists have, I believe, proved about each thought requiring quite an appreciable amount of time.

Nothing could have been worse for the de-

velopment of my mind than Doctor Butler's school, as it was strictly classical, nothing else being taught, except a little ancient geography and history. The school as a means of education to me was simply a blank. During my whole life I have been singularly incapable of mastering any language. Especial attention was paid to verse-making, and this I could never do well. I had many friends, and got together a good collection of old verses, which, by patching together, sometimes aided by other boys, I could work into any subject. Much attention was paid to learning by heart the lessons of the previous day; this I could effect with great facility, learning forty or fifty lines of Virgil or Homer whilst I was in morning chapel; but this exercise was utterly useless, for every verse was forgotten in forty-eight hours. I was [not idle, and with the exception of versification, generally worked conscientiously at my classics, not using cribs. The sole pleasure I ever received from such studies was from some of the odes of Horace, which I admired greatly.

When I left the school I was for my age neither high nor low in it; and I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification my father once said to me, "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew and whose memory I love with all my heart,

must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words.

Looking back as well as I can at my character during my school life, the only qualities which at this period promised well for the future were, that I had strong and diversified tastes, much zeal for whatever interested me, and a keen pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing. I was taught Euclid by a private tutor, and I distinctly remember the intense satisfaction which the clear, geometrical proofs gave me. I remember, with equal distinctness, the delight which my uncle gave me (the father of Francis Galton) by explaining the principle of the vernier of a barometer. With respect to diversified tastes, independently of science, I was fond of reading various books, and I used to sit for hours reading the historical plays of Shakespeare, generally in an old window in the thick walls of the school. I read also other poetry, such as Thomson's "Seasons," and the recently published poems of Byron and Scott. I mention this because later in life I wholly lost, to my great regret, all pleasure from poetry of any kind, including Shakespeare. In connection with pleasure from poetry, I may add that in 1822 a vivid delight in scenery was first awakened in my mind, during a riding tour on the borders of Wales, and this has lasted longer than any other æsthetic pleasure.

Early in my school days a boy had a copy of the "Wonders of the World," which I often read, and disputed with other boys about the veracity

of some of the statements; and I believe that this book first gave me a wish to travel in remote countries, which was ultimately fulfilled by the voyage of the *Beagle*.

At Edinburgh University

Toward the close of my school life my brother worked hard at chemistry, and made a fair laboratory with proper apparatus in the tool-house in the garden, and I was allowed to aid him as a servant in most of his experiments. He made all the gases and many compounds, and I read with great care several books on chemistry, such as Henry and Parkes's "Chemical Catechism." The subject interested me greatly and we often used to go on working till rather late at night. This was the best part of my education at school, for it showed me practically the meaning of experimental science. The fact that we worked at chemistry somehow got known at school, and as it was an unprecedented fact, I was nicknamed "Gas." I was also once publicly rebuked by the headmaster, Doctor Butler, for thus wasting my time on such useless subjects; and he called me very unjustly a trifler, and it seemed to me a fearful reproach.

As I was doing no good at school, my father wisely took me away at a rather earlier age than usual, and sent me (October, 1825) to Edinburgh University with my brother, where I stayed for two years or sessions. My brother was complet-

ing his medical studies, though I do not believe he ever really intended to practise, and I was sent there to commence them. But soon after this period I became convinced from various small circumstances that my father would leave me property enough to subsist on with some comfort, though I never imagined that I should be so rich a man as I am; but my belief was sufficient to check any strenuous efforts to learn medicine.

The instruction at Edinburgh was altogether by lectures, and these were intolerably dull, with the exception of those on chemistry by Hope; but to my mind there are no advantages and many disadvantages in lectures compared with reading. Doctor Duncan's lectures on *Materia Medica* at eight o'clock on a winter's morning are something fearful to remember. Dr. — made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. It has proved one of the greatest evils in my life that I was not urged to practise dissection, for I should soon have got over my disgust; and the practice would have been invaluable for all my future work. This has been an irremediable evil, as well as my incapacity to draw. I also attended regularly the clinical wards in the hospital. Some of the cases distressed me a good deal, and I still have vivid pictures before me of some of them; but I was not so foolish as to allow this to lessen my attendance. I cannot understand why this part of my medical course did not interest me in a greater de-

gree; for during the summer before coming to Edinburgh I began attending some of the poor people, chiefly children and women in Shrewsbury; I wrote down as full an account as I could of the cases with all the symptoms, and read them aloud to my father, who suggested further inquiries and advised me what medicines to give, which I made up myself. At one time I had at least a dozen patients, and I felt a keen interest in the work. My father, who was by far the best judge of character whom I ever knew, declared that I should make a successful physician—meaning by this one who would get many patients. He maintained that the chief element of success was exciting confidence; but what he saw in me which convinced him that I should create confidence I know not. I also attended on two occasions the operating theater in the hospital at Edinburgh, and saw two very bad operations, one on a child, but I rushed away before they were completed. Nor did I ever attend again, for hardly any inducement would have been strong enough to make me do so; this being long before the blessed days of chloroform. The two cases fairly haunted me for many a long year.

My brother stayed only one year at the University, so that during the second year I was left to my own resources; and this was an advantage, for I became well acquainted with several young men fond of natural sciences. One of these was Ainsworth, who afterward published his travels in

Assyria; he was a Wernerian geologist, and knew a little about many subjects. Doctor Coldstream was a very different young man, prim, formal, highly religious, and most kindhearted; he afterward published some good zoölogical articles. A third young man was Hardie, who would, I think, have made a good botanist, but died early in India. Lastly, Doctor Grant, my senior by several years, but how I became acquainted with him I cannot remember; he published some first-rate zoölogical papers, but after coming to London as professor in University College, he did nothing more in science, a fact which has always been inexplicable to me. I knew him well; he was dry and formal in manner, with much enthusiasm beneath this outer crust. He one day, when we were walking together, burst forth in high admiration of Lamarck and his views on evolution. I listened in silent astonishment, and as far as I can judge without any effect on my mind. I had previously read the "Zoönomia" of my grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, in which similar views are maintained, but without producing any effect on me. Nevertheless, it is probable that the hearing rather early in life such views maintained and praised may have favored my upholding them under a different form in my "Origin of Species." At this time I admired greatly the "Zoönomia"; but on reading it a second time, after an interval of ten or fifteen years, I was much disappointed; the proportion of speculation being so large to the facts given.

At Cambridge University

[After two sessions at Edinburgh University Darwin proceeded to Cambridge.]

During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school. I attempted mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor (a very dull man) to Bar-mouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra. This impatience was very foolish, and in after years I have deeply regretted that I did not proceed far enough at least to understand something of the great leading principles of mathematics, for men thus endowed seem to have an extra sense. But I do not believe that I should ever have succeeded beyond a very low grade. With respect to classics I did nothing except attend a few compulsory college lectures, and the attendance was almost nominal. In my second year I had to work for a month or two to pass the preliminary examination, which I did easily. Again, in my last year, I worked with some earnestness for my final degree of B. A., and brushed up my classics, together with a little Algebra and Euclid, which latter gave me much pleasure, as it did at school. In order to pass the B. A. examination, it was also necessary to get up Paley's "Evidences

of Christianity," and his "Moral Philosophy." This was done in a thorough manner, and I am convinced that I could have written out the whole of the "Evidences" with perfect correctness, but not of course in the clear language of Paley. The logic of this book and, as I may add, of this "Natural Theology," gave me as much delight as did Euclid. The careful study of these works, without attempting to learn any part by rote, was the only part of the academical course which, as I then felt and as I still believe, was of the least use to me in the education of my mind. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's premises; and taking these on trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation. By answering well the examination questions in Paley, by doing Euclid well, and by not failing miserably in Classics, I gained a good place among the crowd of men who do not go in for honors. Oddly enough, I cannot remember how high I stood, and my memory fluctuates between the fifth, tenth, or twelfth name on the list. [He was tenth.]

Public lectures on several branches were given in the University, attendance being quite voluntary; but I was so sickened with lectures at Edinburgh that I did not even attend Sedgwick's eloquent and interesting lectures. Had I done so I should probably have become a geologist earlier than I did. I attended, however, Henslow's lectures on Botany, and liked them much for their extreme clearness and the admirable illustra-

tions; but I did not study botany. Henslow used to take his pupils, including several of the older members of the University, field excursions, on foot or in coaches to distant places, or in a barge down the river, and lectured on the rarer plants and animals which were observed. These excursions were delightful.

As a Collector

But no pursuit at Cambridge was followed with nearly so much eagerness or gave me so much pleasure as collecting beetles. It was the mere passion for collecting, for I did not dissect them, and rarely compared their external characters with published descriptions, but got them named anyhow. I will give a proof of my zeal. One day, on tearing off some old bark, I saw two rare beetles, and seized one in each hand; then I saw a third and new kind, which I could not bear to lose, so that I popped the one which I held in my right hand into my mouth. Alas! it ejected some intensely acrid fluid, which burnt my tongue so that I was forced to spit the beetle out, which was lost, as was the third one.

I was very successful in collecting, and invented two new methods. I employed a laborer to scrape, during the winter, moss off the old trees and place it in a large bag, and likewise to collect the rubbish at the bottom of the barges in which reeds are brought from the fens, and thus I got some very rare species. No poet ever felt more delighted at seeing his first poem published than

I did at seeing, in Stephens's "Illustrations of British Insects," the magic words, "captured by C. Darwin, Esq." I was introduced to entomology by my second cousin, W. Darwin Fox, a clever and most pleasant man, who was then at Christ's College, and with whom I became extremely intimate. Afterward I became well acquainted, and went out collecting, with Albert Way of Trinity, who in after years became a well-known archæologist; also with H. Thompson of the same college, afterward a leading agriculturist, chairman of a great railway, and Member of Parliament. It seems, therefore, that a taste for collecting beetles is some indication of future success in life!

On returning home in the summer of 1831, from a short geological tour in North Wales, I found a letter from Henslow [Professor of Botany at Cambridge], informing me that Captain Fitz-Roy was willing to give up part of his own cabin to any young man who would volunteer to go with him without pay as naturalist to the voyage of the *Beagle*. I have given, as I believe, in my MS. Journal an account of all the circumstances which then occurred. I will here only say that I was instantly eager to accept the offer, but my father strongly objected, adding the words, fortunate for me, "If you can find any man of common sense who advises you to go I will give my consent." So I wrote that evening and refused the offer. On the next morning I went to Maer to be ready for September 1st, and, whilst out shooting, my uncle,

Josiah Wedgwood, sent for me, offering to drive me over to Shrewsbury and talk with my father, as my uncle thought it would be wise in me to accept the offer. My father always maintained that he was one of the most sensible men in the world, and he at once consented in the kindest manner. I had been rather extravagant at Cambridge, and to console my father, said, "that I should be deuced clever to spend more than my allowance whilst on board the *Beagle*," but he answered with a smile, "But they tell me you are very clever."

Next day I started for Cambridge to see Henslow, and thence to London to see Fitz-Roy, and all was soon arranged. Afterward, on becoming very intimate with Fitz-Roy, I heard that I had run a very narrow risk of being rejected, on account of the shape of my nose! He was an ardent disciple of Lavater, and was convinced that he could judge of a man's character by the outline of his features; and he doubted whether any one with my nose could possess sufficient energy and determination for the voyage. But I think he was afterward well satisfied that my nose had spoken falsely.

The voyage of the *Beagle* has been by far the most important event in my life, and has determined my whole career; yet it depended on so small a circumstance as my uncle offering to drive me thirty miles to Shrewsbury, which few uncles would have done, and on such a trifle as the shape of my nose. I have always felt that I owe to the

voyage the first real training or education of my mind; I was led to attend closely to several branches of natural history, and thus my powers of observation were improved, though they were always fairly developed.

The investigation of the geology of all the places visited was far more important, as reasoning here comes into play. On first examining a new district nothing can appear more hopeless than the chaos of rocks; but by recording the stratification and nature of the rocks and fossils at many points, always reasoning and predicting what will be found elsewhere, light soon begins to dawn on the district, and the structure of the whole becomes more or less intelligible. I had brought with me the first volume of Lyell's "Principles of Geology," which I studied attentively; and the book was of the highest service to me in many ways. The very first place which I examined, namely St. Jago in the Cape de Verde Islands, showed me clearly the wonderful superiority of Lyell's manner of treating geology, compared with that of any other author whose works I had with me or ever afterward read.

Another of my occupations was collecting animals of all classes, briefly describing and roughly dissecting many of the marine ones; but from not being able to draw, and from not having sufficient anatomical knowledge, a great pile of MS. which I made during the voyage has proved almost useless. I thus lost much time, with the exception of that spent in acquiring some knowledge of the

Crustaceans, as this was of service when in after years I undertook a monograph of the Cirripedia [Barnacles].

During some part of the day I wrote my Journal of Researches, and took much pains in describing carefully and vividly all that I had seen; and this was good practice. My journal served also, in part, as letters to my home, and portions were sent to England whenever there was an opportunity.

The above various special studies were, however, of no importance compared with the habit of energetic industry and of concentrated attention to whatever I was engaged in, which I then acquired. Everything about which I thought or read was made to bear directly on what I had seen or was likely to see; and this habit of mind was continued during the five years of the voyage. I feel sure that it was this training which has enabled me to do whatever I have done in science.

Looking backward, I can now perceive how my love for science gradually preponderated over every other taste. During the first two years my old passion for shooting survived in nearly full force, and I shot myself all the birds and animals for my collection; but gradually I gave up my gun more and more, and finally altogether, to my servant, as shooting interfered with my work, more especially with making out the geological structure of a country. I discovered, though unconsciously and insensibly, that the pleasure of observing and reasoning was a much higher one

than that of skill and sport. That my mind became developed through my pursuits during the voyage is rendered probable by a remark made by my father, who was the most acute observer whom I ever saw, of a sceptical disposition, and far from being a believer in phrenology; for on first seeing me after the voyage, he turned round to my sisters, and exclaimed, "Why, the shape of his head is quite altered."

OCTOBER 14

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER OF ASPINWALL*

I

ON A time it happened that the lighthouse keeper in Aspinwall, not far from Panama, disappeared without a trace. Since he disappeared during a storm, it was supposed that the ill-fated man went to the very edge of the small, rocky island on which the lighthouse stood, and was swept out by a wave. This supposition seemed the more likely as his boat was not found next day in its rocky niche. The place of lighthouse keeper had become vacant. It was necessary to fill this place at the earliest moment possible, since the lighthouse had no small significance for the local movement as well as for vessels going from New York to Panama. Mosquito Bay abounds in sandbars and banks. Among these navigation, even in the daytime, is difficult; but at night, especially with the fogs which are so frequent on those waters warmed by the sun of the tropics, it is nearly impossible. The only guide at that time for the numerous vessels is the lighthouse.

The task of finding a new keeper fell to the

*Reprinted by permission of Little, Brown and Company.

United States consul living in Panama, and this task was no small one: first, because it was absolutely necessary to find the man within twelve hours; second, the man must be unusually conscientious,—it was not possible, of course, to take the first comer at random; finally, there was an utter lack of candidates. Life on a tower is uncommonly difficult, and by no means enticing to people of the South, who love idleness and the freedom of a vagrant life. That lighthouse keeper is almost a prisoner. He cannot leave his rocky island except on Sundays. A boat from Aspinwall brings him provisions and water once a day, and returns immediately; on the whole island, one acre in area, there is no inhabitant. The keeper lives in the lighthouse; he keeps it in order. During the day he gives signals by displaying flags of various colors to indicate changes of the barometer; in the evening he lights the lantern. This would be no great labor were it not that to reach the lantern at the summit of the tower he must pass over more than four hundred steep and very high steps; sometimes he must make this journey repeatedly during the day. In general, it is the life of a monk, and indeed more than that,—the life of a hermit. It was not wonderful, therefore, that Mr. Isaac Falconbridge was in no small anxiety as to where he should find a permanent successor to the recent keeper; and it is easy to understand his joy when a successor announced himself most unexpectedly on that very day. He was a man already old, seventy years or more, but fresh, erect,

with the movements and bearing of a soldier. His hair was perfectly white, his face as dark as that of a Creole; but, judging from his blue eyes, he did not belong to a people of the South. His face was somewhat downcast and sad, but honest. At the first glance he pleased Falconbridge. It remained only to examine him. Therefore the following conversation began:

"Where are you from?"

"I am a Pole."

"Where have you worked up to this time?"

"In one place and another."

"A lighthouse keeper should like to stay in one place."

"I need rest."

"Have you served? Have you testimonials of honorable government service?"

The old man drew from his bosom a piece of faded silk resembling a strip of an old flag, unwound it, and said:

"Here are the testimonials. I received this cross in 1830. This second one is Spanish from the Carlist War; the third is the French legion; the fourth I received in Hungary. Afterward I fought in the States against the South; there they do not give crosses."

Falconbridge took the paper and began to read. "H'm! Skavinski? Is that your name? H'm! Two flags captured in a bayonet attack. You were a gallant soldier."

"I am able to be a conscientious lighthouse keeper."

"It is necessary to ascend the tower a number of times daily. Have you sound legs?"

"I crossed the plains on foot." (The immense steppes between the East and California are called "the plains.")

"Do you know sea service?"

"I served three years on a whaler."

"You have tried various occupations."

"The only one I have not known is quiet."

"Why is that?"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "Such is my fate."

"Still you seem to me too old for a lighthouse keeper."

"Sir," exclaimed the candidate suddenly in a voice of emotion, "I am greatly wearied, knocked about. I have passed through much as you see. This place is one of those which I have wished for most ardently. I am old, I need rest. I need to say to myself, 'Here you will remain; this is your port.' Ah, sir, this depends now on you alone. Another time perhaps such a place will not offer itself. What luck that I was in Panama! I entreat you—as God is dear to me, I am like a ship which if it misses the harbor will be lost. If you wish to make an old man happy—I swear to you that I am honest, but—I have enough of wandering."

The blue eyes of the old man expressed such earnest entreaty that Falconbridge, who had a good, simple heart, was touched.

"Well," said he, "I'll take you. You are a lighthouse keeper."

The old man's face gleamed with inexpressible joy.

"I thank you."

"Can you go to the tower to-day?"

"I can."

"Then good-bye. Another word,—for any failure in service you will be dismissed."

"All right."

That same evening, when the sun had descended on the other side of the isthmus, and a day of sunshine was followed by a night without twilight, the new keeper was in his place evidently, for the lighthouse was casting its bright rays on the water as usual. The night was perfectly calm, silent, genuinely tropical, filled with a transparent haze, forming around the moon a great colored rainbow with soft, unbroken edges; the sea was moving only because the tide raised it. Skavinski on the balcony seemed from below like a small black point. He tried to collect his thoughts and take in his new position; but his mind was too much under pressure to move with regularity. He felt somewhat as a hunted beast feels when at last it has found refuge from pursuit on some inaccessible rock or in a cave. There had come to him, finally, an hour of quiet; the feeling of safety filled his soul with a certain unspeakable bliss. Now on that rock he can simply laugh at his previous wanderings, his misfortunes, and failures. He was in truth like a ship whose masts, ropes, and sails had been broken and rent by a tempest, and cast from the clouds to the bottom of the sea—a ship on

which the tempest had hurled waves and spat foam, but which still wound its way to the harbor. The pictures of that storm passed quickly through his mind as he compared it with the calm future now beginning. A part of his wonderful adventures he had related to Falconbridge; he had not mentioned, however, thousands of other incidents. It had been his misfortune that as often as he pitched his tent and fixed his fireplace to settle down permanently, some wind tore out the stakes of his tent, whirled away the fire, and bore him on toward destruction. Looking now from the balcony of the tower at the illuminated waves, he remembered everything through which he had passed. He had campaigned in the four parts of the world, and in wandering had tried almost every occupation. Labor-loving and honest, more than once had he earned money, and had always lost it in spite of every prevision and the utmost caution. He had been a gold-miner in Australia, a diamond-digger in Africa, a rifleman in public service in the East Indies. He established a ranch in California,—the drought ruined him; he tried trading with wild tribes in the interior of Brazil,—his raft was wrecked on the Amazon; he himself alone, weaponless, and nearly naked, wandered in the forest for many weeks living on wild fruits, exposed every moment to death from the jaws of wild beasts. He established a forge in Helena, Arkansas, and that was burned in a great fire which consumed the whole town. Next he fell into the hands of the Indians in the Rocky Moun-

tains, and only through a miracle was he saved by Canadian trappers. Then he served as a sailor on a vessel running between Bahia and Bordeaux, and as a harpooner on a whaling-ship; both vessels were wrecked. He had a cigar factory in Havana, and was robbed by his partner while he himself was lying sick with the vomito. At last he came to Aspinwall, and there was to be the end of his failures,—for what could reach him on that rocky island? Neither water nor fire nor men. But from men Skavinski had not suffered much; he had met good men oftener than bad ones.

But it seemed to him that all the four elements were persecuting him. Those who knew him said that he had no luck, and with that they explained everything. He himself became somewhat of a monomaniac. He believed that some mighty and vengeful hand was pursuing him everywhere, on all lands and waters. He did not like, however, to speak of this; only at times, when someone asked him whose hand that could be, he pointed mysteriously to the Polar Star, and said, "It comes from that place." In reality his failures were so continuous that they were wonderful, and might easily drive a nail into the head, especially of the man who had experienced them. But Skavinski had the patience of an Indian, and that great calm power of resistance which comes from the truth of heart. In his time he had received in Hungary a number of bayonet-thrusts because he would not grasp at a stirrup which was shown as means of salvation to him, and cry for quarter. In like

manner he did not bend to misfortune. He crept up against the mountain as industriously as an ant. Pushed down a hundred times, he began his journey calmly for the hundred and first time. He was in his way a most peculiar original. This old soldier, tempered, God knows in how many fires, hardened in suffering, hammered and forged, had the heart of a child. In the time of the epidemic in Cuba, the vomito attacked him because he had given to the sick all his quinine, of which he had a considerable supply, and left not a grain to himself.

There had been in him also this wonderful quality,—that after so many disappointments he was ever full of confidence, and did not lose hope that all would be well yet. In winter he grew lively, and predicted great events. He waited for these events with impatience, and lived with the thought of them whole summers. But the winters passed one after another, and Skavinski lived only to this,—that they whitened his head. At last he grew old, began to lose energy; his endurance was becoming more and more like resignation, his former calmness was tending toward supersensitiveness, and that tempered soldier was degenerating into a man ready to shed tears for any cause. Besides this, from time to time he was weighed down by a terrible homesickness which was roused by any circumstance,—the sight of swallows, gray birds like sparrows, snow on the mountains, or melancholy music like that heard on a time. Finally there was one idea which mastered him,—the idea of rest. It mastered the old man thoroughly and

swallowed all other desires and hopes. This ceaseless wanderer could not imagine anything more to be longed for, anything more precious than a quiet corner in which to rest and wait in silence for the end. Perhaps specially because some whim of fate had so hurried him over all seas and lands that he could hardly catch his breath did he imagine that the highest human happiness was simply not to wander. It is true that such modest happiness was his due; but he was so accustomed to disappointments that he thought of rest as people in general think of something which is beyond reach. He did not dare to hope for it. Meanwhile unexpectedly in the course of twelve hours he had gained a position which was as if chosen for him out of all the world. We are not to wonder, then, that when he lighted his lantern in the evening he became as it were dazed,—that he asked himself if that was reality, and he did not dare to answer that it was. But at the same time reality convinced him with incontrovertible proofs; hence, hours one after another passed while he was on the balcony. He gazed, and convinced himself. It might seem that he was looking at the sea for the first time in his life. The lens of the lantern cast into the darkness an enormous triangle of light, beyond which the eye of the old man was lost in the black distance completely, in the distance mysterious and awful. But that distance seemed to run toward the light. The long waves following one another rolled out from the darkness, and went bellowing toward the base of the island; and then

their foaming backs were visible, shining rose-colored in the light of the lantern. The incoming tide swelled more and more and covered the sandy bars. The mysterious speech of the ocean came with a fulness more powerful and louder, at one time like the thunder of cannon, at another like the roar of great forests, at another like the distant dull sound of the voices of people. At the moments it was quiet; then to the ears of the old man came some great sigh, then a kind of sobbing, and again threatening outbursts. At last the wind bore away the haze, but brought black broken clouds, which hid the moon. From the west it began to blow more and more; the waves sprang with rage against the rock of the lighthouse licking with foam the foundation walls. In the distance a storm was beginning to bellow. On the dark, disturbed expanse certain green lanterns gleamed from the masts of ships. These green points rose high and then sank; now they swayed to the right, and now to the left. Skavinski descended to his room. The storm began to howl. Outside, people on those ships were struggling with night, with darkness, with waves; but inside the tower it was calm and still. Even the sounds of the storm hardly came through the thick walls, and only the measured tick-tack of the clock lulled the wearied old man to his slumber.

II

Hours, days, and weeks began to pass. Sailors assert that sometimes when the sea is greatly roused

something from out the midst of night and darkness calls them by name. If the infinity of the sea may call out thus, perhaps when a man is growing old, calls come to him, too, from another infinitely still darker and more deeply mysterious; and the more he is wearied by life the dearer are those calls to him. But to hear them quiet is needed. Besides old age loves to put itself aside as if with a foreboding of the grave. The lighthouse had become for Skavinski such a half grave. Nothing is more monotonous than life on a beacon-tower. If young people consent to take up this service they leave it after a time. Lighthouse keepers are generally men not young, gloomy, and confined to themselves. If by chance one of them leaves his lighthouse and goes among men, he walks in the midst of them like a person roused from deep slumber. On the tower there is a lack of minute impressions which in ordinary life teach men to adapt themselves to everything. All that a lighthouse keeper comes in contact with is gigantic, and devoid of definitely outlined forms. The sky is one whole, the water another; and between those two infinities the soul of man is in loneliness. That is a life in which thought is continual meditation, and out of that meditation nothing rouses the keeper, not even his work. Day is like day as two beads in a rosary, unless changes of weather form the only variety. But Skavinski felt more happiness than ever in life before. He rose with the dawn, took his breakfast, polished the lens, and then sitting on the balcony gazed into the dis-

tance of the water; and his eyes were never sated with the pictures which he saw before him. On the enormous turquoise ground of the ocean were to be seen generally flocks of swollen sails gleaming in the rays of the sun so brightly that the eyes were blinking before the excess of light. Sometimes the ships, favored by the so-called trade winds, went in an extended line one after another, like a chain of sea-mews or albatrosses. The red casks indicating the channel swayed on the light wave with gentle movement. Among the sails appeared every afternoon gigantic grayish feather-like plumes of smoke. That was a steamer from New York which brought passengers and goods to Aspinwall, drawing behind it a frothy path of foam. On the other side of the balcony Skavinski saw, as if on his palm, Aspinwall and its busy harbor, and in it a forest of masts, boats and craft; a little farther, white houses and the towers of the town. From the height of his tower the small houses were like the nests of sea-mews, the boats were like beetles, and the people moved around like small points on the white boulevard. From early morning a light eastern breeze brought a confused hum of human life, above which predominated the whistle of steamers. In the afternoon six o'clock came; the movement in the harbor began to cease; the mews hid themselves in the rent of the cliffs; the waves grew feeble and became in some sort lazy; and then on the land, on the sea, and on the tower came a time of stillness unbroken by anything. The yellow sands from which the

waves had fallen back glittered like golden stripes on the width of the waters; the body of the tower was outlined definitely in blue. Floods of sunbeams were poured from the sky on the water and the sands and the cliff. At that time a certain lassitude full of sweetness seized the old man. He felt that the rest which he was enjoying was excellent; and when he thought that it would be continuous nothing was lacking to him.

Skavinski was intoxicated with his own happiness and since a man adapts himself easily to improved conditions, he gained faith and confidence by degrees; for he thought that if men built houses for invalids, why should not God gather up at last His own invalids? Time passed, and confirmed him in this conviction. The old man grew accustomed to his tower, to the lantern, to the rock, to the sand-bars, to solitude. He grew accustomed also to the sea-mews which hatched in the crevices of the rock, and in the evening held meetings on the roof of the lighthouse. Skavinski threw to them generally the remnants of his food; and soon they grew tame, and afterward, when he fed them, a real storm of white wings encircled him and the old man went among the birds like a shepherd among sheep. When the tide ebbed he went to the low sand-banks, on which he collected savory periwinkles and beautiful pearl shells of the nautilus, which receding waves had left on the sand. In the night by the moonlight and the tower he went to catch fish, which frequented the windings of the cliff in myriads. At last he was in

love with his rocks and his treeless little island, grown over only with small thick plants exuding sticky resin. The distant views repaid him for the poverty of the island, however. During afternoon hours, when the air became very clear, he could see the whole isthmus covered with the richest vegetation. It seemed to Skavinski at such times that he saw one gigantic garden,—bunches of cocoa, and enormous musa, combined, as it were, in luxurious tufted bouquets, right there behind the houses of Aspinwall. Farther on, between Aspinwall and Panama, was a great forest over which every morning and evening hung a reddish haze of exhalations,—a real tropical forest with its feet in stagnant water, interlaced with lianas and filled with the sound of one sea of gigantic orchids, palms, milk-trees, iron-trees, gum-trees.

Through his field glass the old man could see not only trees and the broad leaves of bananas, but even legions of monkeys and great marabous and flocks of parrots, rising at times like a rainbow cloud over the forest. Skavinski knew such forests well, for after being wrecked on the Amazon he had wandered whole weeks among similar arches and thickets. He had seen how many dangers and deaths lie concealed under those wonderful and smiling exteriors. During the nights which he had spent in them he heard close at hand the sepulchral voices of howling monkeys and the roaring of the jaguars; he saw gigantic serpents coiled like lianas on trees; he knew those slumbering forest lakes full of torpedo-fish and swarming crocodiles; he knew

under what a yoke man lives in those unexplored wildernesses in which are single leaves that exceed a man's size ten times,—wildernesses swarming with blood-drinking mosquitoes, tree-leeches, and gigantic poisonous spiders. He had experienced that forest life himself, had witnessed it, had passed through it; therefore it gave him the greater enjoyment to look from his height and gaze on those *matos*, admire their beauty, and be guarded from their treacherousness. His tower preserved him from every evil. He left it only for a few hours on Sunday. He put on then his blue keeper's coat with silver buttons, and hung his crosses on his breast. His milk-white head was raised with a certain pride when he heard at the door, while entering the church, the Creoles say among themselves, "We have an honorable lighthouse keeper and not a heretic, though he is a Yankee." But he returned straightway after Mass to his island, and returned happy, for he had still no faith in the mainland. On Sunday also he read the Spanish newspaper which he bought in the town, or the *New York Herald*, which he borrowed from Falconbridge; and he sought in it European news eagerly. The poor old heart on that lighthouse tower, and in another hemisphere, was beating yet for its birthplace. At times, too, when the boat brought his daily supplies and water to the island, he went down from the tower to talk with Johnson, the guard. But after a while he seemed to grow shy. He ceased to go to the town to read the papers and to go down to talk politics with Johnson. Whole

weeks passed in this way so that no one saw him and he saw no one. The only signs that the old man was living were the disappearance of the provisions left on shore, and the light of the lantern kindled every evening with the same regularity with which the sun rose in the morning from the waters of those regions. Evidently, the old man had become indifferent to the world. Homesickness was not the cause, but just this,—that even homesickness had passed into resignation. The whole world began now and ended for Skavinski on his island. He had grown accustomed to the thought that he would not leave the tower till his death, and he simply forgot that there was anything else besides it. Moreover, he had become a mystic; his mild blue eyes began to stare like the eyes of a child, and were as if fixed on something at a distance. In the presence of a surrounding uncommonly simple and great, the old man was losing the feeling of personality; he was ceasing to exist as an individual, was becoming merged more and more in that which inclosed him. He did not understand anything beyond his environment: he felt only unconsciously. At last it seems to him that the heavens, the water, his rock, the tower, the golden sand-banks and the swollen sails, the sea-mews, the ebb and flow of the tide—all form a mighty unity. One enormous mysterious soul; that he is sinking in that mystery and feels that soul which lives and lulls itself. He sinks and is rocked, forgets himself; and in that narrowing of his own individual existence, in that half-waking, half-

sleeping, he has discovered a rest so great that it nearly resembles half-death.

III

But the awakening came.

On a certain day, when the boat brought water and a supply of provisions, Skavinski came down an hour later from the tower, and saw that besides the usual cargo there was an additional package. On the outside of this package were postage stamps of the United States, and the address: "Skavinski, Esq.," written on coarse canvas.

The old man, with aroused curiosity, cut the canvas, and saw books; he took one in his hand, looked at it, and put it back; thereupon his hands began to tremble greatly. He covered his eyes as if he did not believe them; it seemed to him as if he were dreaming. The book was Polish,—what did that mean? Who could have sent the book? Clearly, it did not occur to him at the first moment that in the beginning of his lighthouse career he had read in the *Herald*, borrowed from the consul, of the formation of a Polish society in New York, and had sent at once to that society half his month's salary, for which he had, moreover, no use on the tower. The society had sent him the books with thanks. The books came in the natural way; but at the first moment the old man could not seize those thoughts. Polish books in Aspinwall, on his tower, amid his solitude,—that was for him something uncommon, a certain breath from the past times, a kind of miracle.

Now it seemed to him, as to those sailors in the night, that something was calling him by name with a voice greatly beloved and nearly forgotten. He sat for a while with closed eyes, and was almost certain that, when he opened them, the dream would be gone.

The package, cut open, lay before him, shone upon clearly by the afternoon sun, and on it was an open book. When the old man stretched his hand toward it again, he heard in the stillness the beating of his own heart. He looked; it was poetry. On the outside stood printed in great letters the title, underneath the name of the author. The name was not strange to Skavinski; he saw that it belonged to the great poet,¹ whose productions he had read in 1830, in Paris. Afterward, when campaigning in Algiers and Spain, he had heard from his countrymen of the growing fame of the great seer; but he was so accustomed to the musket at that time that he took no book in hand. In 1849 he went to America, and in the adventurous life which he led he hardly ever met a Pole, and never a Polish book. With the greater eagerness, therefore, and with a livelier beating of the heart, did he turn to the title-page. It seemed to him then that on his lonely rock some solemnity was about to take place. Indeed it was a moment of great calm and silence. The clocks of Aspinwall were striking five in the afternoon. Not a cloud darkened the clear sky; only a few sea-mews were sail-

¹Mickiewicz (pronounced Mitskyevich), the greatest poet of Poland.

ing through the air. The ocean was as if cradled to sleep. The waves on the shore stammered quietly, spreading softly on the sand. In the distance the white houses of Aspinwall, and the wonderful groups of palm, were smiling. In truth, there was something there solemn, calm, and full of dignity. Suddenly, in the midst of that calm of Nature, was heard the trembling voice of the old man, who read aloud as if to understand himself better:

“Thou art like health, O my birth-land Litva!¹
How much we should prize thee he only can know
who has lost thee.
Thy beauty in perfect adornment this day
I see and describe, because I am yearning for thee.”

His voice failed Skavinski. The letters began to dance before his eyes; something broke in his breast, and went like a wave from his heart higher and higher, choking his voice and pressing his throat. A moment more he controlled himself, and read further:

“O Holy Lady, who guardest bright Chenstohova,
Who shinest in Ostrobrama and preservest
The castle town Novgrodek with its trusty people,
As Thou didst give me back to health in childhood,
When by my weeping mother placed beneath Thy
care
I raised my lifeless eyelids upward,
And straightway walked unto Thy holy threshold,
To thank God for the life restored me,—
So by a wonder now restore us to the bosom of our
birthplace.”

¹Lithuania.

The swollen wave broke through the restraint of his will. The old man sobbed, and threw himself on the ground; his milk-white hair was mingled with the sand of the sea. Forty years had passed since he had seen his country, and God knows how many since he heard his native speech; and now that speech had come to him itself—it had sailed to him over the ocean, and found him in solitude on another hemisphere,—it so loved, so dear, so beautiful! In the sobbing which shook him there was no pain,—only a suddenly aroused immense love, in the presence of which other things are as nothing. With that great weeping he had simply implored forgiveness of that beloved one, set aside because he had grown so old, had become so accustomed to his solitary rock, and had so forgotten it that in him even longing had begun to disappear. But now it returned as if by a miracle; therefore the heart leaped in him

Moments vanished one after another; he lay there continually. The mews flew over the lighthouse, crying as if alarmed for their old friend. The hour in which he fed them with the remnants of his food had come; therefore, some of them flew down from the lighthouse to him; then more and more came, and began to pick and shake their wings over his head. The sound of the wings roused him. He had wept his fill, and had now a certain calm brightness; but his eyes were as if inspired. He gave unwittingly all his provisions to the birds, which rushed at him in uproar, and he himself took

the book again. The sun had gone already behind the gardens and the forest of Panama, and was going slowly beyond the isthmus to the other ocean; but the Atlantic was full of light yet; in the open air there was still perfect vision; therefore, he read further:

“Now bear my longing soul to those forest slopes,
to those green meadows.”

At last the dusk obliterates the letters on the white paper—the dusk short as a twinkle. The old man rested his head on the rock, and closed his eyes. Then “She who defends bright Chenstohova” took his soul, and transported it to “those fields colored by various grain.” On the sky were burning yet those long stripes, red and golden, and on those brightnesses he was flying to beloved regions. The pinewoods were sounding in his ears; the streams of his native place were murmuring. He saw everything as it was; everything asked him, “Dost remember?” He remembers! he sees broad fields; between the fields, woods and villages. It is night now. At this hour his lantern usually illuminates the darkness of the sea; but now he is in his native village. His old head dropped on his breast, and he is dreaming. Pictures are passing before his eyes quickly, and a little disorderly. He does not see the house in which he was born, for war had destroyed it; he does not see his father and mother, for they died when he was a child; but still the village is as if he

had left it yesterday,—the line of cottages with lights in the windows, the mound, the mill, the two ponds opposite each other, and thundering all night with a chorus of frogs. Once he had been on guard in that village all night; now that past stood before him at once in a series of views. He is an Ulan again, and he stands there on guard; at a distance is the public-house; he looks with swimming eyes. There is thundering and singing and shouting amid the silence of the night with voices of fiddles and bass-viol “U-ha! U-ha!” Then the Ulans knock out fire with their horse-shoes, and it is wearisome for him there on his horse. The hours drag on slowly; at last the lights are quenched; now as far as the eye reaches there is mist, and mist impenetrable; now the fog rises, evidently from the fields, and embraces the whole world with a whitish cloud. You would say, a complete ocean. But those are fields; soon the land-rail will be heard in the darkness, and the bitterns will call from the reeds. The night is calm and cool,—in truth, a Polish night! In the distance the pine-wood is sounding without wind, like the roll of the sea. Soon dawn will whiten the East. In fact, the cocks are beginning to crow behind the hedges. One answers to another from cottage to cottage; the storks are screaming somewhere on high. The Ulan feels well and bright. Some one had spoken of a battle to-morrow. Hei! that will go on, like all the others, with shouting, with fluttering of flaglets. The young blood is playing like a trumpet, though the night cools it.

But it is dawning. Already night is growing pale; out of the shadows come forests, the thicket, a row of cottages, the mill, the poplars. The well is squeaking like a metal banner on a tower. What a beloved land, beautiful in the rosy gleams of the morning! Oh, the one land, the one land!

Quiet! the watchful picket hears that some one is approaching. Of course, they are coming to relieve the guard.

Suddenly some voice is heard above Skavinski,—

“Here, old man! Get up! What’s the matter?”

The old man opens his eyes, and looks with wonder at the person standing before him. The remnants of the dream-visions struggle in his head with reality. At last the visions pale and vanish. Before him stands Johnson, the harbor guide.

“What’s this?” asked Johnson; “are you sick?”

“No.”

“You didn’t light the lantern. You must leave your place. A vessel from St. Geromo was wrecked at the bar. It is lucky that no one was drowned, or you would go to trial. Get into the boat with me; you’ll hear the rest at the Consulate.”

The old man grew pale; in fact he had not lighted the lantern that night.

A few days later, Skavinski was seen on the deck of a steamer, which was going from Aspinwall to New York. The poor man had lost his place. There opened before him new roads of wandering; the wind had torn that leaf away again to whirl it over lands and seas, to sport with it till satisfied. The old man had failed greatly during those few

days, and was bent over; only his eyes were gleaming. On his new road of life he held at his breast his book, which from time to time he pressed with his hand as if in fear that that too might go from him.

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ.

OCTOBER 15

THE LIFE OF PASTEUR*

[In speaking of Pasteur one writer has said that "few more momentous events have occurred in the annals of science. "In boyhood he learned to paint, and one old woman said, "What a pity that Louis should bury himself in a muck-heap of chemistry, for in truth he would have succeeded some day in making name and fame as a painter." Out of that "muck-heap of chemistry" came some of the most important discoveries in the history of chemistry, discoveries that have made Pasteur without rival. His work has proved a great boon to the art of medicine, and has "transformed the treatment of wounds . . . into a scientific art of sure beneficence."]

ON HIS arrival at the Royal College of Franche Comté Pasteur found himself under a philosophy master, M. Daunas, who had been a student at the École Normale and was a graduate of the University; he was young, full of eloquence, proud of his pupils, of awakening their faculties and directing their minds. The science master, M. Darlay, did not inspire the same enthusiasm; he was an elderly man and regretted the good old times when pupils were less inquisitive. Pasteur's questions often embarrassed him. Louis' reputation as a painter satisfied him no longer, though the portrait he drew of one of his comrades was exhibited. "All this does not lead to the École Normale," he wrote to his parents in Janu-

*From the book of the same title by René Vallery-Radot.

ary, 1840. "I prefer a first place at college to 10,000 praises in the course of conversation. . . . We shall meet on Sunday, dear father, for I believe there is a fair on Monday. If we see M. Daunas, we will speak to him of the École Normale. Dear sisters, let me tell you again, work hard, love each other. When one is accustomed to work it is impossible to do without it; besides, everything in this world depends on that. Armed with science, one can rise above all one's fellows. . . . But I hope all this good advice to you is superfluous, and I am sure you spend many moments every day learning your grammar. Love each other as I love you, while awaiting the happy day when I shall be received at the École Normale." Thus was his whole life filled with tenderness as well as with work. He took the degree of "bachelier ès lettres" on August 29, 1840. The three examiners, doctors "ès lettres," put down his answers as "good in Greek on Plutarch and in Latin on Virgil, good also in rhetoric, medicine, history and geography, good in philosophy, very good in elementary science, good in French composition."

At the end of the summer holidays the headmaster of the Royal College of Besançon, M. Répécaud, sent for him and offered him the post of preparation master. Certain administrative changes and an increased number of pupils were the reason of this offer, which proved the master's esteem for Pasteur's moral qualities, his first

degree not having been obtained with any particular brilliancy.

The youthful master was to be remunerated from the month of January, 1841. A student in the class of special mathematics, he was his comrades' mentor during preparation time. They obeyed him without difficulty; simple and yet serious-minded, his sense of individual dignity made authority easy to him. Ever thoughtful of his distant home, he strengthened the influence of the father and mother in the education of his sisters, who had not so great a love of industry, as he had. On November 1, 1840—he was not eighteen yet—pleased to hear that they were making some progress, he wrote the following, which, though slightly pedantic, reveals the warmth of his feelings—"My dear parents, my sisters, when I received at the same time the two letters that you sent me I thought that something extraordinary had happened, but such was not the case. The second letter you wrote me gave me much pleasure; it tells me that—perhaps for the first time—my sisters have *willed*. To *will* is a great thing, dear sisters, for Action and Work usually follow Will, and almost always Work is accompanied by success. These three things, Will, Work, Success, fill human existence. Will opens the door to success both brilliant and happy; Work passes these doors, and at the end of the journey Success comes to crown one's efforts. And so, my dear sisters, if your resolu-

tion is firm, your task, be it what it may, is already begun; you have but to walk forward, it will achieve itself. If perchance you should falter during the journey, a hand would be there to support you. If that should be wanting, God, who alone could take that hand from you, would Himself accomplish its work. . . . May my words be felt and understood by you, dearest sisters. I impress them on your hearts. May they be your guide. Farewell. Your brother."

The letters he wrote, the books he loved, the friends he chose, bear witness to the character of Pasteur in those days of early youth. As he now felt, after the discouraging trial he had gone through in Paris, that the development of the will should hold the first place in education, he applied all his efforts to the bringing out of this leading force. He was already grave and exceptionally matured; he saw in the perfecting of self the great law of man, and nothing that could assist in that improvement seemed to him without importance. Books read in early life appeared to him to have an almost decisive influence. In his eyes a good book was a good action constantly renewed, a bad one an incessant and irreparable fault.

. . . One day when Pasteur was crossing the Place du Panthéon, he saw a gathering crowd around a wooden erection, decorated with the words: *Autel de la Patrie*. A neighbor told him that pecuniary offerings might be laid upon this altar. Pasteur goes back to the École Normale,

empties a drawer of all his savings, and returns to deposit it in thankful hands.

"You say," wrote his father on April 28, 1848, "that you have offered to France all your savings, amounting to 150 francs. You have probably kept a receipt of the office where this payment was made, with mention of the date and place?" And considering that this action should be made known, he advises him to publish it in the journal *Le National* or *La Réforme* in the following terms, "Gift to the *Patrie*: 150 francs, by the son of an old soldier of the Empire, Louis Pasteur of the *École Normale*." He wrote in the same letter, "You should raise a subscription in your school in favor of the poor Polish exiles who have done so much for us; it would be a good deed."

After those days of national exaltation, Pasteur returned to his crystals. He studied tartrates under the influence of certain ideas that he himself liked to expound. Objects considered merely from the point of view of form, may be divided into two great categories. First, those objects which, placed before a mirror, give an image which can be superposed to them: these have a symmetrical plan; secondly, those which have an image which cannot be superposed to them: they are dissymmetrical. A chair, for instance, is symmetrical, or a straight flight of steps. But a spiral staircase is not symmetrical, its own image cannot be laid over it. If it turns to the right, its image turns to the left. In the same way the right hand cannot be superposed to the left hand,

a right-hand glove does not fit a left hand, and a right hand seen in a mirror gives the image of a left hand.

Pasteur noticed that the crystals of tartaric acid and the tartrates had little faces, which had escaped even the profound observation of Mitscherlich and La Provostaye. These faces, which only existed on one half of the edges or similar angles, constituted what is called a hemihedral form. When the crystal was placed before a glass the image that appeared could not be superposed to the crystal; the comparison of the two hands was applicable to it. Pasteur thought that this aspect of the crystal might be an index of what existed within the molecules, dissymmetry of form corresponding with molecular dissymmetry. Mitscherlich had not perceived that his tartrate presented these little faces, this dissymmetry, whilst his paratartrate was without them, was in fact not hemihedral. Therefore, reasoned Pasteur, the deviation to the right of the plane of polarization produced by tartrate and the optical neutrality of paratartrates would be explained by a structural law. The first part of these conclusions was confirmed; all the crystals of tartrate proved to be hemihedral. But when Pasteur came to examine the crystals of paratartrate, hoping to find none of them hemihedral, he experienced a keen disappointment. The paratartrate also was hemihedral, but the faces of some of the crystals were inclined to the right, and those of others to the left. It then occurred to Pasteur to take up

these crystals one by one and sort them carefully, putting on one side those which turned to the left, and on the other those which turned to the right. He thought that by observing their respective solutions in the polarizing apparatus, the two contrary hemihedral forms would give two contrary deviations; and then, by mixing together an equal number of each kind, as no doubt Mitscherlich had done, the resulting solution would have no action upon light, the two equal and directly opposite deviations exactly neutralizing each other.

With anxious and beating heart he proceeded to this experiment with the polarizing apparatus and exclaimed, "I have it!" His excitement was such that he could not look at the apparatus again; he rushed out of the laboratory, not unlike Archimedes. He met a curator in the passage, embraced him as he would have embraced Chappuis, and dragged him out with him into the Luxembourg garden to explain his discovery. Many confidences have been whispered under the shade of the tall trees of those avenues, but never was there greater or more exuberant joy on a young man's lips. He foresaw all the consequences of his discovery. The hitherto incomprehensible constitution of paratartaric or racemic acid was explained; he differentiated it into right-hand tartaric acid, similar in every way to the natural tartaric acid of grapes, and left-hand tartaric acid. These two distinct acids possess equal and opposite rotatory powers which neutralize each

other when these two substances, reduced to an aqueous solution, combine spontaneously in equal quantities.

"How often," he wrote to Chappuis (May 5), whom he longed to have with him, "how often have I regretted that we did not both take up the same study, that of physical science. We who so often talked of the future, we did not understand. What splendid work we could have undertaken and would be undertaking now; and what could we not have done united by the same ideas, the same love of science, the same ambition! I would we were twenty and with the three years of the École before us!" Always fancying that he could have done more, he often had such retrospective regrets. He was impatient to begin new researches, when a sad blow fell upon him—his mother died almost suddenly of apoplexy. "She succumbed in a few hours," he wrote to Chappuis on May 28, "and when I reached home she had already left us. I have asked for a holiday." He could no longer work; he remained steeped in tears and buried in sorrow. For weeks his intellectual life was suspended.

In Paris, in the scientific world perhaps even more than in any other, everything gets known, repeated, discussed. Pasteur's researches were becoming a subject of conversation. Balard, with his strident voice, spoke of them in the library at the Institute, which is a sort of drawing room for talkative old Academicians. J. B. Dumas lis-

tened gravely; Biot, old Biot, then seventy-four years old, questioned the story with some scepticism. "Are you quite sure?" he would ask, his head a little on one side, his words slow and slightly ironical. He could hardly believe, on first hearing Balard, that a new doctor, fresh from the École Normale, should have overcome a difficulty which had proved too much for Mitscherlich. He did not care for long conversations with Balard, and as the latter continued to extol Pasteur, Biot said, "I should like to investigate that young man's results."

Besides Pasteur's deference for all those whom he looked upon as his teachers, he also felt a sort of general gratitude for their services to Science. Partly from an infinite respect and partly from an ardent desire to convince the old scientist, he wrote on his return to Paris to Biot, whom he did not know personally, asking him for an interview. Biot answered: "I shall be pleased to verify your results if you will communicate them confidentially to me. Please believe in the feelings of interest inspired in me by all young men who work with accuracy and perseverance."

An appointment was made at the Collège de France, where Biot lived. Every detail of that interview remained forever fixed in Pasteur's memory. Biot began by fetching some paratartric acid. "I have most carefully studied it," he said to Pasteur; "it is absolutely neutral in the presence of polarized light." Some distrust was visible in his gestures and audible in his voice. "I shall bring you everything that is necessary,"

continued the old man, fetching doses of soda and ammonia. He wanted the salt prepared before his eyes.

After pouring the liquid into a crystallizer, Biot took it into a corner of his room to be quite sure that no one would touch it. "I shall let you know when you are to come back," he said to Pasteur when taking leave of him. Forty-eight hours later some crystals, very small at first, began to form; when there was a sufficient number of them, Pasteur was recalled. Still in Biot's presence, Pasteur withdrew, one by one, the finest crystals and wiped off the mother-liquor adhering to them. He then pointed out to Biot the opposition of their hemihedral character, and divided them into two groups—left and right.

"So you affirm," said Biot, "that your right-hand crystals will deviate to the right the plane of polarization, and your left-hand ones will deviate it to the left?"

"Yes," said Pasteur.

"Well, let me do the rest."

Biot himself prepared the solutions, and then sent again for Pasteur. Biot first placed in the apparatus the solution which should deviate to the left. Having satisfied himself that this deviation actually took place, he took Pasteur's arm and said to him these words, often deservedly quoted: "My dear boy, I have loved Science so much during my life, that this touches my very heart."

"It was indeed evident," said Pasteur himself in recalling this interview, "that the strongest light had then been thrown on the cause of the phenomenon of rotatory polarization and hemihedral crystals; a new class of isomeric substances was discovered; the unexpected and until then unexampled constitution of the racemic or paratartaric acid was revealed; in one word a great and unforeseen road was opened to science."

Biot now constituted himself the sponsor in scientific matters of his new young friend, and undertook to report upon Pasteur's paper entitled: "*Researches on the relations which may exist between crystalline form, chemical composition, and the direction of rotatory power*"—destined for the Académie des Sciences.

Biot did full justice to Pasteur; he even rendered him homage, and—not only in his own name but also in that of his three colleagues, Regnault, Balard, and Dumas—he suggested that the Académie should declare its highest approbation of Pasteur's treatise.

. . . Louis Pasteur's circle of dear ones was presently enlarged by his intimacy with another family. The new Rector of the Academy of Strasburg, M. Laurent, had arrived in October. He was no relation to the chemist of the same name, and the place he was about to take in Pasteur's life was much greater than that held by Auguste Laurent at the time when they were working together in Balard's laboratory.

After having begun, in 1812, as preparation

master in the then Imperial College of Louis le Grand, M. Laurent had become, in 1826, head master of the College of Riom. He found at Riom more tutors than pupils; there were only three boys in the school! Thanks to M. Laurent, those three soon became one hundred and thirty-four. From Riom he was sent to Guéret, then to Saintes, to save a college in imminent danger of disappearing; there were struggles between the former head master and the Mayor, the town refused the subsidies, all was confusion. Peace immediately followed his arrival. "Those who have known him," wrote M. Pierron in the *Revue de l'Instruction Publique*, "will not be surprised at such miracles coming from a man so intelligent and so active, so clever, amiable, and warm-hearted." Wherever he was afterwards sent, at Orleans, Angoulême, Douai, Toulouse, Cahors, he worked the same charm, born of kindness. At Strasburg, he had made of the Académie a home where all the Faculty found a simple and cordial welcome. Madame Laurent was a modest woman who tried to efface herself, but whose exquisite qualities of heart and mind could not remain hidden. The eldest of her daughters was married to M. Zevort, whose name became doubly dear to the Université. The two younger ones, brought up in habits of industry and unselfishness which seemed natural to them, brightened the home by their youthful gayety.

When Pasteur on his arrival called on this family, he had the feeling that happiness lay there.

He had seen at Arbois how, through the daily difficulties of manual labor, his parents looked at life from an exalted point of view, appreciating it from that standard of moral perfection which gives dignity and grandeur to the humblest existence. In this family—of a higher social position than his own—he again found the same high ideal, and, with great superiority of education, the same simple-mindedness. When Pasteur entered for the first time the Laurent family circle, he immediately felt the delightful impression of being in a thoroughly congenial atmosphere; a communion of thoughts and feelings seemed established after the first words, the first looks exchanged between him and his hosts.

In the evening, at the restaurant where most of the younger professors dined, he heard others speak of the kindness and strict justice of the Rector; and everyone expressed respect for his wonderfully united family.

At one of M. Laurent's quiet evening "at homes," Bertin was saying to Pasteur, "You do not often meet with such a hard worker; no attraction ever can take him away from his work." The attraction now came, however, and it was such a powerful one that, on February 10, only a fortnight after his arrival, Pasteur addressed to M. Laurent the following official letter:—

SIR,—

An offer of the greatest importance to me and to your family is about to be made to you on my behalf; and I feel it my duty to put you in pos-

session of the following facts, which may have some weight in determining your acceptance or refusal.

My father is a tanner in the small town of Arbois in the Jura, my sisters keep house for him, and assist him with his books, taking the place of my mother whom we had the misfortune to lose in May last.

My family is in easy circumstances, but with no fortune; I do not value what we possess at more than 50,000 francs, and, as for me, I have long ago decided to hand over to my sisters the whole of what should be my share. I have therefore absolutely no fortune. My only means are good health, some courage, and my position in the Université.

I left the École Normale two years ago, an *agrégé* in physical science. I have held a Doctor's degree eighteen months, and I have presented to the Académie a few works which have been very well received, especially the last one, upon which a report was made which I now have the honor to enclose.

This, Sir, is all my present position. As to the future, unless my tastes should completely change, I shall give myself up entirely to chemical research. I hope to return to Paris when I have acquired some reputation through my scientific labors. M. Biot has often told me to think seriously about the Institute; perhaps I may do so in ten or fifteen years' time, and after assiduous work; but this is but a dream, and not the motive which makes me love Science for Science's sake.

My father will himself come to Strasburg to make this proposal of marriage.

Accept, Sir, the assurance of my profound respect, etc.

P. S.—I was twenty-six on December 27.

A definite answer was adjourned for a few weeks. Pasteur, in a letter to Madame Laurent, wrote, "I am afraid that Mlle. Marie may be influenced by early impressions unfavorable to me. There is nothing in me to attract a young girl's fancy. But my recollections tell me that those who have known me very well have loved me very much."

Of these letters, religiously preserved, fragments like the following have also been obtained. "All that I beg of you, Mademoiselle (he had now been authorized to address himself directly to her), is that you will not judge me too hastily, and therefore misjudge me. Time will show you that below my cold, shy, and unpleasing exterior, there is a heart full of affection for you!" In another letter, evidently remorseful at forsaking the laboratory, he says, "I, who did so love my crystals!"

He loved them still, as is proved by an answer from Biot to a proposal of Pasteur's. In order to spare the old man's failing sight, Pasteur had the ingenious idea of cutting out of pieces of cork, with exquisite skill, some models of crystalline types greatly enlarged. He had tinted the edges and faces, and nothing was easier than to recognize their hemihedral character. "I accept with great pleasure," wrote Biot on April 7, "the offer you make me of sending me a small quantity of your two acids, with models of their crystalline types." He meant the right-hand tartaric acid and the left-hand tartaric acid, which Pasteur—not to pronounce too hastily on their identity with

ordinary tartaric acid—then called *dextroracemic* and *lævoracemic*.

Pasteur wished to go further; he was now beginning to study the crystallizations of formate of strontian. Comparing them with those of the paratartrates of soda and ammonia, surprised and uneasy at the differences he observed, he once exclaimed, "Ah! formate of strontian, if only I had got you!" to the immense amusement of Bertin, who long afterwards used to repeat this invocation with mock enthusiasm.

Pasteur was about to send these crystals to Biot, but the latter wrote, "Keep them until you have thoroughly investigated them. . . . You can depend on my wish to serve you in every circumstance when my assistance can be of any use to you, and also on the great interest with which you have inspired me."

Regnault and Senarmont had been invited by Biot to examine the valuable samples received from Strasburg, the *dextroracemic* and *lævoracemic* acids. Biot wrote to Pasteur, "We might make up our minds to sacrifice a small portion of the two acids in order to reconstitute the racemic, but we doubt whether we should be capable of discerning it with certainty by those crystals when they are formed. You must show it us yourself, when you come to Paris for the holidays. Whilst arranging my chemical treasures, I came upon a small quantity of racemic acid which I thought I had lost. It would be sufficient for the microscopical experiments that I might eventually have

to make. So if the small phial of it that you saw here would be useful to you, let me know, and I will willingly send it. In this, as in everything else, you will always find me most anxious to second you in your labors."

This period was all happiness. Pasteur's father and his sister Josephine came to Strasburg. The proposal of marriage was accepted, the father returned to Arbois, Josephine staying behind. She remained to keep house and to share the everyday life of her brother, whom she loved with a mixture of pride, tenderness, and solicitude. In her devoted sisterly generosity, she resigned herself to the thought that her happy dream must be of short duration. The wedding was fixed for May 29.

"I believe," wrote Pasteur to Chappuis, "that I shall be very happy. Every quality I could wish for in a wife I find in her. You will say, 'He is in love!' Yes, but I do not think I exaggerate at all, and my sister Josephine quite agrees with me."

. . . On January 30, 1860, the Académie des Sciences conferred on Pasteur the Prize for Experimental Physiology. Claude Bernard, who drew up the report, recalled how much Pasteur's experiments in alcoholic fermentation, lactic fermentation, the fermentation of tartaric acid, had been appreciated by the Académie. He dwelt upon the great physiological interest of the results obtained. "It is," he concluded, "by reason of

that physiological tendency in Pasteur's researches, that the Commission has unanimously selected him for the 1859 Prize for Experimental Physiology."

That same January, Pasteur wrote to Chappuis: "I am pursuing as best I can these studies on fermentation which are of great interest, connected as they are with the impenetrable mystery of Life and Death. I am hoping to mark a decisive step very soon by solving, without the least confusion, the celebrated question of spontaneous generation. Already I could speak, but I want to push my experiments yet further. There is so much obscurity, together with so much passion, on both sides, that I shall require the accuracy of an arithmetical problem to convince my opponents by my conclusions. I intend to attain even that."

This progress was depicted to his father in the following letter, dated February 7, 1860—

"I think I told you that I should read a second and last lecture on my old researches on Friday, at the Chemical Society, before several members of the Institute—amongst others, Messrs. Dumas and Claude Bernard. That lecture has had the same success as the first. M. Biot heard about the next day through some distinguished persons who were in the audience, and sent for me in order to kindly express his great satisfaction.

"After I had finished, M. Dumas, who occupied the chair, rose and addressed me in these words. After praising the zeal I had brought to this novel

kind of teaching at the Society's request, and the so great penetration I had given proof of, in the course of the work I had just expounded, he added, '*The Académie, sir, rewarded you a few days ago for other profound researches; your audience of this evening will applaud you as one of the most distinguished professors we possess.*'

"All I have underlined was said in those very words by M. Dumas, and was followed by great applause.

"All the students of the scientific section of the École Normale were present; they felt deeply moved and several of them have expressed their emotion to me.

"As for myself, I saw the realization of what I had foreseen. You know how I have always told you confidentially that time would see the growth of my researches on the molecular dissymmetry of natural organic products. Founded as they were on varied notions borrowed from divers branches of science—crystallography, physics, and chemistry—those studies could not be followed by most scientists so as to be fully understood. On this occasion I presented them in the aggregate with some clearness and power and everyone was struck by their importance.

"It is not by their form that these two lectures have delighted my hearers, it is by their contents; it is the future reserved to those great results, so unexpected, and opening such entirely new vistas to physiology. I have dared to say so, for at these heights all sense of personality dis-

appears, and there only remains that sense of dignity which is ever inspired by true love of science.

"God grant that by my persevering labors I may bring a little stone to the frail and ill-assured edifice of our knowledge of those deep mysteries of Life and Death where all our intellects have so lamentably failed.

"P. S.—Yesterday I presented to the Academy my researches on spontaneous generation; they seemed to produce a great sensation. More later."

When Biot heard that Pasteur wished to tackle this study of spontaneous generation, he interposed, as he had done seven years before, to arrest him on the verge of his audacious experiments on the part played by dissymmetrical forces in the development of life. Vainly Pasteur, grieved at Biot's disapprobation, explained that this question, in the course of such researches, had become an imperious necessity; Biot would not be convinced. But Pasteur, in spite of his quasifilial attachment to Biot, could not stop where he was; he had to go through to the end.

"You will never find your way out," cried Biot.

"I shall try," said Pasteur modestly.

Angry and anxious, Biot wished Pasteur to promise that he would relinquish these apparently hopeless researches. J. B. Dumas, to whom Pasteur related the more than discouraging remonstrances of Biot, entrenched himself behind this cautious phrase—

"I would advise no one to dwell too long on such a subject."

Senarmont alone, full of confidence in the ingenious curiosity of the man who could read nature by dint of patience, said that Pasteur should be allowed his own way.

It is regrettable that Biot—whose passion for reading was so indefatigable that he complained of not finding enough books in the library at the Institute—should not have thought of writing the history of this question of spontaneous generation. He could have gone back to Aristotle, quoted Lucretius, Virgil, Ovid, Pliny. Philosophers, poets, naturalists, all believed in spontaneous generation. Time went on, and it was still believed in. In the sixteenth century, Van Helmont—who should not be judged by that one instance—gave a celebrated recipe to create mice: any one could work that prodigy by putting some dirty linen in a receptacle, together with a few grains of wheat or a piece of cheese. Some time later an Italian, Buonanni, announced a fact no less fantastic: certain timberwood, he said, after rotting in the sea, produced worms which engendered butterflies, and those butterflies became birds.

. . . The theory of spontaneous generation, still losing ground, appeared to be vanquished when the invention of the microscope at the end of the seventeenth century brought fresh arguments to its assistance. Whence came those thousands of creatures, only distinguishable on

the slide of the microscope, those infinitely small beings which appeared in rain water as in an infusion of organic matter when exposed to the air? How could they be explained otherwise than through spontaneous generation, those bodies capable of producing 1,000 descendants in less than forty-eight hours.

. . . Pasteur began by the microscopic study of atmospheric air. "If germs exist in atmosphere," he said, "could they not be arrested on their way?" It then occurred to him to draw—through an aspirator—a current of outside air through a tube containing a little plug of cotton wool. The current as it passed deposited on this sort of filter some of the solid corpuscles contained in the air; the cotton wool often became black with those various kinds of dust. Pasteur assured himself that amongst various detritus those dusts presented spores and germs. "There are therefore in the air some organized corpuscles. Are they germs capable of vegetable productions, or of infusions? That is the question to solve." He undertook a series of experiments to demonstrate that the most putrescible liquid remained pure indefinitely if placed out of the reach of atmospheric dusts.

A year before starting any discussion Pasteur wrote to Pouchet that the results which he had attained were "not founded on facts of a faultless exactitude. I think you are wrong, not in believing in spontaneous generation (for it is difficult in such a case not to have a preconceived idea),

but in affirming the existence of spontaneous generation. In experimental science it is always a mistake not to doubt when facts do not compel affirmation. . . . In my opinion, the question is whole and untouched by decisive proofs. What is there in air which provokes organization? Are they germs? is it a solid? is it a gas? is it a fluid? is it a principle such as ozone? All this is unknown and invites experiment."

After a year's study, Pasteur reached this conclusion: "Gases, fluids, electricity, magnetism, ozone, things known or things occult, there is nothing in the air that is conditional to life, except the germs that it carries."

Pouchet defended himself vigorously. To suppose that germs came from air seemed to him impossible. How many millions of loose eggs or spores would then be contained in a cubic millimetre of atmospheric air?

"What will be the outcome of this giant's struggle?" grandiloquently wrote an editor of the *Moniteur Scientifique* (April, 1860). Pouchet answered this anonymous writer by advising him to accept the doctrine of spontaneous generation adopted of old by so many "men of genius." Pouchet's principal disciple was a lover of science and of letters, M. Nicolas Joly, an *agrégé* of natural science, doctor of medicine, and professor of physiology at Toulouse. He himself had a pupil, Charles Musset, who was preparing a thesis for his doctor's degree under the title: *New Experimental Researches on Heterogenia, or Spontaneous*

Generation. By the words heterogenia or spontaneous generation Joly and Musset agreed in affirming that "they did not mean a creation out of nothing, but the production of a new organized being, lacking parents, and of which the primordial elements are drawn from ambient organic matter."

Thus supported, Pouchet multiplied objections to the views of Pasteur, who had to meet every argument. Pasteur intended to narrow more and more the sphere of discussion. It was an ingenious operation to take the dusts from a cotton-wool filter, to disseminate them in a liquid, and thus to determine the alteration of that liquid; but the cotton-wool itself was an organic substance and might be suspected. He therefore substituted for the cotton-wool a plug of asbestos fiber, a mineral substance. He invented little glass flasks with a long curved neck; he filled them with an alterable liquid, which he deprived of germs by ebullition; the flask was in communication with the outer air through its curved tube, but the atmospheric germs were deposited in the curve of the neck without reaching the liquid; in order that alteration should take place, the vessel has to be inclined until the point where the liquid reached the dusts in the neck.

But Pouchet said, "How could germs contained in the air be numerous enough to develop in every organic infusion? Such a crowd of them would produce a thick mist as dense as iron." Of all the difficulties this last seemed to Pasteur the

hardest to solve. Could it not be that the dissemination of germs was more or less thick according to places? "Then," cried the heterogenists, "there would be sterile zones and fecund zones, a most convenient hypothesis, indeed!" Pasteur let them laugh whilst he was preparing a series of flasks reserved for divers experiments. If spontaneous generation existed, it should invariably occur in vessels filled with the same alterable liquid. "Yet it is ever possible," affirmed Pasteur, "to take up in certain places a notable though limited volume of ordinary air, having been submitted to no physical or chemical change, and still absolutely incapable of producing any alteration in an eminently putrescible liquor." He was ready to prove that nothing was easier than to increase or to reduce the number either of the vessels where productions should appear or of the vessels where those productions should be lacking. After introducing into a series of flasks of a capacity of 250 cubic centimeters a very easily corrupted liquid, such as yeast water, he submitted each flask to ebullition. The neck of those vessels was ended off in a vertical point. Whilst the liquid was still boiling, he closed, with an enameller's lamp, the pointed opening through which the steam had rushed out, taking with it all the air contained in the vessel. Those flasks were indeed calculated to satisfy both partisans or adversaries of spontaneous generation. If the extremity of the neck of one of these vessels was suddenly broken, all the

ambient air rushed into the flask, bringing in all the suspended dusts; the bulb was closed again at once with the assistance of a jet of flame. Pasteur could then carry it away and place it in a temperature of 25–30° C., quite suitable for the development of germs and mucors.

In those series of tests some flasks showed some alteration, others remained pure, according to the place where the air had been admitted. During the beginning of the year 1860 Pasteur broke his bulb points and enclosed ordinary air in many different places, including the cellars of the Observatory of Paris. There, in that zone of an invariable temperature, the absolutely calm air could not be compared to the air he gathered in the yard of the same building. The results were also very different: out of ten vessels opened in the cellar, closed again and placed in the stove, only one showed any alteration; whilst eleven others, opened in the yard, all yielded organized bodies.

In a letter to his father (June, 1860), Pasteur wrote: "I have been prevented from writing by my experiments, which continue to be very curious. But it is such a wide subject that I have almost too many ideas of experiments. I am still being contradicted by two naturalists, M. Pouchet of Rouen and M. Joly of Toulouse. But I do not waste my time in answering them; they may say what they like, truth is on my side. They do not know how to experiment; it is not an easy art; it demands, besides certain natural qualities, a

long practice which naturalists have not generally acquired nowadays."

When the long vacation approached, Pasteur, who intended to go on a voyage of experiments, laid in a store of glass flasks. He wrote to Chappuis, on August 10, 1860: "I fear from your letter that you will not go to the Alps this year. . . . Besides the pleasure of having you for a guide, I had hoped to utilize your love of science by offering you the modest part of curator. It is by some study of air on heights afar from habitations and vegetation that I want to conclude my work on so-called spontaneous generation. The real interest of that work for me lies in the connection of this subject with that of ferments which I shall take up again November."

Pasteur started for Arbois, taking with him seventy-three flasks; he opened twenty of them not very far from his father's tannery, on the road to Dôle, along an old road, now a path which leads to the mount of the Bergère. The vine laborers who passed him wondered what this holiday tourist could be doing with all those little phials; no one suspected that he was penetrating one of nature's greatest secrets. "What would you have?" merrily said his old friend, Jules Vercel; "it amuses him!" Of those twenty vessels, opened some distance away from any dwelling, eight yielded organized bodies.

Pasteur went on to Salins and climbed Mount Poupet, 850 meters above the sea level. Out of twenty vessels opened, only five were altered.

Pasteur would have liked to charter a balloon in order to prove that the higher you go the fewer germs you find, and that certain zones absolutely pure contain none at all. It was easier to go into the Alps.

He arrived at Chamonix on September 20, and engaged a guide to make the ascent of the Mont-anvert. The very next morning this novel sort of expedition started. A mule carried the case of thirty-three vessels, followed very closely by Pasteur, who watched over the precious burden and walked alongside of precipices supporting the case with one hand so that it should not be shaken.

When the first experiments were started an incident occurred. Pasteur has himself related this fact in his report to the Académie. "In order to close again the point of the flasks after taking in the air, I had taken with me an eolipyle spirit-lamp. The dazzling whiteness of the ice in the sunlight was such that it was impossible to distinguish the jet of burning alcohol, and as moreover that was slightly moved by the wind, it never remained on the broken glass long enough to hermetically seal my vessel. All the means I might have employed to make the flame visible and consequently directable would inevitably have given rise to causes of error by spreading strange dusts into the air. I was therefore obliged to bring back to the little inn of Mont-anvert, unsealed, the flasks which I had opened on the glacier."

The inn was a sort of hut, letting in wind and rain. The thirteen open vessels were exposed to all the dusts in the room where Pasteur slept; nearly all of them presented alterations.

In the meanwhile the guide was sent to Chamonix where a tinker undertook to modify the lamp in view of the coming experiment.

The next morning, twenty flasks, which have remained celebrated in the world of scientific investigators, were brought to the Mer de Glace. Pasteur gathered the air with infinite precautions; he used to enjoy relating these details to those people who call everything easy. After tracing with a steel point a line on the glass, careful lest dusts should become a cause of error, he began by heating the neck and fine point of the bulb in the flame of the little spirit-lamp. Then raising the vessel above his head, he broke the point with steel nippers, the long ends of which had also been heated in order to burn the dusts which might be on their surface and which would have been driven into the vessel by the quick inrush of the air. Of those twenty flasks, closed again immediately, only one was altered. "If all the results are compared that I have obtained until now," he wrote, on March 5, 1880, when relating this journey to the Académie, "it seems to me that it can be affirmed that the dusts suspended in atmospheric air are the exclusive origin, the necessary condition of life in infusions."

And in an unnoticed little sentence, pointing

already then to the goal he had in view, "What would be most desirable would be to push those studies far enough to prepare the road for a serious research into the origin of various diseases." The action of those little beings, agents not only of fermentation but also of disorganization and putrefaction, already dawned upon him.

While Pasteur was going from the Observatoire cellars to the Mer de Glace, Pouchet was gathering air on the plains of Sicily, making experiments on Etna, and on the sea. He saw everywhere, he wrote, "air equally favorable to organic genesis, whether surcharged with detritus in the midst of our populous cities, or taken on the summit of a mountain, or on the sea, where it offers extreme purity. With a cubic decimeter of air, taken where you like, I affirm that you can ever produce legions of microzoa."

And the heterogenists proclaimed in unison that "everywhere, strictly everywhere, air is constantly favorable to life." Those who followed the debate nearly all leaned towards Pouchet. "I am afraid," wrote a scientific journalist in *La Presse* (1860), "that the experiments you quote, M. Pasteur, will turn against you. . . . The world into which you wish to take us is really too fantastic. . . ."

. . . Biot, without knowing all the consequences of these studies, had not been long in perceiving that he had been far too sceptical, and that physiological discoveries of the very first rank

would be the outcome of researches on so-called spontaneous generation. He would have wished, before he died, not only that Pasteur should be the unanimously selected candidate for the 1861 Zecker prize in the Chemistry Section, but also that his friend, forty-eight years younger than himself, should be a member of the Institute. At the beginning of 1861, there was one vacancy in the Botanical Section. Biot took advantage of the researches pursued by Pasteur within the last three years, to say and to print that he should be nominated as a candidate. "I can hear the commonplace objection; he is a chemist, a physicist, not a professional botanist. . . . But that very versatility, ever active and ever successful, should be a title in his favor. . . . Let us judge of men by their works and not by the destination more or less wide or narrow that they have marked out for themselves. Pasteur made his *début* before the Académie in 1848, with the remarkable treatise which contained by implication the resolution of the paratartronic acid into its two components, right and left. He was then twenty-six; the sensation produced is not forgotten. Since then, during the twelve years which followed, he has submitted to your appreciation twenty-one papers, the last ten relating to vegetable physiology. All are full of new facts, often very unexpected, several very far reaching, not one of which has been found inaccurate by competent judges. If to-day, by your suffrage, you introduce M. Pasteur into the Botanical Section.

as you might safely have done for Théodore de Saussure or Ingenhousz, you will have acquired for the Académie and for that particular section an experimentalist of the same order as those two great men."

RENÉ VALLERY-RADOT.

THE END OF VOLUME XIX



T4-ALH-3f

